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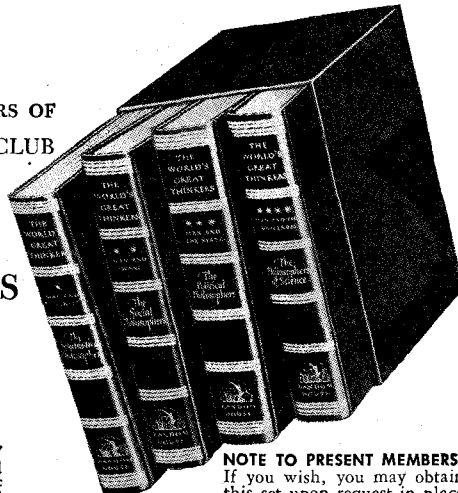
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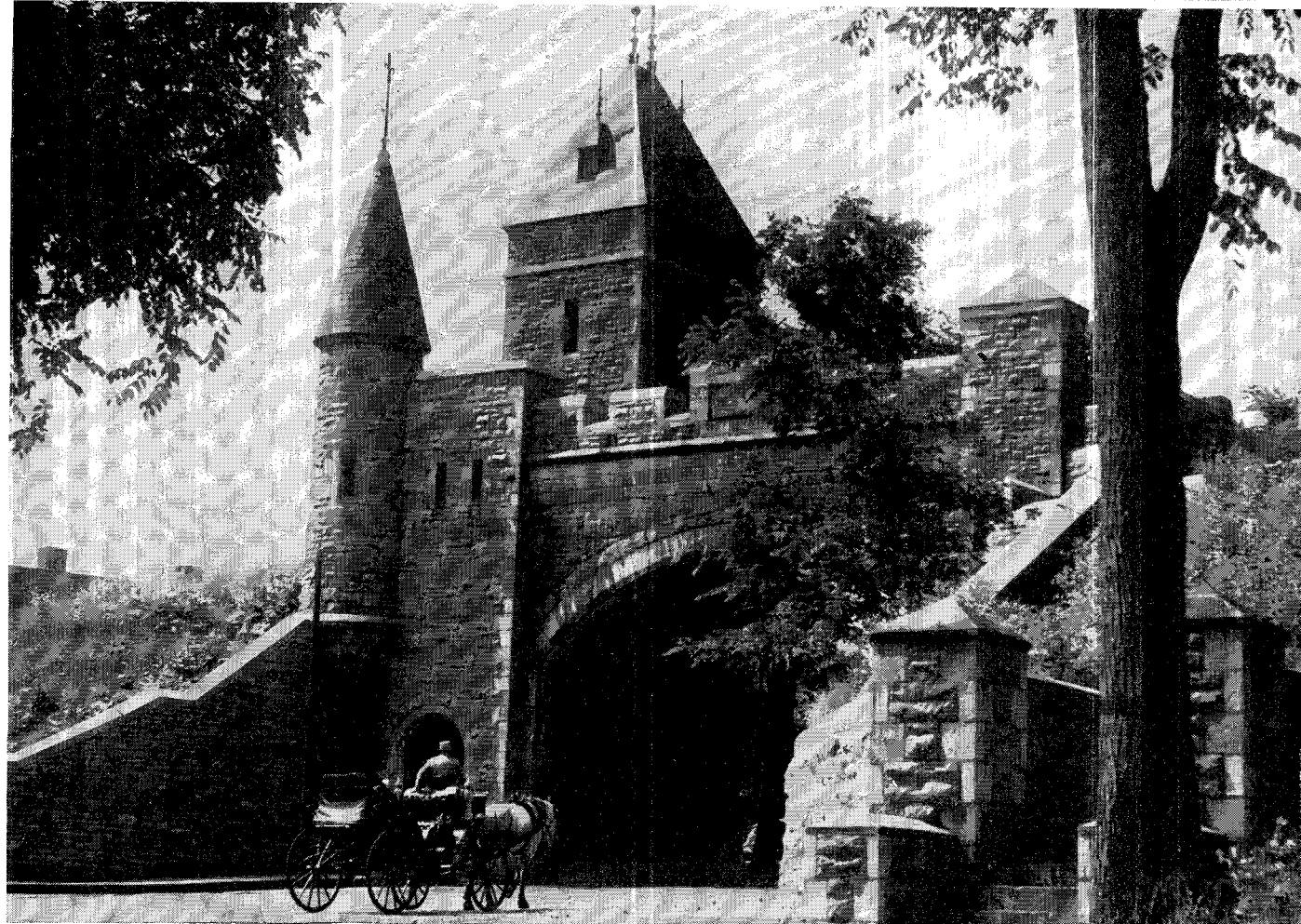
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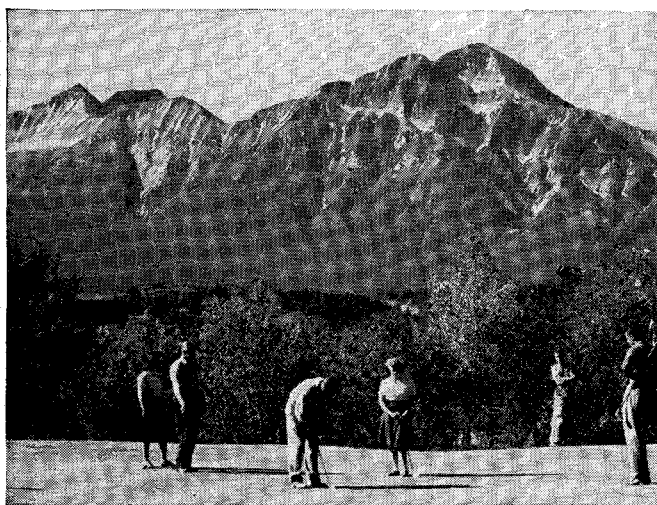
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Italy



THE Italian people arose on election Sunday to find it an ideal day for voting — cool, cloudy, good enough to get out of the house but not so good that they were tempted away from the polls to the country or seashore. They voted in greater numbers than ever before in their history. Of the 29 million men and women eligible, 27 million cast ballots for the Chamber of Deputies. Everywhere they voted in peace. In a Europe weary with post-war violence and elections, this was a triumph for order and massive consultation of the people. Whatever the result, no one could deny that it would represent the will of the vast majority freely expressed.

The counting that followed was a painfully slow process, characteristic of Italian elections. Each ballot was opened by hand, the vote registered by pencil on a chart, and the total added carefully and communicated to the Ministry of the Interior in Rome. From the moment that the first returns were announced on Monday night, there was no doubt that the result would be a great Christian Democratic victory.

The only surprise was the distribution of seats in the Chamber under the complicated system of proportional representation. Of the total 574 seats, the Christian Democrats with 48.7 per cent of the popular vote obtained 307 places — an absolutely unprecedented majority. The People's Front — the Communists plus left-wing Socialists — with 30.7 per cent of the vote took 182 seats. Other parties were so far behind that they no longer mattered in Parliament.

De Gasperi's first meeting with foreign correspondents after the results became known was more a triumphal reception than a press conference. The

room in the Viminale Palace was crowded to suffocation with Italians, most of them employees of government offices in the building. Very few of those present were detected taking notes. They applauded as De Gasperi came down the corridor. They cheered as he entered the room. Some shouted "Duce! Duce!" forgetful of Mussolini, hailing De Gasperi as their leader.

The two most important points that De Gasperi made were: (1) an explanation that Italy now belonged definitely to the Western world and would coöperate fully with the West; (2) an apology, because of budgetary and other difficulties, for the delay in land reform that would be inevitable.

Political trickery

In so intense a campaign it was inevitable that there should be cases of political trickery. The most notorious was the circulation of false and supposedly secret documents — a device to which both sides resorted.

A volume bearing the mark of a Swiss publisher but actually printed in northern Italy appeared under the title *Secret Documents of Vatican Diplomacy*. It purported to disclose private dispatches from papal nuncios in various capitals and was intended to show that they engaged in a conspiracy to unite the Western world, particularly the United States and Spain, in a bloc against the Soviet Union. These so-called revelations were given a huge display by the Communist press in Italy and elsewhere in Europe.

By the time a second volume appeared under the same title, the government was ready for it. Posters appeared naming the author and denounc-

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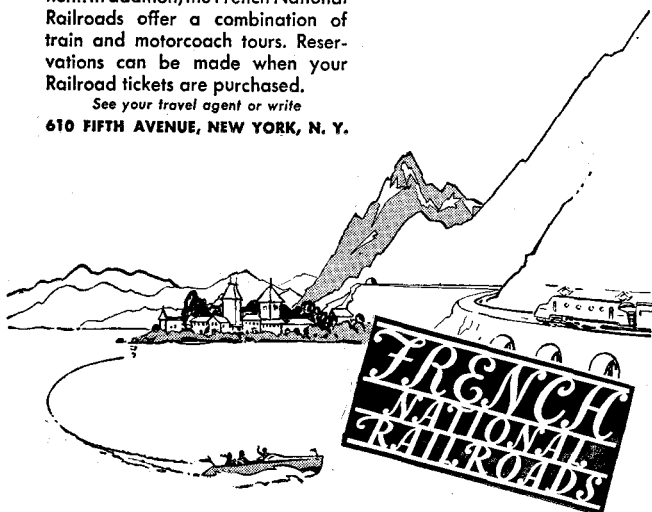
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ing him as a hack writer who began his career in pornographic literature, worked for a time in the Vatican as a secretary, and was now employed as a journalist by the People's Front. He was arrested on charges of falsifying documents, disclosing secret documents, and tending to disturb relations with other states. The apparent contradiction in the charges was explained by the contention that some of the minor documents were actually true, thus giving the volumes the appearance of reliability, but that more damaging evidence was false.

The government itself was not innocent of the same practice. A crude effort was made by a person representing himself as a British Intelligence agent to sell a supposedly secret Communist document to the American press and radio correspondents. The asking price was \$15,000. To their credit, none of the American correspondents took it.

This document purported to be a photostatic copy of the Communist Plan K to seize power in Italy. It was written in Italian and signed by Andrei Zhdanov and Luigi Longo, Russian and Italian representatives of the Cominform. The original was said to have been stolen from Longo's private file, photostated, and returned without his knowledge. The government wanted to use it but felt, quite rightly, that in view of its melodramatic nature it would carry more weight if it could be presented as coming from a sober American publication.

It finally appeared in the unsomber Paris evening newspaper, *L'Intransigeant*. De Gasperi referred to the document in his closing speeches and expressed the conviction that it was true. Privately his aides conceded that the circumstances surrounding the document seemed unreal but insisted that even though this particular one might be false, some plot of its kind must be true in view of past public statements and actions of the Communists.

In the case of each secret document the other side was forewarned and denied its validity before it was made public. Moreover, especially in the case of Plan K, it is doubtful whether it swayed as much as a single vote.

De Gasperi and the U.S.

The Christian Democratic victory means that for five years, or as much of that period as the new Parliament is permitted to live, a single party with a deliberately chosen majority will have the responsibility of governing Italy on its own. Much of the sustaining responsibility will also fall on the United States. There were no longer any old-fashioned denials of interference in the internal affairs of other states. America, like the Catholic Church, entered energetically into the campaign. When the counting was over, the common Italian comment was, "This is what you Americans wanted."

The new regime is as openly tied to Washington as the Communist opposition is tied to Moscow.



The Atlantic Report on Italy



De Gasperi's party is divided, as the name implies, between Christian elements leaning toward the right and democrats farther to the left. To keep his majority intact will require all his great capacity for compromise. Against him stands a bloc comprising nearly one third of the nation. They voted against De Gasperi and for the East despite all the attentions lavished upon them from the West.

The wisdom of the policy behind the American campaign might be questioned, but the energy and effectiveness with which the policy was executed were beyond question. Once conceived, the policy was carried out powerfully, with no regard for tact or subtlety, but with complete concentration on the objective that was finally achieved.

The Communists and the Socialists

Where the Communists have gained, it has been at the expense of the Socialists. The worst loser in the election was Pietro Nenni, the head of the left-wing Socialists. In 1945, Nenni and his mushrooming Unified Socialist Party were virtually the arbiters of power. They hoped to attract a vast section of the Italian middle classes into their fold. The common talk then was that the Socialist Party was "the party with a future."

In 1947, Nenni lost the whole right wing of his party, along with many efficient leaders. He still had the bulk of his followers; but they melted away in the election campaign, and today he is left with about 10 per cent against the Communists' 20 per cent of the electorate. Nenni has been the first to realize that he is the tail wagged by the Communist dog.

Furthermore, the Communists have gained in distribution. If they have lost in the North, where the workers were getting weary of their pressure tactics and their "goon squads," they have gained in Central Italy and in the South, among the peasantry. This gives them a broader foundation, and removes their old fear of the reaction from the peasant South moving up under the military spur to crush the progressive North.

De Gasperi's majority

And what of De Gasperi? What is his solid core? The Vatican and its powerful organization, most assuredly. Then a large part of the experienced political and administrative personnel, and some good experts of the Socialist right wing. He has the prayerful good wishes of the stable part of the nation. But in his majority are also the timid, the frightened, the confused, the stand-patters,

the ex-fascists, the bureaucracy, and the vested interests who have decided to bet on him for all they are worth. These are some of the same people who used to give Mussolini his huge majorities because it is always safe to vote for authority and for one who delivers the jobs.

There is very little political will in all that mass, and no mandate except to keep Italy in the Marshall Plan. There are some modern-minded men in De Gasperi's own camp who believe in modern measures; there are some unafraid old-school-tie liberals like his Secretary of the Treasury, Luigi Einaudi, who initiated the monetary reform; there are a vast number of young people who are hoping for a better future than the traditional line of bureaucratic parasitism.

There are also the right-wing Socialists under Saragat, who might have polled much more if they had had the courage to stand alone as a Third Force. They have come over to De Gasperi only to flee the disastrous leadership of Nenni and the danger of totalitarian domination; but they are not renouncing their hope of a decent Labor Party, and they expect us to give them a break.

How much reform?

De Gasperi has the solid virtues, but he is also an old-line politician of Hapsburg traditions, with little feeling for social problems. He has already passed up several opportunities for land reform, and in the interim the Communists with their promises have made gains among the peasants.

The paradox of the peasant's voting Communist is simply explained: it was a way of voting for a land reform and against the government, which has always let him vegetate in ancestral neglect. Further inertia on De Gasperi's part would give his enemies a formidable weapon, now that they have gained a strong foothold in the miserable South.

De Gasperi's majority is an emergency affair: it expresses the choice of Italy between East and West. We shall hope for signs of reassurance. At the outset he has talked more of strikebreaking than of constructive reform. Among academicians one hears serious misgivings lest De Gasperi put the squeeze on the state school and university system in favor of confessional education. The freedom of the press is still precarious, and the weird price structure is still dictated by a small group of big businessmen. These are danger points of which everyone is well aware, and because of our new feeling of responsibility, we must watch them.

The high cost of living is too high for all of us

We worry about the high cost of living as much as you do. When prices are high, fewer people can afford to buy. That's not good for our business—or *any* business.

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Washington

IN a split government the relations between the Executive and Congress are bound to be bedeviled. Trouble is now the Democratic President's portion because of a threat by the Republican Congress to hold up appointments. This, of course, is the way to let government run down. Another piece of obstruction is the hounding of personnel in Executive departments. Yet another is the constant call upon heads of departments to let Congressional committees have a peek at their confidential files.

As one harassed official put it, "In private life one's board of directors was as anxious as you were that you did a good job, but in government the board seems constantly to be out to knife you." Pity the poor bureaucrats! They are the victims of the great game of politics which is being waged against the White House.

The State Department is caught in the middle of this battle. Secretary Marshall is Secretary of State of a Democratic administration. According to some Republicans his subordinates cannot be "trusted," and Paul G. Hoffman has been told by more than one Congressman that he must not get his personnel from the State Department. It is a pity that this source is more or less suspect. There are able men in the State Department who have lived with the Marshall Plan from the very beginning.

The need to root out Communism is the justification for hounding the Executive departments. The word *communism* covers a multitude of offenders. Chief among them are New Dealers. Anybody who has worked on "Hopkins's" WPA or "Wallace's" wartime BEW is *ipso facto* dangerous. If he shows a shred of ambition, and seeks to get a transfer to one of the reconstruction posts, he will find himself singled out for slaughter.

The perennial issue of what to do with domestic Communists has now come to a head. Most of the more anti-libertarian bills have been discarded. What is left is a bill sponsored by the Committee on Un-American Activities which would attempt proscription by way of exposure. It would require registration and disclosure of membership and of

contributors on the part of all named "Communist front" organizations. To many persons the device would mean an extension of the un-American doctrine of guilt by association.

A better course is said to be under way to see by court test whether the existing act calling for registration of agents of foreign principals covers Communists. Such a test would at once clarify the act and determine whether the Supreme Court would uphold the theory that a Communist is an agent of the Soviet Union. What is also needed is registration of the accounts of all agencies appealing for contributions from the people. Even the FBI does not favor the outlawing of the Communist Party, which would merely drive the Communists underground, as it did in Brazil and Canada.

Will Congress hobble Hoffman?

Representative Taber started the hearings in the Appropriations Committee on Marshall aid by expressing the fear that America intended to build up rival industries in Europe. The remark was indicative of the antediluvian thinking by the men holding the purse strings that is going to harass Paul Hoffman's operations. They are not yet wedded to the Marshall theory that what is needed is "a cure instead of a palliative," nor would they pray, in the self-interest back of David Hume's prayer, "for the flourishing commerce" of all other countries.

Mr. Hoffman is a wide-awake businessman, one of the most successful in America. He has both a sense of the social implications of his economic activities and an awareness that America cannot isolate itself from Europe. In a word, he combines statesmanship with efficiency. As the spark plug in the businessman's Committee for Economic Development he has helped to give the government the benefit of the expert study of economic scholars and private industrialists.

It is recognized that the Economic Coöperation Administration is destined to grow into a mighty organization requiring the best administrative talent in the country. So far Paul Hoffman has chosen his aides with discrimination. But the test



The Atlantic Report on Washington



will come in the selection of men for the subordinate posts. It is estimated that no fewer than a thousand will be required in the European offices of the roving ambassador Averell Harriman. Where are they coming from?

The urgent task is to get and train competent, young diplomats. The suggestion has been made that ECA should either start an overseas administration corps or comb the few existing foreign administration schools. So much hangs upon ECA, and the job will take such a long time, that whatever effort is necessary to get efficient personnel is worth considering. For ECA will have to serve as an intelligent gadfly to the sixteen participating countries plus Germany.

How far federation?

The Sixteen Nations now have an organization, but they are awaiting a lead from the American administrator on the way to handle American aid. Shall it be by one body, a sort of Peace Production Board, allocating Marshall imports according to a priority system? Or shall the countries handle their own import requirements? Mr. Hoffman wants to deal with an entity. That would simplify his task and enable him to focus responsibility as well as authority. The system likewise would make for mutual policing, spur the production which alone will put the Europeans on their feet, and supply a constant and self-generating impetus to economic cooperation.

There are enthusiasts who see in such an allocating agency a germ of European federation. But the federationists are apt to lose themselves in illusions. The Sixteen include nations as far apart and as dissimilar as Iceland and Turkey. Between these nations all we can expect is a closer cooperation. Federation is not unlikely in Europe, but on a smaller scale, say between the Low Countries and Britain and France. However, the feeling is that it will not necessarily grow out of a common body for handling Marshall aid, but requires a separate stimulus, and by our diplomacy.

Unification still eludes us

The civilian-minded are the first to complain over the intraservice rivalry that has now exposed the lack of unification of the armed forces. Division is a sign of weakness much more pronounced than lack of enough arms. At the military powwow at Key West there was seeming agreement, but, in point of fact, a seventy-group air force was never mentioned there, and the program came into the open in a curious kind of play in Congress. What

was done at Key West was to settle the allocations of "roles and missions," or, in Secretary Forrestal's word, "functions." Time will show whether even this issue has been settled satisfactorily.

Senator Morse says that unification is "a flop." The situation isn't so bad as that, but the armed services are certainly not in step, and the fissures are harmful in the prosecution of cold warfare.

The feeling immediately after the seventy-group vote in Congress was that air power had been oversold. To be sure, as Secretary Forrestal says, "air power is likely to be the decisive element in our national strength." But the conviction has been generated, partly as a result of military competition for publicity, that we are in the push-button stage of warfare. As Admiral Nimitz says, all we yet have is the button. Men in uniform are still required and, moreover, they are required proportionately to the increase in air strength.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is that President Truman's chances are doomed, and that he knows it. The current pessimism in the White House has not made any difference in the President's cheerful demeanor. He does not easily "depress," as he puts it.

The fortunes of Mr. Stassen have taken a leap forward which is preparing the Capital for some kind of Taft-Dewey understanding. Stassen has constantly baffled both the pollsters and the prognosticators. Neither of these appears to have examined the grass roots where Stassen's strength seems to lie.

A revelation of Stassen strength is available in a poll of Methodist ministers from forty-four states by the American University. The ministers, surely among the reliable bellwethers of public opinion, were asked to name their choice of a Presidential candidate. No less than 50 per cent named Stassen; 20 per cent, Wallace; with the rest trailing. A high, though not so high, vote for Wallace, incidentally, accords with Capital opinion, which gives a popular vote of 7 million and over — one sure reason, it is held, for Truman's defeat.

A dark horse is still Senator Vandenberg, who is more and more regarded as that *rara avis* of politics, a disinterested man. He and Stassen are very close friends, and may yet team up together, despite the bosses. These highly speculative ventures represent Capital mood at the moment.

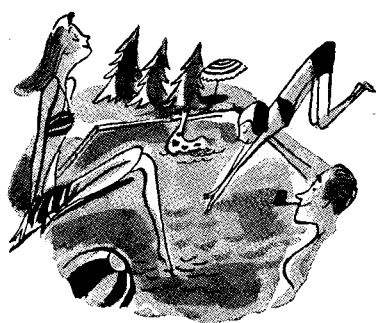
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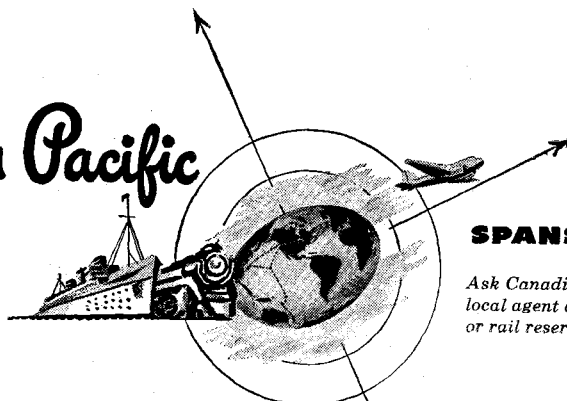
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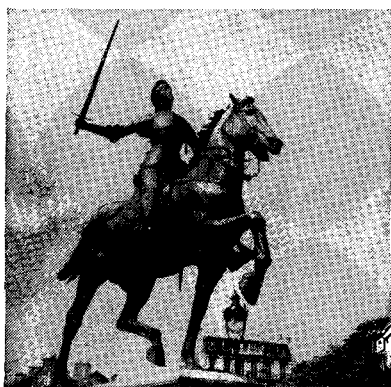


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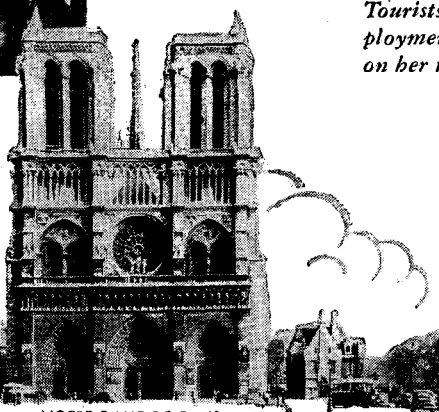
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Latin America

THE virtual collapse of the Ninth International Conference of American States at Bogotá cannot be explained away by Secretary of State Marshall's rationalizations that the wreck of the Conference was planned with malice aforethought by international Communism. The Conference was in a deadly tailspin long before the murder of a leftist political leader named Jorge Eliécer Gaitán, "Colombia's Huey Long," brought on a bloody uprising.

The Bogotá riots of April 9-10 did not shatter the Conference, regardless of who started or profited by them. The riots, at most, reduced the remainder of the sessions to a grim face-saving gesture. Inter-American collaboration, which the Conference was supposed to further, was moribund already because the United States has abandoned a meaningful and sincere Good Neighbor Policy.

As World War II approached, the Latin American countries, as a whole, were on the threshold of wider industrialization and greater individual economic independence. At the same time, there was prospect of much broader intra-Hemisphere trade in each other's products. Their leaders had reason to believe that many of the disadvantages of their position as "semicolonial" countries — producers of raw materials only, for the more technically advanced nations — were about to be lessened.

Economic improvement was essential to the social progress of all groups in their populations, from peonized or half-peonized farm labor and the ragged, hovel-housed proletariats in the fast-growing Latin American cities to the large landowners and investors in modernized business and industry in the republics, the old and new rich. It was equally essential to political stability and to democratic development.

But economic improvement called for many things. Vast amounts of factory equipment and modernized building materials were required, to start new industries. Agriculture needed to be changed from the old system of one-, two-, or three-crop specialization in export staples, so that the growing populations of city industrial workers of each country could eat on the agricultural areas'

produce. And Latin American agriculture required vast quantities of machinery to accomplish this change and to go on producing export crops cheaply and efficiently enough to command world markets.

In all but a few select areas, transportation by highway, rail, air, or water connections had to be modernized and often revolutionized so that farm and factory products could flow profitably within countries and across the borders of neighboring republics.

Immense changes were taking place in national economies which had gone along much as they had in the old Spanish colonial days. Relatively stable currencies and financial underpinning were essential to see each nation through these changes. The republics needed a minimum of tariff barriers to get their products out into the world markets, across each other's borders, and particularly into the United States. It was a large order. President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy at least had the vision to put what was needed into words.

U. S., rich great neighbor

Help was promised to the Latin American states by the Good Neighbor Policy's spokesmen and agencies during the process of bringing in Latin America on our side in World War II. President Roosevelt, Secretaries of State Cordell Hull and Edward Stettinius, Under Secretary Sumner Welles, and their high diplomatic subordinates bound themselves repeatedly to a post-war program of meeting Latin America's needs. The Office of Inter-American Affairs was set up as early as 1940, under Nelson Rockefeller's direction, ostensibly with the assignment of helping out in Latin America's war and post-war emergencies.

The promises lasted for five years. At the Havana Conference of American Foreign Ministers in July, 1940, an extra 500 million dollars was added to Export-Import Bank funds for credit distribution in Latin America. At the Conference of Foreign Ministers on the Problems of War and Peace in Mexico City in February, 1945, considerable assurance of economic aid to Latin America's recovery was given — though in a set of resolutions disturbingly rich in



The Atlantic Report *on Latin America*



weasel words. Throughout this period, the basic pledges were that if the Latin American countries and their people would only make the necessary sacrifices to win the war, the rich great neighbor would back their development programs with its vast resources as soon as peace came.

Then nothing happened. The Inter-American Office was taken over by the State Department within a matter of weeks after the Hiroshima bomb. No more machinery, no more transportation equipment, no more goods were appreciably available for Latin America's cherished industrialization programs and starved markets in peace than before.

Credit dried up and most of the Latin American currencies soared off into ruinous inflation. The hundreds of millions of dollars which the Latin American governments, businessmen, and industrialists had accumulated through sales of war materials were exhausted, with a few exceptions, in meeting inflated operating and living costs well before the end of 1947.

Tariffs block trade

Old and new United States tariff barriers were raised to check such exchanges of goods as might have gone on between this country and the Good Neighbors even without sufficient credits. Nothing concrete was done by United States leaders to check the rash of tariff wars between the Latin governments, as each one strove, in the Hemisphere's general economic confusion, for impossible individual economic self-sufficiency. Washington's tariff and other restrictive policies gave unforgivable offense to Cuba and several other large sugar-producing republics. An alarming agitation went on in the Eightieth Congress for the scuttling of reciprocal trade policies and treaties.

Then came the final blow. Early in the post-war readjustment processes, word went out from the State Department that political loans were out and the Latins would have to get loans from United States private finance and industry. All the inferences were that they would have to take them pretty much on the orthodox free-enterprise terms. The Latins had tried out that method earlier in the century. It had led to most of the profits of their production going out of their countries, and to "dollar diplomacy." They did not care to risk this outcome again.

No trust in gringos

All these developments have fitted into the pattern of Latin America's chronically distrustful thinking

about the United States. Anyone who served in any government agency dealing with Hemisphere relations during the war knows how frequently his friends from south of the border mournfully prophesied: "Well, I suppose as soon as our war is over, the honeymoon will be finished too."

Anyone who traveled in Latin America during or shortly after the war years knows that the honeymoon was full of sacrifices. A look at the empty store-shelves, at the patched clothing of even relatively prosperous middle-class crowds in the Latin American cities, made this clear. A walk past the long queues waiting for broken-down buses and trolley cars in the blistering summer heat showed that the sacrifices, though intimately personal, were shared by millions.

Things are slightly better now in a few special situations, but not enough better to make those who did the sacrificing think well of the victorious gringos as pledge-keepers. Things are not good enough to cause the masses of Latin Americans to defend the United States against accusations of broken faith by Communist agitators, or by the Argentine government's professional gringo-baiters, or by the extreme rightist elements so powerful in a republic like Colombia. The Latin Americans are swayed by bitter memories and by embittering current experiences with the United States.

More promises

It was into this cloud of mistrust that Secretary Marshall headed at Bogotá. When the United States delegation came forth with an offer of another 500 million dollars of Export-Import Bank funds for Latin American distribution, the Good Neighbor colleagues received it in stony silence. For the 500 million dollars was proffered along with pep talks for an inter-American accord, not to say military alliance, against international Communism. And it was exactly the same sum which was offered eight years ago at the Havana Conference, along with pep talks to line up the Good Neighbors against international fascism. There were just two differences. Five hundred million was not as much money at Bogotá as it was at Havana eight years ago. And the U.S. promises which went with it were less believed in.

Although a political pact was signed to bolster the inter-American system under the United Nations, the economic problems discussed at Bogotá were left unsolved until an all-American economic conference later in the year, when the United States will have another chance to make good.

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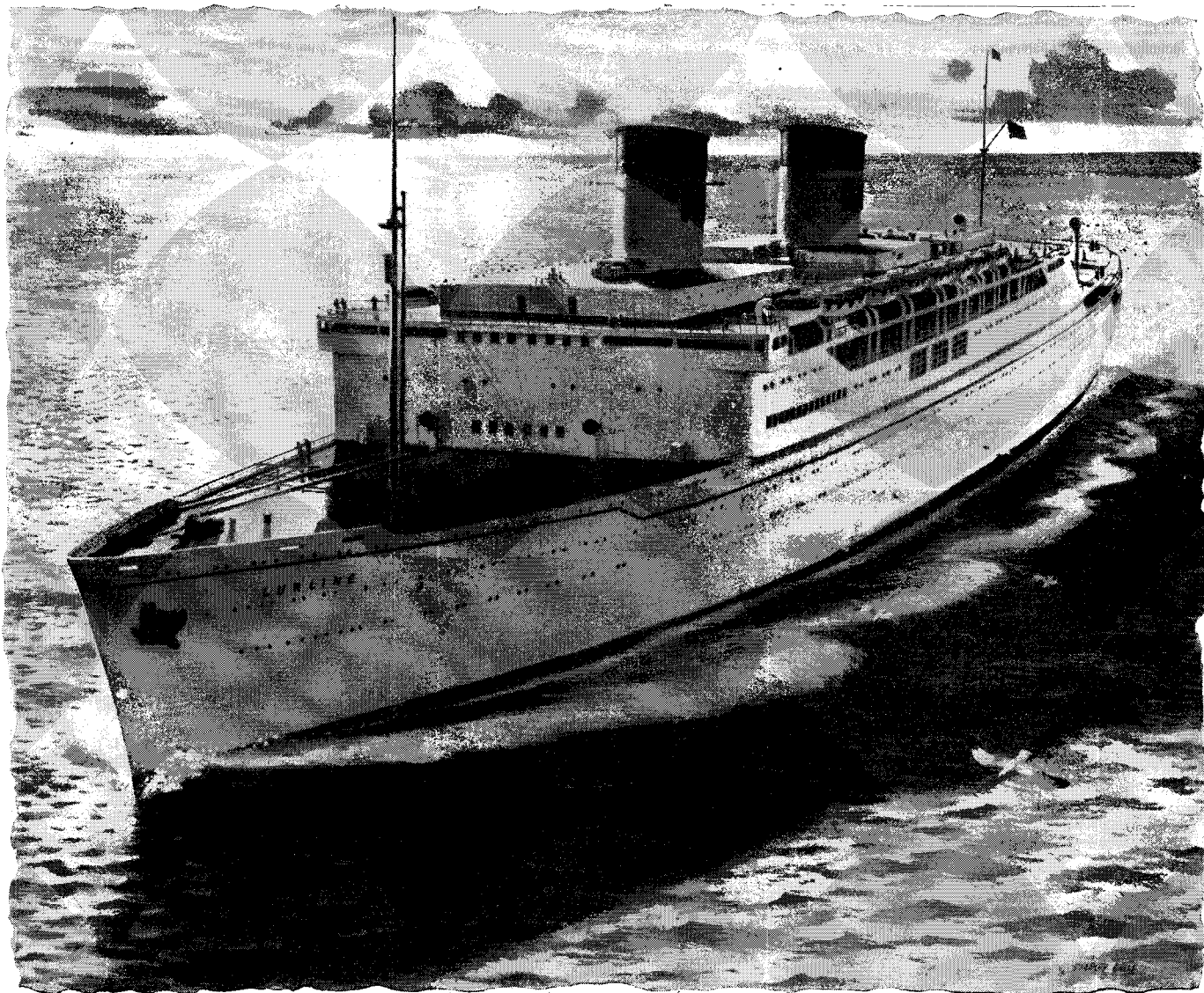
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India

Against formidable odds, the dominions of India and Pakistan have made solid progress toward stability this spring, though it is still too early to cross them off the list of areas that might threaten world peace.

In the new, diminished India, Premier Jawaharlal Nehru's government has patched many of the administrative holes left by the departure of British civil servants and by the transfer to Pakistan of Moslem employees of all grades. Police units are functioning again, even in the Punjab areas that were worst affected by riots. The fractured Indian Army is beginning to achieve its reorganization despite the pressing requirements of fighting in Kashmir.

New Delhi offices have turned back to routine work after weeks of total preoccupation with problems of sheer survival. A constitution has been drafted and a legislature is functioning. The nationwide grief and revulsion that followed Gandhi's assassination have given Nehru the opportunity he needed to crack down on Hindu extremists who had forcefully injected their religion into politics.

Pakistan, which geographically is one of the most bizarre nations in history, has survived even greater birth shocks. Initially Mohammed Ali Jinnah's government lacked everything from staff and plans for organization to desks, typewriters, and even paper. It started absolutely from scratch. On the second day of its existence, furthermore, this shaky regime was overtaken by calamity of proportions seldom weathered by any government.

The intercommunity warfare last fall in the Punjab, where the dead numbered hundreds of thousands, shattered Pakistan's richest province. Among the roughly four million Hindus and Sikhs squeezed out of northwestern Pakistan by attack and fright were the majority of the region's doctors, lawyers, banking employees, grain and cotton traders, shopkeepers, and moneylenders. The somewhat larger number of Moslem refugees fleeing to Pakistan from similar terror on the Indian side of the new border did not replace these necessary cogs of society.

With tax collections disordered and the cost of refugee care at astronomical levels, the deficit Sind and North-West Frontier Provinces lost all hope of support from the west Punjab. Despite these critical difficulties, however, Pakistan has established departmental organization, sent its envoys to possibly helpful countries, and hung out its "Open for Business" sign.

Moslem versus Hindu

In the months of crisis the root difficulty has been communalism — impassioned loyalty to one's religious community ahead of one's state. It is not just religious faith, even in a country where a man's creed is shown by his name and by the clothes he wears, the food he eats and the company he keeps. Its complex origins include the era when Hindus who came into early contact with Western invaders jumped on the bandwagon of European culture and business methods, while Moslem ruling classes in the interior forbade their youths to turn away from Persian culture enough to learn the English language.

Descendants of the Moslem die-hards found their community's middle and professional classes far less developed than those of the Hindus, and, partly for that reason, feared being overwhelmed by the more numerous, more advanced Hindus. Out of such convictions grew the Moslem separatist demand when the British raj prepared to depart.

In retaliation for the cleavage of their motherland, militant Hindus flocked to the Hindu Mahasabha (Great Association) and its armed ally, the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh (National Voluntary Service Association). "Make our country Hindu India. Insulate the 35 million Moslems in our midst to prevent a fifth column," they urged. Some argued for war to reabsorb Pakistan, and quoted Abraham Lincoln as scripture.

Nehru assumes command

Gandhi resisted the communalistic force to the end. Now Nehru leads the struggle. "An alliance of religion and politics in the shape of communalism is a most dangerous alliance," he told the Indian legislature in April. Arguing that such an alliance



The Atlantic Report on India



must be destroyed, he declared that "the only alternative is civil conflict."

In the void left by Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru's growing stature is daily more prominent. The forces that effected the Mahatma's slaying were equally opposed to Nehru. Yet the sensitive, patrician-born Premier — one of the few Indian leaders whose idealistic minds range to sympathetic perception of what's going on in the rest of the world — has proved himself a vigorous, driving administrator.

Sometimes his explosive impatience erupts all over the lot. He lacks the steady, ironhanded control over the Congress Party and government machines that is Deputy Premier Vallabhai Patel's great strength. He fails to ride a political storm with Patel's unshakable calm. Yet it was Nehru's dynamic leadership, even more than Patel's prodding or British Governor-General Mountbatten's helpful greasing, that started the ponderous Government of India wheels turning again after they had threatened to freeze in the Punjab crisis.

When Nehru and Patel stand together, as they have done since Gandhi's assassination, the leadership factor in India is strong. When they or their followers clash over economic, party, or communal differences, the government mechanism grates. On Nehru falls the main burden in pulling the country through this transition.

Grain or machinery?

Even while struggling to restore elemental law and order, Nehru and his team of revolutionaries-turned-officials faced other worries. Truncated India is drastically short of food and must spend precious foreign exchange to buy grain instead of industrial plant. Slumping production graphs reflect economic disorganization and unrest. Import controls, deficit budgets, and especially the heritage of a reluctant war effort that was largely financed by printing-press money mean severe inflationary pressures.

The threefold inflation, undercompensated on the average by mere doubling of wages, has stirred enough unrest to build up leftist opposition to the present relatively conservative regime. On the one hand, Jaya Prakash Narayan, the American-trained Marxist, is gathering industrial and rural support for his Congress Socialist Party. On the other, the small but lusty Communist Party of India captured control of the All-India Trades Union Congress and claimed 100,000 members before Deputy Premier Patel's policemen rounded up

its leaders in the spring. Patel, who himself spent years in British jails, knows that no movement with popular support can be broken by arrests. It goes underground. He is playing for time to strengthen his own regime for a more vigorous fight against the Communists, whom he detests.

The government felt a contrary pressure when, in trading pits heavily influenced by war-rich financiers, its securities slumped through fear of widespread nationalization of industries. Nehru, whose early pinkish hue has faded as administrative responsibility has fallen on him, reassured businessmen in April. "Care must be taken to see that the existing structure is not greatly disturbed," he said. "The government would rather go ahead with new schemes like the great river valley projects than to waste money in destroying or acquiring existing industries."

The state, nevertheless, is to be exclusively responsible for *new* undertakings ("except when the public interest demands the coöperation of private industry") in coal, iron, steel, aircraft manufacture, shipbuilding, telecommunications except commercial radio receivers, minerals, and oil. Whether the government will find the resources to exploit these industries remains to be seen.

Overseas investment and know-how will be welcomed, Nehru said, with the proviso that "conditions under which foreign capital may be allowed to operate should be carefully regulated in the national interest." India also expects that the major interest and effective control will always be in Indian hands, and that suitable Indian personnel will be trained to replace foreign experts. Part of the Indians' difficulty, however, is suspicion of foreign business intentions, a carry-over from the British period.

Operation Maharaja

In one field the new Indian government has made dizzy progress. People who knew the roles of maharajas and their Princely States a year ago would hardly recognize them today. To forestall the absurdity of creating hundreds of minuscule principalities when British rule and treaties lapsed, it was decided that Princely States not associated with Pakistan should "accede" to the Indian Dominion by turning over powers of defense, foreign affairs, and communications to the central government.

A sweet-tongued but tough-minded crew consisting of handsome Admiral Mountbatten, Deputy

Premier Patel, and a skilled constitutional legman named V. P. Menon brought in all the relevant accessions except from Kashmir (whose case finally went to the UN) and Hyderabad, where the issue was postponed for a year. That was Phase I of Operation Maharaja.

In Phase II, rulers of larger states found themselves turning over powers to elected legislatures, while small states were lumped together or absorbed into surrounding provinces, leaving their potentates unemployed. Mountbatten, Patel, and Menon are reducing more than five hundred states to about thirty units which are to take their places as constituent elements of the Indian Dominion.

In another sphere of transition, the truncated Indian Army, which boasted three Indian brigadiers early last year, has "Indianized" all battalion and regimental commands plus all area and division commands and three Army commands, it is reported. Some three hundred British officers remain to assist. Similar Indianization of educational patterns is in progress at university levels. Shortages of teachers and facilities, however, leave mass teaching of India's bulk of illiterates for the future.

Land tenure reforms, fertilizer plants, new wells, and intensified agricultural instruction are all scheduled to help the peasant. It nevertheless still appears true that rural production is hardly keeping pace with the leaping population.

The young, uncertain, but potentially influential country is also hammering out a foreign policy. Nehru is anxious to avoid committing India to either main power bloc. India should rather be an independent, working for the world's dependent peoples, he believes; many Indians see themselves as the natural leaders of Southeast Asia. But on the world balance, India's policy-makers are anti-Communist, they recognize their bonds — sometimes forced — with the West, and they believe that only the West can help solve their immediate needs.

Pakistan poverty

Resources-wise, India emerged from the partition a far richer dominion than Pakistan. In a single geographic mass it retained 80 per cent of the population, three quarters of the

area, the bulk of the coal, iron, and other mineral deposits, most of the plant that made the old India eighth among pre-war industrial nations, and the larger share of the state railways.

By contrast, Pakistan is impoverished. It is chopped into two lumps separated by a thousand miles of what is now foreign territory. East Bengal, the teeming Ganges-Brahmaputra delta region that holds a majority of the dominion's 70 million population, grows rice and jute. It has neither coal to run its railways nor any other immediate source of power for quick factory development. Lacking major cities and any port larger than Chittagong, it is vulnerable to economic pressures from Calcutta, the largely Hindu metropolis in the Indian Dominion's part of Bengal. Eastern Pakistan is far more closely tied linguistically, racially, and economically to Indian Bengal than to northwestern Pakistan.

Pakistan's leaders are confident that the heavily irrigated region can feed its people reasonably well and produce crops for export. They predict, with what seems optimistic assurance, that they will overcome the scarcity of basic raw materials, the limitations of scattered light industry, and the shortage of skilled manpower in the government, in the Army, and in industry.

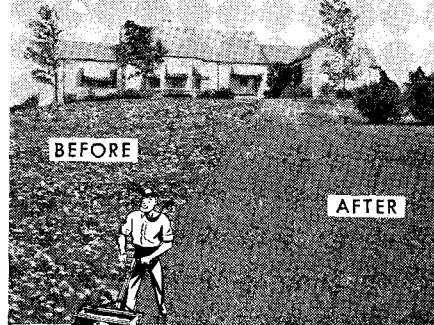
Social change

In both dominions, the political revolution which achieved independence is only part of the social change visible everywhere. Cracks in the caste system and challenges to the bondage of untouchables are facets of ferment that touches Moslem society with equal vigor.

In several language areas an element of renaissance is occurring in literature and other arts. More Indian students than ever before are studying abroad, and their orientation is not so exclusively British as before. At another level, black-market corruption and fast-money manipulations are signs that old restraints are breaking down.

There is no static India or Pakistan today. Thoughtful Indians look on their problems as akin to those of an adolescent boy. Properly guided and controlled, the changes can bring the dominions into disciplined maturity.

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ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"I Changed My Name"

The following letters have to do with "I Changed My Name," by Anonymous, in the February *Atlantic*, and David L. Cohn's rejoinder, "I've Kept My Name," in our April issue.

— THE EDITOR

SIR:

I, too, changed my name — by marriage, twelve years ago — from one typically Irish to my present name. And I must say that I am unaware of a single disadvantage it has caused me.

I have long felt it a pity that the heritage of any group of people should ever be denied the credit which rightfully belongs to it from the accomplishments of certain of its members simply because those members had previously — for one immature reason or another — obscured their connection with the group of people into which they were born.

To my way of thinking, there are only two sufficient reasons for ever changing one's name: (1) because that name is ambiguous in an embarrassing way, causing its bearer constant annoyance from the ill-bred puns and snickers of his associates, and (2) because that name is extremely difficult to spell or pronounce.

PAULA FREEDMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

If one may judge the writers by their writing, both Mr. Cohn and Mr. Anonymous Jew must be rare and wonderful human beings.

It is to be regretted, however, that resentment of his ancestry was bred in Mr. Anonymous Jew before he was

old enough to indulge the natural human urge to learn everything possible of one's beginnings, or old enough to read, with a proud glow of distant kinship, the stories of Abraham and Jacob and Esther and Ruth.

It is also to be regretted that Mr. Anonymous Jew's elementary psychology has led him to believe that in order to adjust one's self to one's environment, one must conform to the puny standardizations of that environment.

So, while my sympathy goes to Mr. Anonymous Jew, it is Mr. Cohn who wins my deep respect. It is Mr. Cohn who has the courage to be himself; who is beyond being snubbed because he is above snobbery; who has a simple pride in a heritage that deserves more than an impassioned denial.

MARTHA MURPHY STINE
North Vernon, Ind.

SIR:

You have given your readers many delightful hours by your *Atlantic* Portraits, but none more rewarding than the insight we gain of Leroy Percy, Gentleman of Mississippi and the world, in David L. Cohn's admirable paper, "I've Kept My Name."

Of course, David L. Cohn has kept his name and has added new luster to the religion on which Christianity is based.

It is difficult for me, long a warm admirer of Mr. Cohn's writings, to scold him, but I must.

He writes: "But it would not be wholly admirable if I should, by changing my name, reject the fifty centuries' history and tradition of my people in order to gain a hotel room at Newport."

I am confident that Mr. Cohn inadvertently chose "Newport" to make his point. He forgot that Newport is the living witness of that great liberal, Roger Williams; here, as in no other place of which I have heard, one finds Jews, Catholics, and Protestants sharing a common burial ground; here the youngest child will point out to the visitor Touro Street, named after one of the great founders of Newport, a Jew of learning and ability.

Please remove this aspersion from the fair city of Newport, which has been true to its Indian name, Aquidneck (land of peace and plenty), from the days when Mr. Cohn's forebears contributed so much to its dignity and prosperity, down to the very year 1948.

TERESA S. FITZPATRICK
*President, Almy Associates
Newport, R.I.*

SIR:

I changed my Jewish name and am glad I did. Not because I hankered for the "right clubs," not to be accepted in Newport (I have never seen the place), not to go to "exclusive beaches." I am a plain person of Jewish parentage. But here are a few of my experiences.

As a small child in Baltimore (my birthplace) I saw bearded Jews who had been stoned and had part of their beards pulled out by the roots. Only their beards had made them "different."

In my grammar school days (that's all the schooling I had), all my teachers were non-Jews and we Jewish boys had to do work superior to that of the non-Jews to get equivalent marks.

As a bookkeeper I was refused em-

employment at a store only because "No Jews are employed here." My brother could not obtain employment at the occupation he was trained for, because he was not a "Christian." Many other boys I knew were discriminated against in the same way. If their names didn't disqualify them, their answer to the question of religion did.

My wife and I were refused accommodations at ordinary hotels after I had registered. The refusal was usually prefaced by the query "Are you Hebrew?" The clerks evidently thought they would soil their mouths by uttering the term *Jew*. We were refused accommodations when we attempted to reserve rooms in advance in the same type of hotels, but when we simultaneously asked for rooms under an assumed non-Jewish name we were offered them.

We are both native Americans, speak correct English, have no accents, and are not recognized as Jews by some (not all) Jews, and by practically all non-Jews.

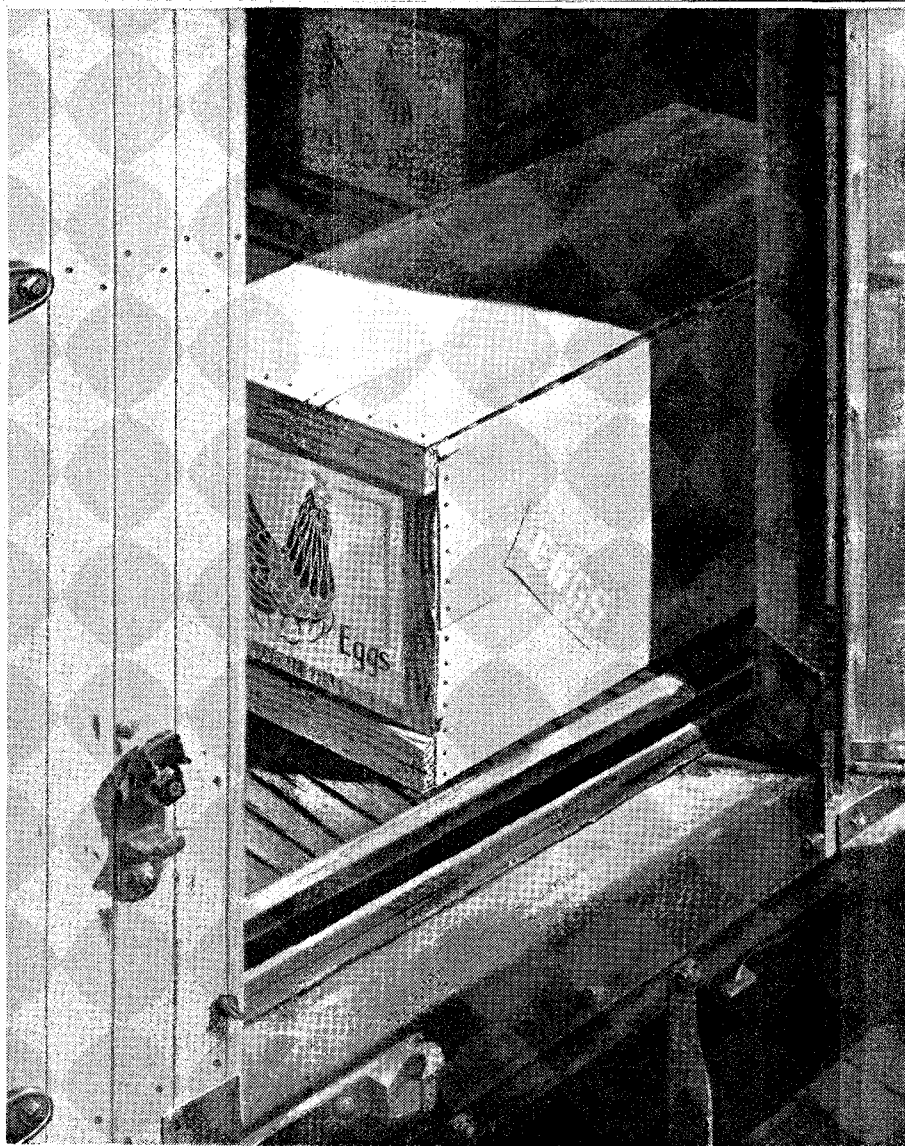
Then we changed our names.

Since then we have traveled over most of the United States, and never have we met with the least rebuff or been subjected to discrimination of any kind.

I have had several occasions to take over and manage businesses for short periods. In one firm of thirty executives-salesmen-owners, Irish and Czech, at odds with each other, but united against having any Jews among their sixty employees (although half their business came from Jews), I would have found the fiercest antagonism if I had kept my Jewish name. But they didn't know I was a Jew until the end of my association with them. A committee then waited on me to apologize for the anti-Semitism they had practiced all their lives. None of them had ever eaten a meal with a Jew or been in a Jewish home.

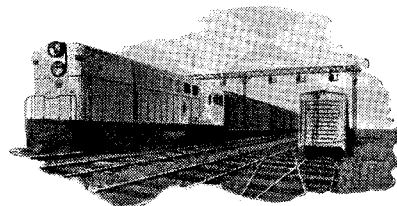
I am not a believer in or follower of the Jewish (or any) religion, and I am not influenced by "the fifty centuries' history and tradition of my people." My only kinship with the Jews is that of kinship with oppressed peoples, and if I feel closer to the Jews than to the other oppressed peoples, it is only because they have suffered more for a longer time than the others.

Changing my name has somewhat helped to lessen the practice of anti-Semitism. Just the mention of my



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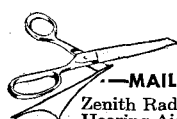
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previous name was sufficient to bring it to the surface. Now I live the life of the average undiscriminated-against mortal, and that's all I ask in life. I do not consider myself, nor do I want to be, one of "the chosen people."

Like Anonymous, I am glad I changed my name.

GEORGE N. CAYLOR
New York City

"Safe and Insane"

SIR:

Anent my article "Safe and Insane" (January *Atlantic*), numerous people have written to me to say that my recommendation of a natural environment for childhood is not justified by the behavior of country-reared persons. Perhaps I should have stated that, while I believe a close association with Nature is necessary for the proper development of human young, the American village or farm is not *ipso facto* an ideal environment, owing to the ignorance, bigotry, urban orientation, and general lack of appreciation of Nature found in such areas. However, I do not believe anyone was warranted in jumping to the conclusion that because I deplored city life for children, I automatically praised life in the country as it exists today.

PHILIP WYLIE
Miami Beach, Fla.

"Can Lawyers Talk English?"

SIR:

As a long-time subscriber, I protest the publication of William Seagle's article entitled "Can Lawyers Talk English?" in the March *Atlantic*.

I know personally any number of people who, in a short time, could have thumbed through *Words and Phrases* and turned out a piece more worthy of your pages. If Mr. Seagle's contribution was supposed to be witty, it was exceedingly slight. If it was supposed to be profound, it was an insult to legal research.

WILBUR B. DAVIS
New York City

SIR:

Mr. Seagle's article is interesting, informative, and accurate. It may, however, give to the laity an impression which the author probably would deplore.

While the article opens with the words "statutory English" and speaks of "unrecognized meanings attributed by judicial or legislative fiat," a large

part of the illustrations of force meanings is taken from *Words and Phrases*, a compendium of judicial interpretations of words used by the legislatures or by others than the judges. The judges did not misuse these words; they tried to tell what the misusers meant by them. Be assured that the judges were the most vexed of men in performing that task.

Lawyers are sometimes able to talk or write English. Consider the *Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure*, 1943, stating sixty rules governing criminal procedure in Federal courts throughout the United States and including the procedure for criminal appeal. Those rules were formulated by lawyers and were approved and promulgated by the Supreme Court of the United States. In practice they have proved to be workable, needing very infrequent interpretation or meanings.

Let us hope that Mr. Seagle may continue his work on this subject.

GEORGE F. LONGSDORF
Librarian, U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals
San Francisco, Calif.

"Step Off the Gas"

SIR:

It is most heartening to read Er Stanley Gardner's "Step Off the Gas" in your Accent on Living department (April *Atlantic*). C.W.M. editorial comments come close to home. We who live at the base of the Teton Range can appreciate his feeling for this wilderness country, and we are all too conscious of the danger of "counting coup" on what we have left of our wilderness environment.

David R. Brower, Editor of the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, himself a mountaineer, veteran of the Tenth Mountain Division, expressed a worth thought:—

"Each pleasant day in mountain should perhaps be charged against our account should then be credited for each day on which we extend our vision and give a nod to posterity—on which we act for the unnumbered men who will have to be less prodigal than we and who are entitled to explore and enjoy mountains as pleasant as ours."

OLAUS J. MURI
The Wilderness Society
Moose, Wyo.

SIR:

Appreciation and thanks to Er Stanley Gardner and to C.W.M. for their most sensitive and excellent

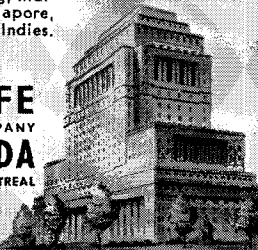


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words for wilderness preservation. We trust that all who are now concerned with the wilderness will see these *Atlantic* features and that many other *Atlantic* readers will become concerned. Only when all citizens become sufficiently aware of wilderness values to ensure a national policy of preservation of these areas will these values be secure for the future. The *Atlantic* is to be congratulated for promoting this awareness.

HOWARD ZAHNISER
Washington, D.C.

"Have We an Intelligence Service?"

SIR:

The article "Have We an Intelligence Service?" (April *Atlantic*) will bring back sad memories to most of us who spent the war period in Washington as employees of OSS. The years 1942-1945 showed us clearly how great was the need for a *genuine* intelligence service. Then, as the whole OSS structure was dismembered and its trained personnel dismissed or scattered among other government agencies, we were heartsick over the failure to realize the value of intelligence which this action indicated, at the highest levels of our government.

The case for national intelligence is stated fairly and accurately in the article, and the conclusion that our country at present does not have such a service is all too clear. Unfortunately, however, the public's interest in the complex problem of intelligence usually does not go beyond its glamorous "cloak and dagger" or operational aspect. The more prosaic but absolutely vital function of the analysis and evaluation of intelligence data is largely overlooked.

By publishing this excellent article which goes straight to the heart of the problem, the *Atlantic* has been the first to render a long-needed service to all Americans who are interested in our national security and welfare.

Let us hope that the President (and Congress too, if need be) will see fit to put aside politics and campaign issues long enough to set up a truly unified and independent intelligence service, staffed by trained analysts who will have access to *all* political, social, and economic intelligence from abroad, and who will not be dominated by either the State or the War Department.

ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.
Ann Arbor, Mich.



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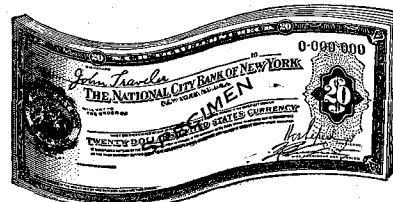
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Ever since his graduation from Harvard in 1922, OTIS BARTON has been interested in the pursuits of a naturalist. Working in association with Dr. William Beebe he became proficient as a diver and a collector of undersea specimens, especially in the waters of the West Indies. He served on a rocket ship during the war and saw action in the Philippine Campaign. At the war's end he realized a long-held ambition when he made a one-man expedition to the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, where the following experiences took place.

HUNTING UNDERSEA

by OTIS BARTON

NATURE's most brilliant color patterns are generally conceded to the birds of the tropics. We may crane our necks gazing into the Papuan treetops to see a bird of paradise, or range the Palawan jungle to catch a glimpse of a peacock pheasant, or follow a trail above the Orinoco to start a flight of macaws. For those at home there is always a Monograph of the Pheasants. But this story of mine deals with a different, though no less brilliant world of natural colors, that of the coral-reef fishes as seen from my diving helmet along Australia's mighty barrier reef.

The equipment of the Third Barton Zoological Expedition had arrived by rail in Cairns from South Queensland, where I had been working during the autumn months of April and May, 1947. Diving suits, air compressors, specimen cans, films, watertight camera boxes, and undersea tripods were contained in four wooden diving chests weighing in all about twelve hundred pounds. My outfit is strictly a one-man affair, the outgrowth of many seasons' experience in the West Indies and Central America. My expeditions are a private undertaking, made with the object of securing collections for various museums and of producing at the same time jungle and undersea films of a popular nature.

Now I was on my way to a new field — the Great Barrier Reef, which stretches for more than a thousand miles along the east coast of Queensland. Here innumerable coral islands are strung out on

the shallow slopes of the Australian continental shelf. Some have cores of hard rock; others are keys of pure coral, built up by billions of polyps from the submarine platform. Nearly all have a weather side facing the southeast trade winds, and a leeward side where the sea gardens, scattered on the white coral sands of the bottom, bloom in all their effervescent hues. Here swarm the bright-colored reef fishes which I had come to collect.

Profiting by sad experience in Gladstone two months before, I took pains to secure a motor launch that did not cater to the coral-reef tourist trade. The 45-foot *Taleema* was owned and operated by Captain H. Williamson, a resident of Cairns of Norwegian ancestry. Before the war he had worked at pearl diving, but now his business was trochus shell and *bêche-de-mer*. An old-timer with one arm was signed on as cook. Henry, our cabin boy, came from an ancient Australian family, and was himself under the official care of the government protector of aborigines. Having been found of a docile and industrious disposition, he had been allowed to leave the mission station and come to the big city to seek employment on coastal vessels.

On June 19, 1947, I made ready for my first dive off Michaelmas Key, about twenty-five miles north-east from Cairns. I donned a shallow water diving helmet, fitted over my diving dress, and heavy rubber boots, which I knew would protect my feet against the poisonous spines of the dreaded

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Australian stonefish. My diving hose was 150 feet long, enabling me to examine an area of the bottom larger than a football field.

Thus attired, I clambered down the diving ladder and dropped onto the sandy bottom some fifteen feet below. This depth is ideal for photography. Our first anchorage was a little too near the key, and the water was a trifle smoky from the surf. I could see objects distinctly at only about twenty feet. Even so, there is far more color in the reef here than in the Capricorn Islands six hundred miles to the south. To eyes accustomed to the West Indian reefs, the absence of sea fans, plumes, and rod corals is striking. In their place are great scalloped, pudding-like masses in dull greens, yellows, and pinks. These are the soft corals, the Alcyonaria, typical of the reefs of the far Pacific. Another coral of the Hydrozoan class loomed in gigantic toadstool-shaped edifices. The toad in this underwater world would be about the size of a diver.

A school of squids were first in my sight, but they proved too wary for a photograph, starting away as I approached carrying the massive undersea camera box. I also saw a fish with many branched alga-like fins, known in Australia as a butterfly cod.

2

MY LARGE camera box has an electric motor inside and is connected to the deck of the *Taleema* by a long cable. The camera box itself is a cumbersome affair weighing nearly a hundred pounds on deck, but only thirty-five undersea.

I did not mount my camera on its undersea tripod on this occasion because I was trying only for a few pictures of the fishes at close range. When pictures involving divers are made, the camera is carefully set up on its tripod. The electric switches may be closed either by the crew on deck or by the diver himself. The rumble of its motor can be heard by the diver, who now feels like a ballet dancer under television.

For collecting the fishes, I use an improved bang stick, developed from a New York Zoological Society model. It is a wooden rod ten feet long, from the end of which dangles a bunch of three electric blasting caps. The wires from this charge are taped along the length of the pole. One of them is connected with a flashlight battery secured to the proximal end.

To knock down a coral-reef fish, I maneuver the caps to within a foot or two of my intended specimen. I then touch the second wire to the button of the flashlight battery, and thus fire the caps. I can reload this bang stick on the bottom. In some cases lures and baits fastened to the caps are necessary to bring the fish within range. The explosion sends a tremor through the water, which the diver feels in his diaphragm. Luckily for me, my eardrums

and head are cushioned by the air inside the diving helmet.

The next day I dove among some beautiful coral heads a mile east of the key. I saw a smallish giant clam close to the top of one reef and blasted it to bits with my bang stick. One bear trap less in these parts. The clam's heavy shell, several inches thick, proved highly allergic to the sharp *brisance* of the blasting caps and flew to pieces. Soon the water was alive with long green wrasses and other picking and snipping fishes, which now had a field day in devouring the flesh of the big mollusk.

In a hole under a coral head I saw a big grouper and a big green, white-spotted puffer. I KO'd several of the omnipresent pomacentrids with the bang stick. This common group of coral fishes is even more varied than on the Atlantic reefs. Resembling the pumpkinseed of New England ponds in size and shape, this family represents the ancestral form of the advanced coral eating fishes, the parrots and wrasses. At each blast of the bang stick they showered down in all directions. I picked up one pure white in color.

After lunch and out of uniform I went with our native boys in the tender to the dry reef. It was low tide and I saw two giant clams half out of water, each about four feet long. They were sitting in a hollow in the coral but were not attached. They held their shells open about eighteen inches. The edge of each shell is scalloped into five or six enormous bluntish teeth perhaps a foot long. Between the teeth the mantle protruded widely but did not cover their menacing tips. The mantle is a tough, leathery sheath pleasingly brindled in black and green and covered with minute bluish eyespots. If one passes between the sun and the clam, the valves pull quickly together, closing the opening between them to about six inches. To close the giant trap completely, the clam must draw in its mantle all the way; and this takes time, a matter of perhaps two or three minutes.

The action of the closing valves was the same in the case of clams I encountered underseas. If I moved very slowly, the clam did not seem to see me and remained open. I never worried about stepping into or onto so conspicuous an object. But I suppose a diver might easily get his leg caught in one were he off balance or stepping backward. Native divers, so legend has it, have been drowned when so entrapped. Once when I was climbing up the side of a reef the coral crumbled and I crashed down into a grotto uncomfortably close to the gaping, spiked jaws of a *Tridacna*.

The next day I tried different levels. In thirty feet of water I found myself on a bottom of limy mud at the foot of coral cliffs. Gardens of blue staghorn coral formed a spiky barrier to my progress. These corals looked formidable, but could be broken away like fragile porcelain.

Then I climbed to the top of the reef. Here I was within five feet of the surface, and was tossed about by every swell. I surveyed a tableland of jumbled corals about twenty-five yards in diameter. Snappers, wrasses, and parrots swarmed in flashing brilliance over the rough landscape. Soon a large weed fish of about 150 pounds appeared, but it took flight on seeing me.

A day later I hunted in a beautiful garden behind the main reef. The coral colors were the brightest I had seen so far. Alcyonaria favor greens; the branching corals, blues and purples. Bright reds and orange were rare, other colors common.

3

ON JUNE 28 we anchored at St. Crispin's Reef on the outer barrier, after three days spent in repairing at Double Island. The reef to the north is named Agincourt Reef. (Who fought with us on St. Crispin's Day?) I do not know who originated the names of the coral reefs on our charts. Could it have been Captain Cook?

That night we caught a 10-foot tiger shark on a hand line. This shark looks like the American tiger but rates as *Galeocerdo rayneri* as distinguished from our *G. articus*.

The shark took the line about two in the morning, jerking a loop of rope out from under my pillow. What a forlorn feeling to have to get up again and wrestle on the dark deck with a hooked tiger! At last I brought him alongside and noted that the hook was lodged in the corner of his lip and that the chain of the hook had twisted around his tail. He was practically uninjured. We could hope, therefore, to make a tiger shark movie in the morning.

After daybreak, while we were preparing to film the tiger, a large gray nurse shark, perhaps sixteen feet long, circled the launch. It rolled out of the water like a porpoise and seemed to look our deck over with baleful eyes turned back in their sockets. This monster is *Carcharias arenarius*, the worst man-eater in Australia. Several times it circled the launch, then made off.

As I went through the early stages of these preparations, I could not help recalling the long series of bitter struggles and disappointments I had had in the days before the war. It is almost impossible to get all the factors right for a successful shark film. First the shark must be secured uninjured by the hook — that is, not hooked in either the throat or gills. To hold the shark until morning is not easy. They are Houdinis at twisting and biting their way out of wire loop and hemp ropes. Attacks by other sharks are not uncommon, especially in the Gulf of Panama, where the shovelnose sharks hunt in packs of five to eight.

Early in the morning the prospective movie shark must be suspended by an invisible wire, and hung from the boom a few feet clear of the bottom. The

point of attachment of the wire to the tough hide of the shark's back must be at the center of gravity, so that the shark remains suspended on an even keel. The vessel must then be secured by several anchors so that the actor will remain in exactly one spot over the bottom. After these arrangements, the big camera must be set up on its tripod to cover the shark at his lowest or down position — that is, the position he assumes in suspension when not actively swimming about.

The diver then walks over to the shark and biffs it one on the nose. In my case I use a wild boar spear. The shark opens its mouth wide in a silent underwater roar and makes its rush. Held by the wire (I hope), the shark's rush takes it on a curved course up to the surface, where it thrashes around in fury, sometimes tangling in the diving ladder or propeller. At last it tires and begins to circle down to the low point. This is the moment for which the diver is waiting. First he closes the electric switch of the big camera (which all too often does not run!). After he hears the camera rumble into action, he steps into the movie himself and awaits the approaching shark, standing with spear poised to strike a defending blow. If the shark does not turn aside, the diver must duck down and allow the long body to pass over his head, trusting that the wire will prevent the shark's gaping jaws from reaching him.

In the rehearsal of our Australian actor on June 29 I failed to allow for the heavy head of *Galeocerdo rayneri*. While setting up the camera and tripod, I noticed that the shark was nosing down. I walked over to it and tried to straighten it out with the handle of my combat spear. The big jaws flashed into action in a yawning lunge at my arm. I parried with the spear handle and backed away. The shark shot off to the surface thrashing and twisting on the wire, which it broke. On deck the boys witnessed its hasty departure after the giant *Carcharias*.

Well, there went the tiger and our chance to get the film. I walked over to a coral head and, concentrating on smaller business, saw for the first time a bright gold fish with a white head, possibly a species of *Amphiprion*, a small pomacentrid that lives in sea anemones. I added it to my list of uncollected species which I have clearly observed.

On July 1 we made Cooktown, where Captain Cook stopped for repairs at the mouth of the Endeavour River. This is an old gold-mining town — now a ghost town. It is surrounded with rolling green pasture land. The scrub here is almost tropical forest. We enjoyed an excellent steak dinner and afterwards took on provisions and another native boy as deck hand. Cooktown is the edge of civilization. From here to Thursday Island, nearly four hundred miles north, there are no towns.

As we continued north, the winds forced us to take shelter at Cape Flattery. Lizard Island, our

destination, loomed about twenty miles out to sea, a rocky island about twelve miles inside the outer reefs. There we would be able to work until our supplies forced a return.

4

I WENT ashore at Cape Flattery and hunted for wild pigs, but had no luck.

Lizard Island, the "very sea-mark of my utmost sail," has lofty walls of granite which shielded us from the relentless trade winds. All about were stretches of white sand dotted with sea gardens. Several fishing vessels were sheltering here. The skippers said the wind might last at least a week more. It certainly complicated the diving.

I spent most of the morning in the diving helmet filming giant clams, some of which here are about four feet long and of massive girth. I used a stout spear handle to simulate the foot of an unlucky diver. If the handle was jammed down vigorously through the clam's mantle and body onto the adductor muscle, the mollusk's grip on the wooden handle remained weak, and I could easily withdraw the spear. But if the handle was placed on top of the mantle in a horizontal position just inside the gaping teeth of the valves, then the mighty shells closed on it with a vise-like grip. Seizing the other end of the stout handle, I could pry the clam up onto its end. I estimated that it would weigh seven hundred pounds in air, but submerged it loses perhaps three fourths of this weight. In one case I waited a good fifteen minutes for the clam to loosen its grip on my spear handle.

I banged successfully a brown and white goatfish and a butterfly with a black peduncular saddle — both on my list of uncollected coral fishes. When the hunting is going well, I use a burlap bag to hold the fishes which I knock out. It also contains my supply of bang-stick ammunition and my knife. When I return to the deck for lunch, the fishes are transferred to one of our 7-gallon milk cans, which contain various formaldehyde solutions.

I saw the orange goatfish. As before, it was followed everywhere by a dark wrass of about the same size. The goatfishes of these waters are impressive. They favor a sandy pasturage at the side of the reef. Although they are comparatively wary of the bang stick, I can often approach close enough to see the twin barbels on their chins shaking as they munch away among the polyp debris. I also got a small orange *Siganus* which proved to have only twelve dorsal and six anal spines.

I dove on the steep-sided reef and banged four species of butterflies. One is green and white and shaped like a sail — a species of *Heniochus*, not a true butterfly fish.

Later I shifted to a shallow sea garden where I saw several baby *Zebrasomas* flitting like insects among the coral blossoms, but I could not bring one

down. I banged at a fish which was shaped like a boomerang — probably a young species of *Platax* or *Heniochus* — and got my hand on it, but it slipped away. I downed a large bigeye in a coral cavern. The purples and blues of the coral heads were very pleasing in these sea gardens.

I have revised my old list of coral-reef fishes clearly observed but not yet taken. When a fish is taken I strike him off the list. The active list, therefore, always points to the fishes which I must pursue on the next day.

MY LIST OF JULY 5

1. Brown and yellow wrass, common everywhere, but wary. The wrass family is represented at Cape Cod by the cunner and tautog. They are snippers par excellence.

2. Brown and yellow *Gomphosus*, with a long curved bill — very shy of bang stick. It too is a wrass.

3. Small, dark wrass with orange lips, which darts into chinks in the coral.

4. Brindled gobby, common on sand at the edge of a reef — intelligent, wary.

5. All orange or gold goatfish.

6. Small wrass, gold in front, purple behind — a flitter among the coral flowers.

7. Orange *Siganus* or trevally with two black bars on shoulder — an unromantic vegetarian, closely related to doctors but lacking armed peduncles.

8. Insect-like *Zebrasoma* with wing-like fins, orange striped with black.

9. White wrass with gold and black spots — a bright angle among the more carnally colored.

10. Argus pheasant-colored angle with angulate vertical fins.

11. Goatfish, white with longitudinal gold stripe.

12. General group of blue-green parrots; several here. These are the largest and most conspicuous coral snipping fishes. Large incisor teeth recall a parrot's bill. I cannot get near enough to describe the various species.

13. Gold wrass with green markings on head.

14. Elongated species of boomerang fish. Probably a baby *Platax*.

15. Striped weed fish — a giant wrass.

16. Gold *Amphiprion* with white head — "something rich and strange."

17. Small doctor, dark with white tail. The doctor or tang is a coral-reef browser which carries spines on its caudal peduncle. This family stands close to the ancestral form of the odd fellows, the puffers, triggers, and boxfish.

18. Small dark wrass, white posteriorly with dark peduncular spot.

19. Large doctor, gray, diagonal orange bar through eye.

On July 7 I returned to the sea garden I had visited earlier. I banged a strange gobby with a crest on its head at the entrance of its burrow. The explosion KO'd it completely before it could withdraw below. I saw another golden goatfish, No. 5, and close by, an all-gold wrass with greenish

fins. I stunned the golden goatfish, but it managed to plunge into a hole in a coral head. I blasted the head and retrieved the No. 5 intact.

The next day we cruised across calmer seas six miles to Eagle Island. I dove in about twenty feet of water on a bottom of coarse, white, coral debris. I was able to compare two schools of Sigani. The barred and spotted species are not the same. I saw, but did not get, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, and 19 of my list. I pursued a ridiculous little clown fish covered with large light spots and dark circles, and tried to seize it with my hand, but it took refuge in a coral head and I had to resort to the bang stick. This species is now known to be the baby of a formidable snapper.

Later I dove on a steep-sided reef and filmed a green and black parrot and green and blue parrots. I got No. 11, the gold-striped goatfish, and added to my list of fishes seen a golden gobby that burrows in the sand. I blew up the burrow but did not find the specimen. A spotted bass — of perhaps forty pounds — of the *Rypticus* genus swaggered in front of its coral grotto. It rolled its eyes, waved its fins at passing snappers, and remained in one spot all the while — a grotesque figure.

On July 17 we were back again at Michaelmas Key homeward bound. I saw a black goatfish with an orange spot on its peduncle. I took thirty undersea still pictures in Kodachrome along the edge of the reef and in its enclosed lagoon. The camera box was at last working better.

Our two native boys and I visited the dry reef at low tide and there cornered and caught a hawksbill turtle. The boys cast their spears seemingly out into space, but the weapons nearly always land on a large lagoon fish. They are not so clever aboard the launch. Henry could not even attach a wire to a battery, although I had shown him how several times.

The following day I again dove in the splendid sea garden. I observed the golden wrass with greenish fins and the argus angle, both on my list, and banded a new black and white Amphiprion. I also banded at an ivory-white wrass, but it recovered and spiraled away. An hour later I came across it lying in the open, dead. Even in death it seemed to shed a soft light on the eery world around.

Next we proceeded to some rich coral gardens at Arlington Reef. Here I saw a new goatfish, black in front, white in the middle, yellow behind. I filmed a large school of Moorish idols (*Zanclus cornutus*), a species which ranges from Panama across the Pacific and Indian Oceans to Suez. Most of the large, bright-colored coral fish here have an enormous range and have been taken in Hawaii.

On July 21 we paused at St. Crispin's Reef on the outer barrier in hopes of getting a new close-up of *Carcharias*, the great nurse shark, but none were to be found.

I dove in a beautiful garden, and again saw the gold Amphiprion with a white head. Before descending to get this fish, I threw a stick of dynamite from the deck. Descending after the explosion, I found many fish scattered far and wide on the bottom. I made out the small gold and purple body of the wrass lying under a coral cliff, and got my hand on it, but it slipped away. Returning to the ladder, I was startled by two large fish which approached from above and stopped in the mid-depths to look down at me. They were a pair of magnificent unicorns — steel gray with blue spurs on the sides of the tail, each over four feet long.

Returning to the diving ladder, I met an exceedingly tame red and silver brim, which was devouring small fishes stunned by the stick of dynamite. It let me approach and dangle the blasting caps over its ear. I returned to deck bearing a 30-pound fish for dinner, of the best eating variety.

After five stormy days at St. Crispin's Reef spent in trying to catch the giant *Carcharias*, the *Taleema* returned to Cairns on August 8 and I decided to wind up the expedition. During my eight months in Australia expenses had run at about a thousand dollars a month, but were nearly twice as high for the months spent at sea as for those spent in the bush.

I had shot 4000 feet of black and white movie film underseas, and 800 feet of 16mm. Kodachrome film, of which 400 feet were spoiled by using an A-mount lens in a C-mount camera. My fifty Kodachrome stills came out considerably too blue, probably because I did not use a haze filter.

The big milk cans containing the coral-reef fishes followed me home, arriving at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology on December 7, and there I began the taxonomic study at once. Most of the brilliant colors were much faded. A fish which was gold or bright orange on the reef is now a weak yellow. Reds have gone to dusky brown, and blues are approaching various shades of gray. Only those of green remained in their pristine brilliance.

In all I classified 209 species in 96 genera and 36 families. One species is definitely new to science. Only fourteen fishes remained on my "uncollected list." I believe, therefore, that this collection is fairly comprehensive as to the fishes of the Great Barrier Reef's coral gardens.

Each specimen is now in its own bottle of alcohol labeled as to genus, species, and author. Soon they will take their place among the ghosts of bottled fishes in the labyrinthic vaults of the fish department. Here they will sit side by side with collections made by Alexander Agassiz and by older explorers of more than 150 years ago.

And shortly after this paper appears I shall again be in my diving helmet on my way to another sea garden, this time off the coast of Nassau.

Trained Men

Instead of Universal Military Training with its costly burden and its vague objectives, LT. GEN. ROBERT C. RICHARDSON, JR.

(RET.), a West Point graduate who held the Middle Pacific command during the war and who trained twenty divisions for combat mostly in the Pacific, describes his forthright plan for providing us with the leaders we need. "In any emergency," he says, "the crying need is for civilian officers who are well trained." Here is how we can get them and at less than half the cost of Universal Military Training.

NO SAFETY IN NUMBERS

by LT. GEN. ROBERT C. RICHARDSON, JR. (Ret.)

1

SOMETIME this year Congress will have to decide whether our country shall have universal military training in time of peace. This momentous decision will affect so greatly the lives of our youth that all aspects of this training should be considered. There seems to be an awareness among the people that some form of military training is necessary while the world remains so unsettled. They are troubled, and anxious for Congress to do what is needed, but they want to feel satisfied that we do not embark on a program that is a waste of time. From a long command experience in the Army, I have come to the conclusion that the benefits that it is alleged will flow from universal military training are largely illusory.

Despite the many excellent features of the Army's proposed plan, it will afford only a limited degree of preparedness; and its adoption, I fear, will give the people an erroneous impression that the Army will be ready for any emergency, when in truth it will not be. In urging its plan upon Congress, the Army states among other things that "it will create a pool of trained manpower"; but when all is said and done, this pool will be only an unorganized mass of partially trained adolescents.

What is really needed at the outbreak of war is highly trained officers, noncommissioned officers, and specialists. Universal military training only partially solves the problem. Instead of drafting youth, all time and money should be spent on training the future leaders of our troops and the specialists needed for mobilization. This training was lacking at the outbreak of World War II.

In total war nearly all the officers are drawn from civil life; therefore, the quality of their training in time of peace should be of paramount concern to every citizen because it is the barometer of his own security and of the nation's preparedness. In any emergency the crying need is for officers who are well trained. This I know to be true because it was my good fortune to command successively a regi-

ment, brigade, division, corps, and for three years during the war, all Army forces in the Pacific Ocean areas. During that period, twenty divisions came under my command for training, besides many thousand service troops. Experience taught me that almost every failure of any import was due primarily to untrained officers and rarely to untrained enlisted men.

Officers with the best will in the world and even with a fair military background failed to measure up to their responsibilities because they had not had their powers of observation and habits of thought sufficiently cultivated to foresee those things which prevent failure. If the officer knows his job, it follows automatically that he will have trained men.

Why spend so much time and money on a system that attacks only the elementary aspects of the problem and produces results that are ephemeral? Why not give top priority to the training of officers?

To appreciate the meager results that will accrue from the proposed orthodox system of universal military training, let us follow a youth through his induction and his return to civil life. He will be inducted sometime between his eighteenth and twentieth years for a year's training. He can fulfill his obligation either by remaining in camp for a full year, or by taking six months of camp and then choosing any one of a number of options such as enlisting in the National Guard or in the organized reserves, applying for specialist training or for ROTC, entering West Point or Annapolis or the Coast Guard Academy as a cadet, or enlisting in the armed services.

His first six months must necessarily be devoted to basic instruction and fundamentals, which unfortunately are always the duller part of any training, whether it be the Army or any other profession. Six months is a very short time in which to learn all that is necessary to acquire even a foundation. It is hardly long enough for the man to get the "feel" of the service and to learn to subordinate

himself to constituted authority. Much of his time will be consumed in routine duties of the orderly room, the kitchen, and the latrine, in visiting the hospital, in checking records, in drawing clothing, and in all the thousand and one things essential to his daily life quite aside from his purely military instruction.

It is inevitable that the young man will be irked by duties so alien to his experience, and his boredom will be reflected in his lack of attention and enthusiasm, and in the rate at which he learns. No matter how excellent the program of instruction prepared by the Army, it will never be able to overcome the inherent distaste for military life which I have observed in Americans in two world wars. It is only when enlistment is *voluntary*, as in the Regular Army, that we find men with an aptitude for the services. At the end of six months the trainee has his foot only on the bottom rung of the ladder; and although he is better than a completely untrained man, his knowledge is indeed limited. If he elects to remain in camp for the full year, his value will be greatly enhanced in the last six months and make him a decided asset if war should be immediately declared.

But if the trainee elects only six months of camp, he must then make his choice of one of the options. For the majority, we can rule out any opportunity of going to West Point, Annapolis, or the Coast Guard Academy inasmuch as there are so few vacancies at these schools that not more than a hundred inductees out of the million stand any chance of selection. Should the trainee enlist in the National Guard or the organized reserves, he will have infrequent opportunities for further training. His best chance of developing his military knowledge will be by enlistment in one of the armed services.

At the end of his year of training the soldier returns to civil life. He at once begins the battle for his bread and butter, which transcends every other thought. For a short time, perhaps a year, he will retain some of the knowledge acquired in the Army, some of his enthusiasm, and a certain satisfaction in having partially discharged his duty to his country. But the years roll by very quickly and what he has learned begins to recede into the past, becoming blurred by the events of his busy daily life. His potentiality as a soldier ready for war rapidly diminishes, and as an asset to national preparedness his rating after two years is indeed low. It is only the men who are actually under training and those who have been recently discharged who may be said to be ready for their mobilization duties. Even their knowledge is far from what is needed. They are of course an immediate asset, but this product of universal military training is incommensurate with the time and money spent.

Universal military training as advocated does not go to the root of our problem and is therefore de-

fective in conception. In addition, the idea of drafting our youth in time of peace for military training is so repugnant to such a large segment of the population that their sentiments must be given careful consideration by Congress.

2

REALIZING the urgency of taking measures to prepare this country adequately to meet a call to arms, I offer an alternative plan which is more profitable and more democratic, and has the virtue of eliminating a peacetime draft distasteful to many Americans. As a safeguard, Congress should pass the universal military training law, so that the President might invoke it if need be without further reference to Congress, and should at once suspend it. Meanwhile this plan should be given first trial and top priority: —

First, let us insist upon a superior standard for all officers and noncommissioned officers of the Regular Army.

Second, eliminate at once, without regard to politics or fear of offending sensibilities, all reserve and National Guard officers who are fifty years old. Transfer them to a nonavailable list and set the age for eventual exit from the civilian components at forty-five.

Third, revitalize the training of the reserve and National Guard officers. Lift it out of the routine.

Fourth, establish a new and radical system for the procurement of new young officers for the civilian components by organizing division candidate training centers to which all ROTC students must go for aptitude tests to become officers. These centers shall be open to members of the CMTC (Citizens' Military Training Camps) and to all enlisted men of any branch of the armed services, organized reserves, and National Guard.

Fifth, establish vocational and technical training centers where all types of specialists for the future armies will be trained. Attendance at these centers will be *voluntary*, and open to any American youth except that members of the CMTC will be required to spend one half of their six-week training period at a center. Any youth accepting this specialized training must obligate himself to enlist in either the National Guard, the organized reserves, or GHQ reserve for five years. Let me elaborate the features of this plan.

The Regular Army, it goes without saying, should be required to maintain only a superior standard for its officers. Keeping "satisfactory" and "below average" officers on the lists should be abolished. It is true that in the past there were not many of them, but the Army did not do a thorough job in eliminating the unfit. Recent legislation, however, should correct this defect.

Since the war the Army has commissioned several thousand officers who were good battle leaders but

who are a little short on formal education. It is of the utmost importance for the public interest that some of the money appropriated by Congress be used to send these men to college for two years so as to place them on a more equal footing with the officers from West Point or from universities and colleges. If this action is not taken, these officers will soon become a liability, for they will be unable to keep abreast of their profession.

There are many officers now holding commissions in the reserves and in the National Guard whose active usefulness has waned if not vanished. It is wrong to keep them on the available list, for by so doing we are lulled into a belief that we have a large reservoir of officers ready for an emergency. These are for the most part older men who think that they are as good physically and mentally as they ever were, but who could never stand the rigors of another war. This group should be eliminated immediately and be placed in an honorable status of nonavailability, retaining the titles or rank, honors, and emoluments which they have richly earned. To initiate the policy, all such officers of the civilian components who have reached fifty years of age should be retired, and when the new flow of officers is running into these components, the retirement age should be reduced to forty-five.

Of course there will be officers above this age who in war would be utilized but they will be exceptions at the time, and the lists in peace should not be encumbered with superannuated officers. We would then have a cadre of reserve and National Guard officers who would be young and ready for any emergency. The atmosphere of their units would be revived and their peacetime training would become more vibrant and enthusiastic.

3

WITH that accomplished, we should give reserve officers greater training opportunities than formerly. In the past, the training of the reserve officer was necessarily theoretical for the most part, and given at his home station by Regular Army officers. Promotions were made, after appropriate written tests, on a basis of time in grade and age. No personality or aptitude tests prevailed. Practical work was limited to a two-week period in camp each summer — which of course was ridiculously short to accomplish any real training. Lack of money and the business commitments of the officers prevented a longer period. Some of the reserve officers regarded the camp as a holiday or picnic, but many serious officers were chagrined and disappointed that so much of the time had to be devoted to the dull routine of administration rather than to field exercises. Under such conditions, the Army was unable to prepare them properly for their war duties. When war came, they had to learn their jobs after being called to active service. We were

lucky to have had time in the last war; in the next, time will not be available. We must therefore "seize the day" now.

Under the plan I am proposing, training will be given at home stations as in the past, but there will be sufficient money for the Army to give a really good, imaginative course of instruction. The Army knows how to do it, but it must have the money to do it. Most important, the existing promotion policy for these officers must be abolished. It is a paper affair and routine. The officers are not required to work hard enough for advancement or to give proof that they are capable of holding the next higher grade. It should be the policy of the Department of the Army that no reserve officer will be promoted without having attended one of the service schools for three months. There his qualifications for advancement will be determined by his actual work and his personality. He will be tested in theory and its application. Such a policy should be the absolute *sine qua non* for promotion. In addition, practical training can be given by assignment to division training centers where candidates for commissions will be assembled.

As for the National Guard officers, their training policies should follow those prescribed for the reserves, and no new officer of the Guard who has not had war service will in the future be Federally recognized until he has qualified himself by attendance at one of the service schools for the three-month period. Nor will he be promoted in Federal service without having undergone the same course of instruction. The law gives the Army full power to give or withhold Federal recognition, and if it does not succeed in having good National Guard officers it has only itself to blame. What is needed is moral courage, high qualification standards rigidly enforced, and a complete divorce from politics.

If, however, the Army is to achieve the same success with the National Guard training as with the reserves, there must be a radical change in the relation between the Regular Army instructor and the National Guard. It has often been difficult for an instructor to accomplish all that he was capable of doing, because he had no authority over the Guard. The Guard insisted on this policy. He could advise, suggest, and instruct, but he could give no orders. He had a lot of responsibility but little authority. If he found a Guard unit unsatisfactory and reported it to the War Department, his action oftentimes caused such resentment that pressure was brought to bear on the War Department to replace him with a more complaisant instructor. For this reason many Regular Army officers have avoided duty with the National Guard for fear that it might be injurious to their careers. In the future the Army should insist that its instructors with the Guard have the authority that goes with their responsibility.

The training of officers of the civilian components

is one of the most delicate and difficult problems that confront the Army because both the reserves and the National Guard are political as well as military organizations—especially the National Guard. When the Army tries conscientiously to eliminate those who are inefficient, it is subjected to all sorts of pressure to prevent action which is known to be in the interest of the nation, and it is often unjustly accused of prejudice. Where national security is involved, politics should be shoved into the background if they cannot be eliminated entirely. The fact that thousands of our reserve and National Guard officers did a wonderful job during the war should not blind us to the fact that there was a terrific drag in getting the war machine started, and should not deter us from thinking up a better way of training them, to offset the lack of time that will confront us when the next war comes.

Some, no doubt, will consider that the plan to give a reserve or Guard officer three months at the service schools is not feasible, but I cannot subscribe to that defeatist idea. If we are serious about this matter, then Congress will pass the legislation that will make it possible, recompensing the civilian officers financially and making it a duty for business and industry to coöperate. Congress will have to protect the interest of the individual, and the people must demand that their representatives support appropriations that will enable the Army to carry out this vital duty to the country.

The next important step in the training plan I am proposing is to provide a constant flow of new officers into the civilian components. First, instead of getting a commission upon graduation, an ROTC student will by law be required to enlist for six months' training as an officer candidate, at the end of which time he will be commissioned if found to be suitable. Those not commissioned will become noncommissioned officers of the reserve or National Guard and will sign up for five years' service. Associated in the same training will be candidates from other sources, enlisted men of the various components or CMTC. The training will be given at training centers to be established. There the candidates will be organized into divisions and will perform duties from private to lieutenant or even captain during the six months.

The candidate will be rotated in grade as often as possible so as to learn the duties of every non-commissioned officer and subaltern. He will remain a private during the entire period but will have the authority of any office that he may hold. The higher grades in the division will be filled by Regular Army officers and by reserve and National Guard officers called to active duty with their consent. The whole training will be under the direction of the Department of the Army. Service in the regiment and the division is the best school to teach a man his war

duties, and it offers the best opportunity for culling out the men who should not be commissioned.

The success of this training will depend upon the vision of the program and the enthusiasm with which it is executed. West Point and Annapolis are schools that inspire their students, and these divisional training centers can do likewise. In Hawaii, during the war, I caused to be established the Pacific Combat Training Center, at which over 300,000 men were given battlefield training under fire. Simultaneously we had a swimming school which taught 157,000 men how to swim. All of this training was enthusiastically received. For once there was no griping; on the contrary, many letters came back from the front from soldiers who said that they owed their lives to the training which had been given. By this method we can be sure that only men are commissioned who have a talent for the Army and who are capable of leading their units in the reserves or National Guard.

4

SO MUCH for the officers. I now suggest a new radical plan for training the much needed specialist for all units for mobilization.

Concurrently with the training centers for officer candidates, the Army shall establish technical and vocational schools to train the specialists. Courses in motor maintenance, radar, radio, electronics, welding, telephone construction and operation, photography, cargo handling, stenography, typing, cooking, supply—to mention only a few of the needs—will be given by civilian instructors under Army supervision. These courses will be open to any American youth of good character and will be of variable duration, depending on the course followed, but in no case longer than six months. Attendance at these schools will be entirely *voluntary*, and the only obligation demanded will be five years' enlistment in either the organized reserves or the National Guard upon entering the course.

Such training centers would be of inestimable benefit to the nation in providing the needed war specialists, and at the same time would give thousands of underprivileged young men a chance to prepare themselves to earn a good living, and would furnish industry and business with men of skill. I think that we would be surprised at the number of men who would attend. In Hawaii, I often broached this question to groups of soldiers, having in mind the establishment of schools of this kind to take up possible post-war unemployment, and invariably the reply would be: "Why, General, that is just what I would need."

Once such a program got under way, I venture to say that industry would be clamoring for its graduates because they would be trained and in a sense would have had their apprenticeship experience. I do not believe that there would be any objection

from labor as a whole, because it would be in the interest of the unions to have as many skilled men as possible. We have everything at our disposal in the country — extensive military camps used during the war, equipment of every kind that could not be reproduced for billions, all ready to be put to intelligent use. Their operation would be a godsend to many a youth anxious to learn, and simultaneously would further national preparedness. All that is needed to get started is the money and the drive.

Now for the cost. Universal military training aims to train a million youths a year at a cost approximately of a billion dollars annually. This is a tentative estimate. If, however, the Army will concentrate on the training of officers, noncommissioned officers, and specialists — who are the real heart of the Army — it will not be necessary to have anything like a million men under training. Accurate figures are not available, but a total of 300,000 men — of whom the majority will be the volunteer specialists — in the proposed training establishments will be a maximum.

If, then, the men under instruction are restricted to pay of \$25 per month in addition to shelter, meals, clothing, and hospital care, the budget should not exceed three or four hundred million dollars. One principle should be adhered to: most of the money should be spent for training and not for pay, which as a rule consumes the largest part of any Army budget. While under instruction, the individual should have a temporary prolongation of his former status, whether it be ROTC student, enlisted man, or civilian, so that the government may not incur additional legal responsibilities, as would be the case with universal military training.

Aside from all the considerations of cost, my plan would give the nation greater security and a more

efficient military establishment. It would advance preparedness and would remedy to a large extent deficiencies which resulted in painful experiences in the last war.

It cannot be said too often that the training of the individual soldier is relatively simple compared with that of the officer and the noncommissioned officer and specialist. But the word "trained" must have a meaning and a standard. Those charged with the selection of officers should always be guided by the query: "Has this man the knowledge and character to lead my son in battle?" If he has, then there is no doubt that he should be commissioned.

The Army has a most difficult role vis-à-vis the public in its efforts to maintain any sort of preparedness. It works intelligently and unremittingly to get the most value out of the funds appropriated by Congress and out of the material at its disposal, often with little moral support from the people.

The people are slowly beginning to realize, however, that the Army goes into action only when diplomacy fails, and in consequence it must be ready and prepared. The Army never draws the country into war, but it is the agency of the government that gets the country out of war and back on the road to peace. When negotiations between the State Department and the Empire of Japan failed, the Secretary of State said with disturbing finality, "It is now up to the Army and Navy."

Nothing can be clearer than the necessity for the people to give the Army full support in its efforts to train the civilian components in time of peace. From past experience I am convinced that our major peacetime effort should be placed on the training of the officer, noncommissioned officer, and specialist.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

by LEONARD BACON

THAT's Barbarism's knock. I knew he'd come,
And felt he might arrive at any time.
Christendom's fading out like heathendom
"And beauty making beautiful old rhyme."
Sick arts grow weaker, and tremendous sciences,
Whose wonders made us gulp and catch our breath,
Now provide satisfactory appliances
Which magnify inevitable death.
And thus the young can die a great deal younger,
In greater numbers, and with more passivity,
Of hope deferred, pestilence, sorrow, hunger,
And viewless shots of radioactivity.
All gracious thought is an anachronism.
"Come in! Come in! Good morning, Barbarism."

Failing

"Language disability," says Dr. J. Roswell Gallagher, "handicaps one boy in ten and is a common cause of failure in school." Dr. Gallagher received his A.B. from Yale University in 1925 and his M.D. in 1930. After serving his internships he became interested in adolescents, including "left readers" with their specific language disabilities. Since 1934 he has been the school doctor at Phillips Academy, Andover; there his three assistants have succeeded in bringing up to the mark many boys who, bright in other subjects, were behind in their use of language.

CAN'T SPELL, CAN'T READ

by J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER, M.D.

1

PARENTS, uncles, aunts, and teachers in constantly increasing numbers are asking what this talk about "left readers" and remedial reading really means. Is it all a fad? Or is it a fact that some children do have specific language disabilities? Do some children find it hard to learn to read and spell and write who have no difficulty with arithmetic and science? Many shrug all this off with the comment that there wasn't any such nonsense in their day; that with good old-fashioned teaching such foolishness was unheard of; that anyone can learn to read or spell or write well if he will put his mind to it and try hard enough.

Johnny was fifteen when he entered the sophomore year of high school. Never before that time had he failed a course in school, but while mathematics had always been a "cinch" for him, English and Latin had taken a good deal of time, were "no fun," and never yielded more than passing grades. He had never read more than his teachers demanded — reading was "too tedious." When he had gone only a little way in his sophomore year he began to have trouble: school seemed much harder than ever before; history took much longer; he began to get failing grades in all his subjects except mathematics, and even that grade was lower than previously, probably because he was devoting almost all his time to his other subjects. The failures didn't please Johnny a bit, and his parents not only became disgusted with him (they said he couldn't be trying) but also blamed his previous school, saying it must have prepared him badly.

The stage was set for real trouble. If things had been allowed to drag on, it is almost certain that the boy would have lost confidence in his ability to do schoolwork, would have developed an apparent lack of interest in his studies, sought satisfactions in other fields, and, with continued disapproval, become alienated from his parents at a time when he was ready only to try his wings, but not ready to leave the roost. Luckily one of Johnny's teachers

was astute enough to suspect that something beyond the boy's control was wrong, and suggested that the problem should be investigated. His parents reluctantly, and more out of desperation than approval, sent him for a thorough examination.

Johnny was first given a few tests — a brief reading test, a spelling test, the writing of a short description of a simple picture, the reading aloud of a paragraph, and a test of arithmetical computation. At another time (for more than that amount of testing, even when well spaced and interspersed with other sorts of procedures, can become tiring and the results unreliable) he was given a Wechsler-Bellevue test. This test attempts to measure basic intelligence and is little affected by previous schooling or one's ability to read, both of which are very considerable factors in one's performance on many of the written achievement tests — which are therefore inappropriate as instruments for the measurement of intelligence in anyone suspected of having a language disability.

Johnny's tests were, from the diagnostician's point of view, pleasingly clear-cut. His reading, though accurate, was rated by these tests to be at the fifth grade level, far below his placement (tenth grade) in school. His spelling not only was below the sixth grade level but showed such reversals, omissions, and confusions of letters and syllables as *minotinus* for *monotonous*, *choaclet*, *choachlet*, *choclet* (no one can say he was not trying hard on that one!) for *chocolate*, *bided* for *biped*, *strech* for *stretch*. His handwriting was uneven and laborious, with many erasures and considerable evidence of variation in pencil pressure — all signs of insecurity and uncertainty at his task.

Johnny's arithmetic test, however, was finished with no errors and in less than the allotted time; it placed him well above his grade in school. In his written description of a simple family scene there was not only evidence of a limited vocabulary and a tendency to use short words (he probably thought

of, but couldn't spell, longer or more appropriate ones), but also hints of the family conflicts and antagonisms and his own frustration: the room had a "grim look," the girl in the background "was making unhelpful [sic] suggestions" to her brother, who was "tired but studying [sic] hard." In his oral reading a slight stutter was evident but his chief trouble came with words unfamiliar to him: *acme* baffled him completely. Johnny's Wechsler-Bellevue Intelligence Quotient of 126, which ranks him in the top 3 per cent of the general population, was something which anyone who had seen his reading and spelling tests might find hard to believe.

This amount of testing and story has consigned many to remedial classes, and in Johnny's case there was obviously enough evidence to indicate that special work to overcome his deficiency in handling language was what he needed.

Other factors, however, while not furnishing the main reason for a student's trouble, might also contribute to it, and to determine their presence or absence prior to the adoption of a special program is the wise course to follow. What is the relation of his age to his school grade — although this is about average, is he young (from a developmental standpoint) for his years? Is he doing jobs or taking part in so many activities that they might interfere with his schoolwork? Is his vision good? Is his hearing all right? Does he like school or has he no real interest in it? How does he get along with the other boys at school — is he one of, or excluded from, the gang? Who else in his family has been a poor reader or speller or had any speech difficulty?

Johnny's record contributed little on these points. He was of average age for his grade and of average size and maturity for his age. His eyes and ears were fine, and even an enthusiast would hesitate to suggest the need for determining his metabolic rate. He was doing no jobs and had only one or two outside activities besides athletics. There was no doubt about his interest in school and his desire to do well so that he could go on to college. He made friends easily, and gave every indication of being coöperative and industrious.

It was only from Johnny's family history and from the boy's own comments that any significant information came. How much the child himself can contribute is too often overlooked; he is usually able to make very helpful comments if one takes the time to let him tell his story. Johnny said he always had stuttered a bit, but that no one had ever mentioned it before — anyhow, it didn't really bother him. He thought his reading was "awful slow — it takes me ages to get anything done." "No, I never read books, they take too long." His spelling was described by a single phrase which seems to offend most parents but for which I have developed a peculiar affection — perhaps because when I hear it I feel that we two are getting along together; maybe we can settle for "It smells." "I don't know

why I spell so poorly — I've always studied hard, harder than other fellows — *I just can't seem to picture words.*" "When I write themes I look up a lot of words, but if I'm in a hurry I use easy ones. Maybe that's why my teachers crab about my vocabulary but don't say anything about my spelling." Why, if he really studied hard and wanted to do well, was he such a poor speller and slow reader? "Well, maybe it's got something to do with Dad. He's a terrible speller." "Well, yes, his brother, my uncle, is an awful stutterer, and my brother — if you think I'm bad you should see him. He's in Tech now but he's hopeless in English, and French slayed him."

Johnny was fifteen when *under the stress of keener competition and more difficult studies* his handicap became obvious. But at a much earlier age he could, and should, have been given help. The fact that his disability went unnoticed as long as it did indicates that it was not a very severe one, suggests an answer to those who say that such things didn't happen in their day (when a much higher proportion of children did not go so far in school), and makes one suspect that Johnny's teachers were not familiar with these symptoms and not too interested in oral reading and spelling.

Specific language disability handicaps one boy in ten and is a relatively common cause of failure in school. Children who have this handicap do much more poorly in their studies, except arithmetic and science, than their intelligence level should permit; their handwriting is often uneven and slow; they are poor oral and silent readers; they spell badly; careful questioning may show that they were late in learning to talk, or they may have a slight stutter or lisp; and significantly, one usually finds within their families others who have trouble in handling language.

These children's reading is not just slow: it is poor because of their tendency to read from right to left (*was* for *saw*); their omission, insertion, or transposition of letters or syllables (*origional* for *original*); their reversal or confusion of letters (*radib* for *rabid*); their confusion of words (*faculties* for *facilities*). Their spelling is not just incorrect, it is often bizarre: *Jounior* for *Junior* (with the capital reversed), *hosipital* for *hospital*, *fineace* for *finance*, *heidous* for *hideous*. Not all children who have a specific language disability show all these signs of trouble, but each has enough to distinguish him from a child who is just a "slow reader."

2

SPECIFIC language disabilities vary greatly in degree. Severe disabilities usually mean early scholastic failure; very mild disabilities may go unnoticed and be only a slight handicap. Not infrequently one will see schoolboys who are doing well in their studies and yet who are handicapped by

a real language disability. If schools are to bring out the best in youngsters, it is well to remember that a language handicap can exist even if the scholastic record is good. The record would be better and the boy more efficient, particularly when the assignments get longer and the type of reading more difficult, if a greater facility in handling words were developed.

Sometimes a good student is reluctant to accept help; he feels that his reading is "good enough." One such protest from a sixteen-year-old lad who read at a fifth grade level I shall not soon forget: "I'm all right, Doc. But when I read thorough, I read slow." That remark has never had even close competition for the Understatement Prize.

Bill did very badly on a spelling test sprung on him by a teacher who thought such an exercise would break the monotony. It did. Bill would have done well had he had a chance to study the list, but this time he turned in a paper covered with erasures, letters traced over and crossed out, and a great series of such errors as *bargian* (bargain), *cirular* (circular), *hurring* (hurrying), *gradatude* (gratitude), and *frabicate* (fabricate). Why did he do so badly? I should be permitted to answer a question in an Irishman's way — by asking why does a stutterer stutter worse when he is unprepared; why does the public speaker stumble most when he feels the crowd is not with him; why do none of us do well when we are nervous?

Bill admitted that he was a terrible speller. "I've always spent a lot of time learning spelling lists — some of the dumbest guys don't spend half as long as I do." He said his father never read much and that his mother "couldn't spell anything." Bill's reading was good (though not up to the level of his intelligence), he had no speech defect, and his handwriting, though irregular, was at least legible. Had he not been given an *unannounced* spelling test, his specific language disability might never have been discovered. Yet here was a sixteen-year-old boy, with a high scholastic average and a Wechsler-Bellevue Intelligence Quotient of 140, making such errors as *desrible* (desirable) and *ingrucous* (incongruous), *alough* (although) and *collosion* (collision), and telling me that his spelling was a nuisance and he wished someone would get interested in it.

So far nothing has been said of girls. Neither discourtesy nor oversight, but the fact that fewer females than males have this disorder, explains my seeming negligence. Only about one per cent of girls suffer from this difficulty. The evidence suggests that there is a hereditary factor which is apparently sex linked and more frequently produces the tendency to a specific language disability in males than in females. Stuttering and defects in color vision are also more common among boys than among girls.

How can one tell whether a child's school failures develop out of a specific language disability? A

specific language disability isn't an acute brief illness which may cure itself before an accurate diagnosis can be made: it isn't like Influenza *A*, which can't be positively distinguished from Influenza *B* until after the patient is well and back at work. It is a long-drawn-out affair and so is its treatment. It is wise to take time to make sure the diagnosis is correct.

More than one factor may be present: a retraining program which depends in part on what the child can learn by ear and eye should not be started until his hearing and vision have been examined. Someone — teacher, family physician, pediatrician, psychologist, neurologist, or counselor — should make an objective estimate of the situation and the child, and leave no stone unturned to get at all the possible causes or contributing factors. All this need not be too time-consuming or expensive or require special skill or training. No hairline distinctions need be made; a slight diminution in hearing, a little variation from normal vision, are certainly not significant.

Emotional disorders are important; but unfortunately homes completely equipped with persons expert in the field of interpersonal relationships are not numerous. The fact that Father is frequently "unavoidably detained" at the office or props his breakfast paper against the anniversary flowers, or that Mother has "sick headaches" whenever Uncle Charlie comes to visit, need not be significant. More often it is the child's own feelings of frustration, developing out of his inability to improve his low standing in school, which produce his emotional difficulties. These begin to clear up as soon as he believes he is in the hands of someone who understands his problem and is helping him to conquer his schoolwork.

Too often parents seem to forget that large numbers of children who are nowadays subjected (or exposed!) to advanced schooling would have gone no further than the fourth grade in Grandfather's day. Most would have had only a little of the three R's and then gone to carpentering or clerking in the store — something that would help to send Willie (the bright, delicate one who was always reading) off to Yale to learn to be a preacher. In those days Big Brother didn't have to go on to college because Dad graduated from Amherst and Mother from Smith, or because Mom wanted him to have all the advantages which Pa did so nicely without; so there weren't all these problems about getting him through school.

All those big brothers now go on beyond the fourth grade, and many of those who have a specific language disability get into trouble. And so do a good many others who have neither the superior intelligence nor the interest in going to school which are necessary for success. It may be very desirable to increase the extent of everyone's education, but it should be evident that the extension of this policy

may explain the apparent increase in the number of persons who have a language disability. There probably were just as many in the old days.

3

SO MUCH for what one can do to determine whether a child has a specific language disability, and for the question of whether this condition is increasing. Those who have this handicap to academic success can be helped, and to a very considerable extent, but what can be done to prevent its development? Is enough known of its cause so that methods of prevention and treatment can be devised?

The cause of the development of a specific language disability has not been undisputedly proved, and there is considerable disagreement among those who have studied the problem. However, a working hypothesis suggesting methods of treatment and of prevention has been developed. The term "specific language disability" should be applied only in those instances in which a child's ability to write, spell, read, or talk is definitely below the level of his general intelligence and his skill in dealing with numbers, and within whose family one finds others who lack facility in the handling of words. From this it should be clear that we are not including within this group all who perform poorly on spelling, writing, or reading tests; many of these perform poorly because of poor previous training, lack of interest, or low intelligence. Obviously there can be just as wide a range in reading skill as in other skills: poor skill is not the same as disability.

The nature of the errors, as well as the fact that there is usually trouble in more than one aspect of handling words, indicates that the primary cause is to be found in some variation of the cerebral language mechanism from the norm. Thirty years ago an Englishman, James Hinshelwood, suggested that children who had trouble in learning to read might have some developmental disorder in the area of the brain from which words are recalled; and more than twenty years ago Samuel T. Orton, an American neurologist, began his researches into the cause of specific language disabilities. It is he who developed the theory that reversals, mirror writing, and confusions in spelling and reading result from a failure to develop a distinct dominance of one cerebral hemisphere over the other. He believes that an impression of every word is stored in the language center in each hemisphere of the brain, and that the word as stored in one half of the brain is the mirror image of that stored in the other. In most persons words will be *consistently* recalled from one side of the brain and no confusion will result, but in those who have not developed a dominance of one hemisphere over the other, letters or words which are the mirror images of their counterparts may *occasionally* be recalled from the opposite hemisphere, thereby producing the delays, the con-

fusions, and the reversals which we have been discussing.

This hypothesis does not suggest any abnormality or deficiency of the brain or its language mechanism, but only a hereditary tendency to fail to develop complete dominance of one cerebral hemisphere. There has been considerable disagreement with this theory, and much misunderstanding of the relation of handedness to cerebral dominance and to language disabilities. It is a fact that the actions of one hand are guided by nerve centers on the opposite side of the brain, but the Orton theory has never suggested that *left*-handed children are very likely to have language disabilities! It does, however, seem to be true that in those children and families where language disabilities exist, there is more apt to be ambidexterity and mixture of eyedness, handedness, and footedness (all suggesting that a complete dominance of one hemisphere is not present) than in other children and their families.

Such disagreement as there has been seems to have grown out of a misunderstanding of the postulated relationships between degree of cerebral dominance — as shown in inconsistencies of eyedness and handedness — and language disabilities; and also out of fundamental differences in definition of the term "specific language disability." If one cannot accept the Orton theory as the correct one, at least it should be accepted as an excellent working hypothesis. It has offered implications for treatment which have proved invaluable.

Teaching methods which will ultimately permit children with a specific language disability to read aloud and to themselves satisfactorily, to spell without reversing the letters of words or confusing such letters as *b* and *d*, and to write more fluently must be designed firmly to impress and reimpres visual, auditory, and kinesthetic memories of letters, syllables, and words upon one hemisphere so that these records will be vivid and dominant. Letters and words must be seen, heard, spoken, and written; by repetitious drill, with the teacher always watching what the pupil's hand writes, one can gradually but steadily develop memory associations for sounds and words which later can quickly be recalled without confusion. This is the basis of remedial training for those with a specific language disability. It is tedious, time-consuming — and productive of very gratifying results.

It implies, too, a method of prevention. If all children in their first year at school could be divided into those who show and those who do not show evidence of a language disability, much grief might be avoided. To select at an early age children who lack facility in handling words is not easy, but it can be done by an astute, trained person experienced in dealing with young children.

That these children should not be forced to learn to read until they are emotionally and physiologically more mature, and that they must be taught

by the "old-fashioned" phonetic method of teaching reading rather than by the whole-word flash-card method, is obvious. A willingness to recognize and help these children without resorting to methods which label them as queer or problems should help to prevent the unfortunate emotional complications which so frequently develop when this type of disability goes untreated.

At the present time there are four great obstacles to progress. First, we must discriminate carefully between those children who are merely *slow* readers and those whose difficulty is the more complex language disability which is manifested not only by slow reading but also by "left reading," reversals, bizarre spelling, and other signs of inability to deal with words in a satisfactory manner. To fail to distinguish between these two groups, and to fail to give a different type of remedial work to the second, is to furnish them with little hope of improvement.

Making a good reader out of a slow reader and making a better reader (as well as talker, writer, and speller) out of a child who has a specific language disability are assignments which call for quite different treatments. The slow reader needs a few suggestions and practice; whereas the other boy needs to develop confidence, coördination, and rhythm. He must have a long period of drill on fundamentals — on the component parts of his final activity — before he can be told, with just a few hints as to method, to "go practice."

A second stumbling block to progress is some teachers' reluctance, if not inability, to pick out early those children who have a true disability. Some are uninformed; others seem to feel it a criticism of their teaching if such lads exist in their classes. In too many instances special help may not be available; but if the cause of failure is recognized, allowances can be made, programs modified so that superior aptitude for mathematics and science can be exploited, and an explanation be made to parents so that the child need not have punishment and discouragement piled upon handicap.

The third obstacle is parents' resistance to any explanation of their offspring's failure which involves even a hesitant use of the word *hereditary* or *neurological* or *brain*. The inexperienced counselor who flippantly suggests that the child was careless in his choice of parents will quickly find that his brand of humor is unappreciated, but usually one can convince the parent that nothing queer or abnormal is implied, and that the sensible thing is to be thankful that the child has inherited a tendency which can be alleviated. Even if it is not remedied, but is just properly understood and properly managed, it will not prevent his being a very useful and happy citizen. Until all parents seek and accept in an objective, unemotional fashion this sort of advice and information, many youngsters will be deprived of help and understanding.

The fourth, but not the least important, hindrance is the dearth of well-trained remedial teachers and the fact that many schools, both public and private, do not furnish special teachers for those who represent between 5 and 10 per cent of their students. Sometimes the "budget" is the reason; sometimes it is the unenlightened "We don't want to be known as a refuge for problems" (it would seem that a reputation is insecure indeed if the accusation of helping industrious and intelligent but handicapped children will destroy it!); often it is reluctance to take on something unfamiliar to a principal. Centers for the proper training of remedial teachers are not numerous, but more can be developed and the capacity of existing centers can be increased, if there is a persistent demand from parents and educators and if funds sufficient for their support are made available.

Intelligent, industrious children who have a specific language disability can be helped. Try to recognize and then to understand such children. Given proper remedial aid, many of them have done fine work in our best colleges and professional schools. They are not queer, they are not problems. They offer the teacher a challenge and an opportunity.





This portrait of a great spiritual leader by RABBI JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN of Temple Israel, Boston, author of Peace of Mind, is the result of a friendship which began in books and which came to life. Rabbi Baeck now serves as the President of the World Union for Progressive Judaism, with headquarters in London. He came to America in January to tour the country in behalf of two great institutions of liberal Judaism: the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Hebrew Union College. Rabbi Liebman shared the platform with Rabbi Baeck in Philadelphia and in Boston, and spent many friendly hours with the famous liberal Jewish teacher.

A LIVING SAINT: RABBI BAECK

by JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN

I

SAINTLINESS is rare in any age; in our materialistic century it has become practically nonexistent. Yet when we do encounter authentic human greatness, we are deeply moved. The soul-force of Gandhi, the sacrificial nobility of Albert Schweitzer, have been sustaining bread for the hungry spirit of modern man. And on a par with the Hindu martyr and the Christian hero stands the figure of Rabbi Leo Baeck.

Picture to yourself an oak of a man, silver-haired, stoop-shouldered, with massive gnarled hands, the result of prolonged malnutrition under German oppression; piercing black eyes, still gentle though they have beheld atrocities that should blast the sense of sight; a sympathy-charged voice, electric with its capacity to exalt and inspire; a mouth mobile with laughter and wisdom. Such is the outward aspect of Leo Baeck — a saint for our times.

Long before the war started, Baeck had been an intellectual hero of mine. I knew him as one of the foremost scholars in Europe, a master of Greek and Latin, whose published volumes on religion and philosophy were treasured by thinkers everywhere. He was at home not merely in rabbinic literature but in philosophy from Plato through Kant, in the dramas of Shakespeare and Ibsen, in the art of Michelangelo and the music of Beethoven.

Baeck did not, however, dwell only in the ivory tower of speculation. He was a great communal leader, serving as the rabbi of the famous Oranienburger Synagogue in Berlin. He was known and respected in the chancelleries and embassies of the German capital as a spokesman of the Jewish people and of human rights. When the Nazis came into power, Rabbi Baeck stood in his distinguished pulpit and preached the living word of God against paganism and the idolatry of the State. These

sermons brought him face to face with the Gestapo. As the years passed he was caught in the steel network of the SS men on five different occasions, but so great was the respect accorded this learned Rabbi, by Jew and Christian alike, that the Nazis hesitated to destroy him. Five times he was released. This "war of nerves" in which he was engaged with the Gestapo would have shaken or broken other men, but Baeck imperturbably continued preaching and teaching, serving as a bulwark of strength for his beleaguered people.

During those tragic years of increasing impoverishment and persecution, Rabbi Baeck became more and more the Moses of German Jewry, the special protector of children and the aged, aiding many to emigrate and find new lives in other parts of the world. His apartment, which was located near a park outside of Berlin, became the gathering place of multitudes in distress and the point of departure for those who sought the Rabbi's farewell blessing. When the Nazis burned the synagogues in November, 1938, Dr. Baeck received a cable from a famous Cincinnati Temple offering him the post of Associate Rabbi. Baeck sent back the historic reply: "As long as there is a single humble Jew left alive in Germany, my place is here with him."

The war started, and the iron curtain of secrecy descended upon Germany. Baeck disappeared, and in the second year of the war we in America received word that he had been liquidated by the Gestapo. But when the Allied armies liberated the Theresienstadt concentration camp, a seeming miracle had occurred: Rabbi Baeck was still alive!

I recall the joy in my heart on hearing this great news, even as I wondered how he had survived the pain and purgatory of those Nazi years. I received the answer to my question not long ago when I

stood face to face with this martyr-saint of Israel, who in January, 1948, came to this country to lecture to audiences throughout the nation in behalf of Reform Judaism.

Little by little, from Baeck's gentle lips, I pieced together the soul-stirring epic of his survival. One morning early in 1943 he heard the grim five o'clock knock on his door. He knew what that meant. Two SS men ominously said, "We have come for you." Rabbi Baeck took a last lingering look at his library of 15,000 volumes and the files of his notes for books yet to be written. He knew that this would be the last time he would see his papers, the notes of a lifetime. By chance he had in his coat pocket the pages of a manuscript on religion. One Storm Trooper said contemptuously to the other: "Toilet paper — let him take this with him." The manuscript, entitled "The Psychology of the Jewish Spirit," will be published this fall in London.

He was brought to Theresienstadt — an infamous collection depot for Jews from all parts of Europe — 50,000 human beings massed in cattle pens, the antechambers to the crematoria at Auschwitz.

From the ghastly fate of cremation Dr. Baeck was saved by a freak of chance. The first week of his imprisonment, as he was walking along the mud-track between the huts, a Jewish doctor from Berlin stopped short in amazement and cried out, "Rabbi Baeck! I was rushing to see you. I heard that you were fatally ill." "No, Doctor," replied Baeck, "you see I am perfectly all right. There must be some mistake."

There *was* a mistake. Another German rabbi, whose name was spelled Beck — a much older man — had died that night of natural causes in the same camp. The report was sent to Gestapo headquarters in Berlin that the famous Leo Baeck had passed away. "At that moment," said Baeck, "I received a second chance for life, because on the record books I was already dead. I might have been recognized had the SS guards been from Berlin, but fortunately they came from the remotest parts of the conquered countries. They did not know my face and so I was allowed to move among my people unnoticed. Actually I had ceased having a name at all. We Jews in the camp had become mere numbers in the lottery of death."

2

A SECOND almost miraculous chain of circumstances benevolently conspired to save the Rabbi's life. Regularly the inmates of the camp were sent by lot, according to their numbers, to the gas ovens in Auschwitz. Improbable though it seems mathematically, Baeck's number was never drawn. Of the original 50,000, he was one of the 700 who survived the ordeal of the pyre.

Never knowing when he would be called, the Rabbi used his days and his nights as a true saint.

No indignity could touch the essential core of his soul. Soon after he was brought to the camp he was made a "horse," and harnessed to the garbage wagon. But as he said to me with a smile, "This was a quite happy period because the other 'horse' harnessed to the same cart was a distinguished philosopher. We had the most marvelous conversations on ethics and religion as we dragged the refuse through the mud." Later, having turned seventy, Baeck was freed from his equine status.

What did he do? He spent his days visiting the sick, the discouraged, the doomed. He brought them the comfort of his presence and the healing medicine of his own faith.

Was an aged Jew dying on a mean pallet? Baeck brought him the solace of the Psalmist — "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." To fathers uncertain when they would be torn from their families to feed the maw of the gas chamber, he would quietly say, "Contrast yourself with these SS barbarians. You are the better person. Take pride in your goodness. After all, one day each man must die. We cannot be sure of what comes after death, but if this should be my own last day I should be able to stand without fear in the face of the Everlasting Mystery. Consider the marvelous alternatives. It may be as Socrates once said, that death is only a quiet sleep; or it may be the entrance into the Olam Haba, the world to come. Personally I feel that death will be the great rebirth. Of course, no one of us can know with certainty what will come. If we go to our deaths, however, as a child goes to his bed for the last time, we can accept that bedtime quietly and still say of life that it was good." In his final farewell to many of his concentration camp brothers, Baeck would comfort them, "You have chosen a life to which you can say 'Amen.'"

These consoling words of the Rabbi strengthened thousands of his people. As he expressed it to me, "My Jews went toward their certain death with heads high. It was a wonderful spectacle to see them begin their last journey with such disregard for the tyrants, such composure in the presence of evil."

To the sick whom he visited daily, this remarkable spiritual leader brought the infinite cheer of his personality — "A good word is often better than a drug." And not only did he bring a word but many times he brought a slice of bread. To realize what this boon meant, we must understand what the diet of the prisoners was. "A cup of ersatz coffee for breakfast," says Baeck, "a cup of watery soup for lunch, another cup of coffee and four slices of bread for supper; no vegetables, no fruits, no meat, no butter — month after month." Starved as the Jews were, there was always one who needed a slice of bread more than the others. Rabbi Baeck became the bread collector. He would say, "The old man in the next barrack is ill, he needs strength; give me one of your slices of bread." And when he brought the bread to the ill or dying person, it represented

more than physical nourishment; it was spiritual love bestowed by one suffering human being upon another more miserable than himself. The recipient had the feeling "I am not abandoned — I am among my people."

In addition to these words of comfort and deeds of love, Dr. Baeck was able to spend the months and years teaching, keeping the intellectual and religious flame alive in his people. All teaching was forbidden. Indeed all intellectual exchange was "verboten." To be caught imparting knowledge meant death. Baeck took this risk night after night. For in the darkness the Storm Troopers drank and caroused the night away in their distant quarters, believing that the Jews could do nothing without candles or light of any kind. This very darkness, however, proved a supreme blessing. Children would steal into the cell block of the Rabbi; he would instruct them in the Hebrew alphabet and tell them stories of the Patriarchs and Prophets of old.

In the second year of his imprisonment, Baeck determined that he must do something for the morale of the adult population of the camp as well. He let it be known that the following Saturday he would lecture at a certain barrack. Here, under cover of darkness, hundreds huddled together awaiting the Rabbi's utterance. So crowded were the quarters that the younger men had to lift him over the shoulders of the throng to the center of the gusty, wind-swept hall. No one could see another's face in the thick darkness of those winter months. The only sound heard above the groaning of the icy wind was Rabbi Baeck's voice lecturing on Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, and Kant. Week after week without notes or books of any kind, this man, out of the granary of his mind, fed his hungry people.

And now befell a third almost unbelievable escape from death. It was April, 1945. The camp population had dwindled from 50,000 to a few hundred. Typhus and starvation were raging. One night Rabbi Baeck was awakened by a Storm Trooper accompanied by a uniformed stranger who threw his flashlight into the Rabbi's face. "Get up!" came the order. After a searching scrutiny, the stranger spoke in angry amazement. "You are Rabbi Leo Baeck. I have had you listed as dead on my books for years. I thought at first that I was seeing a ghost." The speaker was Eichmann, most dreaded deputy of Himmler. "I see that we have made a mistake," he continued. "Well, tomorrow morning I will remedy that mistake."

Believing it to be his last night on earth, Rabbi Baeck sat down to write his farewell letters to his daughter and granddaughter. He was prepared to meet death with the same calm that he had imparted to others. As he wrote out his last sentences to his loved ones, he heard a cannonading. His letters finished, he lay down for a brief rest. When his door opened at dawn it was not Eichmann but a Russian officer who marched in. "We have cap-

tured the camp," said the Russian. "The Nazis fled during the night." Thus and finally, Baeck was liberated from the grip of the Nazi talons.

After liberation, news spread to American authorities that this great spiritual leader of German Jewry was still alive. One day, about a month later, an American jeep driven by a ruddy-faced sergeant drove up to Theresienstadt. "I have come to take you to American Headquarters in Prague, where Major Patrick Dolan is waiting for you," said the sergeant. Rabbi Baeck complied with the request and was most cordially greeted by a tall, young American Major. "Rabbi, I have good news for you. I have with me a permit to bring you to London away from all the horrors that you have lived through."

Baeck made it clear that he would love to go to London to be with his daughter. "But," he continued, "you see I have been like a father to my people for twelve years now, and I could not desert the remnants of my flock at this time. I have medicine to distribute and food rations to share with the starving."

This act of abnegation, so consistent with his whole life story, deeply impressed the American Major. "How long will it take you to finish your work here?" he inquired. "About a month," replied Rabbi Baeck. With typical American efficiency, the Major planned: "Today is May 29. I shall return for you on June 29."

It was a month of poignant duties — the burial of the dead, ministrations to the living, arrangements for transportation home for the broken survivors. On the appointed day, the Major returned, but as it happened, this was the eve of the Sabbath. The Rabbi explained that he could not leave until he had delivered a farewell sermon to the remnants of his people. By this time, Baeck himself had a fever and barely enough strength to totter about. In a thin, almost broken voice, the teacher gave his final lesson. "Be strong and of good courage. . . ." The following evening Baeck was winging his way westward in Major Patrick Dolan's plane.

3

I SAID in the beginning that saintliness is the outstanding characteristic of Leo Baeck. It has been my privilege to be with him a number of times during his visit to America. And his slightest word or action only serves to buttress my conviction that he is one of the unforgettable souls of modern times.

In the first place, he has a rare capacity for understanding human nature, its perversity and its goodness, as well as the ability to forgive men for their frailties. When I asked him how he maintained his faith in human nature during the terrible Nazi years, he replied that he realized that criminals had come to rule his country. "The tragedy that had overtaken Germany was comparable to what

would happen in America if your Sing Sing Prison were to open its gates and convicts took over the seats of authority, becoming the governors, senators, and congressmen of this land. Incidentally, your American novelist, Sinclair Lewis, in his *It Can't Happen Here*, presented a vivid portrait of how a dictator can come to power — as one did in Germany. We Jews in concentration camps understood that perverts and criminals had seized the reins of authority in our land; some of us determined to outlive them, to demonstrate that the goodness of man can be victorious over brutality and bestiality.

"Furthermore, one must not generalize." He smiled, holding out his pitifully gnarled hands. "These were the results of German cruelty, of malnutrition; but they do not tell the whole story. I think at this moment of a young German Christian boy — a political prisoner who shared the cell with me in one of the Gestapo dungeons. He treated me as though I were his father, giving me more than his share of the bread and water day after day. I shall never forget either a distinguished Christian countess in Berlin. In that year of the regime when the Nazis had given an order that Jews should be allowed to eat only rotten potatoes, this noble-spirited woman walked to the Baeck house every Friday afternoon bearing an open basket of fresh fruits and vegetables. She knew that she was risking her life, yet she continued her deed of Christian love until at last we were sent away."

Baek's magnanimity mounts to the highest intellectual plane. In one of our discussions, the name of Carl Jung, the psychiatrist, was mentioned. I told the Rabbi that many had come to regard Jung as a Nazi or at least a Nazi sympathizer. "No, no," Baek replied, "I knew him well in Berlin. I do not agree with many of his theories but I visited him last year in Switzerland and I told him then that he had made a mistake in accepting the presidency of the German Psychological Society during the Hitler years. . . . 'Jung, you were foolish to have taken this honor from the hands of the Nazis.' . . . He agreed with me that it had been a mistake." My own inner comment was that this was indeed a masterpiece of forgiveness from a man who had suffered in a concentration camp while the Nazis decorated the more pliant psychiatrist.

The amazing thing about Baek is that he harbors no visible bitterness and is untouched by pessimism. Of all the men I have ever met, this seventy-five-year-old Rabbi, ascetic, scarred by his imprisonment, the participant in agony such as few human eyes have ever witnessed — this man is still most triumphantly affirmative in his approach to life and the future. He possesses an enormous vitality and a contagious enthusiasm for ideas and ideals.

He has a particular love and sympathy for America. When in Washington, D.C., at the beginning of January, the first thing that he wanted to do after being received by President Truman was to visit the

Lincoln Memorial. Not satisfied merely to look at it from below, he called out to his friends, "Come, let us climb nearer Lincoln's face." He ran up the steps with a joyous vigor that amazed everyone. Silently he contemplated the Great Emancipator, one of his own great heroes. "I have read something of Lincoln every week during this past year."

Perhaps the most memorable thing about Leo Baek is that he has totally escaped self-pity. During one conversation it came out that the Nazis had killed his four sisters and had sent his surviving brothers to their death in the gas chambers of Poland. "But let us not speak of this," he said quietly, "while there is so much work yet to be done in the world." In essence, he believes that the work that he can do is to teach men and women a living faith in the One Being, God, who speaks to man with an eternal "Thou shalt," calling upon him to fulfill the Divine commandments of love and of justice. Every life in some part has tragedy, but man can learn how to say "nevertheless" — to walk in the way of God in spite of all obstacles and all terrors. "God made the earth, but now man must make it a realm of God." Rabbi Baek is a brave defender of human personality and human freedom, summoning the human race in spite of its errors and frailties to make room for God on this planet.

In a recent address, Baek distinguished between two kinds of memory; one, the memory given us by nature, can be either weak or strong, powerful or feeble; the other, chosen by ourselves, can be either noble or ignoble. "So many people go through life," he said, "filling the lumber room of their minds with the odds and ends of a grudge here, a jealousy there, a pettiness, a selfishness — all ignoble. The true task of man is to create for himself a noble memory, a mind filled with grandeur, forgiveness, restless ideals, and the dynamic ethical ferment preached by all religions at their best."

He put the meaning of life into a succinct aphorism: "The mark of a mature man is the ability to give love and to receive it — joyously and without guilt." All the rest is commentary.

My contacts with Rabbi Baek the past months have given me a renewed faith in man and a deeper confidence in the human adventure that will eventually go beyond tyranny, war, and cruelty. I have lived with a character who has seen the worst that man can do to his fellow man, yet he himself remains an undiscouraged, unbroken pioneer of the Divine Kingdom. An intellect of titanic scope, he is more than a man of learning; he possesses the wisdom of the heart. He is a soul on fire.

He stands with Francis of Assisi in the Christian tradition and the great martyr Rabbi Akiba in the Jewish tradition — truly a contemporary of every great Saint who has walked the earth. Leo Baek can be for all of us, as he is for me, the antidote to pessimism, and the proof that man truly is created in the image and likeness of God.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A native of California now in his early thirties, LEON WILSON has tried his hand at a variety of jobs ranging from slapping lids on sardine cans to educational work in Tennessee, where, incidentally, he picked up the material for this short story. His writing was first confined to the screen scripts of Hollywood, but now in Manhattan he gives full time to his fiction. This is his first story, and indubitably there will be more.

SIX MONTHS IS NO LONG TIME

by LEON WILSON

PRES remarked, to get something going, "Saturday night again — you guys know that?" There were times when Pres liked a silence. Right now he wanted to hear something and not just the shower dripping in the lower back corner of the pen, not just the slapping clicking shuffling sounds of Pop's and Cece's checker-playing behind him on the bench. He felt mean. He wanted to smoke but couldn't bring himself to light his pipe. A week ago he had stepped on it and cracked it into six pieces. It was a pipe at all, now, because he had caught Mr. Jeff in a good mood and sweet-talked him for a piece of adhesive tape. Unlit, it stank like a fox's nest.

No one had taken him up. He frowned and tossed his tobacco can over the checker game onto the long narrow steel table bolted to the floor. The can slid off the table, struck the bench behind it, and crashed on the floor.

"Hit him again, he's still kickin'," Cece murmured absently, intent on his game.

"I hate these Saturday nights!" Pop declared suddenly. Pop and Cece were riding the steel bench bolted to the floor between the table and the pen's face of bars, the checkerboard in the quadrangle of their legs. "These mean-tempered drunks come in here —" Phlegm whipped up Pop's throat and choked him off. He coughed and hawked. "Law," he said thickly, "law —" He propped his steel-rimmed glasses with a thin forefinger, pushed Pres aside, and spat violently through the bars. "In my opinion the law ought not put a man in here when he's warlike and ain't able to consider others. They ought to be a jail just special for whisky drunks."

"What you doin', Pop?" Cece demanded, "administratin' Sheridan County or playin' me checks? If you're playin' me checks, quit foamin' and move."

"You ain't goin' nowhere, Cecil. Keep your shirt on." Pop braced his glasses and began experimenting with a bottle cap.

"And God damn it, quit pickin' em up and tryin' em around! I done called you on that already."

Pop drew his hand back and rubbed his chin. "Got to shave tomorrow," he said. "My boy's comin' to see me. I wonder will he be wearin' his uniform." A belch ripped up his throat and he snatched at the table to keep from going over backwards. "That's that macaroni," he said. "Stuff lays in me like pig iron. I guess in all my days I never et the macaroni I have here." He adjusted his glasses and peered down at the checkerboard. "Sure wish Mr. Jeff would cut on the lights," he said. "It's gettin' so dark in here I can't see to make my best moves."

A Greyhound bus roared past the jail heading south. Pres whistled. "Another one rollin' out a Tennessee," he said. "Smart folks on that bus." He heard Lon stirring, looked down the pen, and saw him standing free of the bars, yawning and stretching. "What ruint your sleep, ham-lover?" he inquired.

Jokes about ham were frequent. Lon was doing six months for having failed to satisfy Sheridan County that he had not stolen two hams and some jowl meat from a smokehouse.

Lon studied a wooden match briefly and split it on his thumbnail. "You spoke a mouthful just

then, Pop," he remarked. "Fellers that can't quit when they ought to, I'll be danged if they don't make regular outlaws of themselves." He returned one piece of the match to his shirt pocket; with the other he commenced picking his teeth. "I'm speakin'," he went on, "as a man that's manufactured it and dranked it both. There's nothin' better for you in this world, I do believe, than corn whisky, providin' it's made right, understand — and this goes equal for molasses and sugar whisky — and I don't reckon there's nothin' worse if a man won't use it right."

"This ol' world," Pop said shallowly, losing his tenth game since supper, "would be better off without likker."

"Speakin' a whisky," Pres said casually, "ain't Homer about due?"

Cece looked up, found Pres winking at him, and looked quickly back at the board. Busy clearing his throat, Pop missed this. "Now, Pres, darn it, I don't see why you always have to be pickin' on Homer."

"Go on, Pop," Cece said, "you worry that gospel-grinder worse'n any of us."

"I'll bet you," Pop said, "Homer hasn't took a drink since he left out a here."

"He's been drunk a dozen times," Pres said, "if he's even been sober."

"Darn it, Presley, you shouldn't ought to say that! You don't know that to be true."

"Don't I? Old man, you know as much about human nature as I know about —" He broke off.

"About what kind of a sentence you're gonna draw from Judge Doolittle," Cece suggested, "for stealin' that Chevrolet."

"Yeah," Pres agreed glumly.

"Homer's a good man!" Pop barked. "Sometimes he just ain't able to quit, that's all."

Cece jumped Pop's newest king. "What you mean he's a good man, Pop? You know he's comin' in here the minute he gets hold of a bottle."

2

PRESLEY," Lon said. Pres looked down the pen and saw Lon pointing out his window with his toothpick. "Man was out there on the river now, he'd catch fish by the bushel basket. Sundown's might near the finest time to fish. Did you know that?"

"I wouldn't give you a nickel for every fish in that river and the pan you fixed 'em in," Pres said crisply. "This sticky-tape's bitin' the livin' hell out a me." He glowered at his pipe. The adhesive, loose from the heat, was threatening to let it fall apart. "Boy, I'm sure countin' on my woman to make it down here tomorrow with a new pipe. Makes me glad I'm a married man just to stand here and think about a new pipe." He put the pipe carefully in his mouth and puffed it. "Expect I'm

about the happiest married man in this jail," he said.

Pop hawked his throat clear. "What that little girl ought to bring you, instead of a pipe and all that candy and stuff, is a thirty-eight revolver. Put it through the panhole yonder and let you have it. And I don't mean so's you could blow your way out a here, Presley — I mean right between the eyes."

Pres laughed. "Sweeten up, old man," he said. "You're too sour to go on livin'."

"I'll risk one of my biscuits tomorrow," Lon said quietly, "you never et fish cooked fresh out of the water, Presley. You wouldn't low-rate 'em like that. There's nothin' on earth equals fish cooked on a campfire." Lon wiped and stored his toothpick and sat on the end of the table back of Pop. "I was aimin'," he said, drawing out tobacco and papers, "to make a few brief scatterin' remarks on bread cooked in that grease after you got them fish browned good, but I find I got to quit this talk: my mouth's waterin' so I'm about to drown myself."

"God damn," Pres drawled quietly.

"What you got?" Cece asked.

"Would you look at that," Pres said. He laid his pipe on the table and climbed the bars till he hung halfway between floor and ceiling. "God damn!" he drawled again. Lon slid off the table and went to the bars. Pres let go one hand and pointed. "That man and that girl," he said, "hugged up yonder on the bridge."

"Sweet mamma!" Cece exclaimed. He climbed the bars alongside Pres and hung there like an ape on the front of a cage.

Pop saw him reaching through the bars to drag open the window. "Better not do no more a that hollerin'," he warned. "You'll have Mr. Jeff in here again."

"Aw, damn Mr. Jeff." Cece drew in all the breath he could hold and bellowed out the window, "*Staaay with her!*"

"Mr. Jeff comes up," Pop said, "I guess he'll know it wasn't me hollerin'."

Cece tried again but the couple ignored him: kept on crossing the bridge, eyes front. This disappointed Pres and at the same time stirred him. "They ain't heedin' a damn thing they don't absolutely have to," he commented happily.

When the couple disappeared, Cece dropped off the bars and straddled the bench to finish his game. "Seein' somethin' like that," he said, "gives me the black lonesomes."

Pop jumped a wafer of cardboard to king row. "Time you should a considered that," he said, "was when you was settin' out to steal that keg a beer."

"Old man," Cece said harshly, "your mouth's overloadin' you again."

Pop giggled and adjusted his glasses. "Pretty triflin' stuff," he said, "a big-talkin' boy like you, been in the penitentiary and all, getting caught on somethin' like that."

Pres walked around the table to the panhole, stooped, and put his mouth out of it. "*Lights!*" he yelled. His cry rang along the steel and concrete corridor and down the stair well at the end of it.

"You'll have him in on you, doin' that," Cece said.

"Think I'm scared a him?" Pres demanded. "By God, if I'm doin' the best I can, I won't be run by no-damn-body. That man ever puts his hands on me, me an' him is goin' some-God-damn-where. He can't kill me, and if he does, he can't eat me."

The light in the center of the ceiling came on. "See will he let us go back," Lon said. "I've wore this day out and now I'm wantin' to rest."

Pres sauntered back to the panhole. "Mr. Jeff," — he let the words roll away — "leave us go back, please, sir." His words ran together, bounding from wall to wall of the corridor. He listened at the hole. When he heard Mr. Jeff's keys he collected his stuff from the table and got in line at the door of the pen.

They watched the flash of Mr. Jeff passing the panhole, then listened to him unlocking the case that contained the door levers. Mr. Jeff levered open the door of their cell, then he unlocked and drew open the door at the head of the passageway that ran past the pen and the four cells. Routine so far: before letting them out of the pen he always looked in to see how things were going. But now, instead of merely glancing in, he drew his head down and squeezed his shapeless bulk through the narrow opening into the passageway.

They blanked their faces and held themselves motionless. Mr. Jeff took his time. Finally secure and comfortable against the outer wall, a number thirteen shoe jammed on the bars of the pen, he raised his head and looked through the bars at them, his eyes invisible in the shadow of his green celluloid eyeshade. He stopped chewing and tongued his tobacco into his cheek. "I'm tellin' you again, boys," he said tonelessly, "you can holler up here all you want, but I can make you sorry of it and you know it." He briefly resumed chewing, letting this sink in. "God damn it, you men are criminals. You're doin' time in here. You got no rights whatsoever, only what I give you. Keep on hollerin' out these windows and we'll cut out our visitors and newspapers and buyin' stuff. We'll live hard." He watched them, chewing, then turned and crowded out of the passageway to the levers.

"By God," Pres whispered, "he don't let Maryetta give me my pipe tomorrow!" The rigid silence of the others made him glance at the passageway door. Mr. Jeff's head was poking in.

"You got a letter this evenin', Pop. I'll bring it up to you in the mornin'."

"Could I have it tonight, please, sir?" Pop scurried to the top corner of the pen. "Please, sir," he begged through the bars. "It's from my boy. I'd like to have it tonight if I could."

Mr. Jeff poked his head in again. "I said," he

said heavily, "I'd give it to you in the mornin'. Ain't that good enough?"

"But, Mr. Jeff, sir, if you please, I'd like to have it tonight. My boy's come home on furlough, you know, and —"

"I said, God damn it, you could have it in the mornin'!" Pop fell back from the bars, blinking. "God damn it, it ain't from your boy. Think your boy wants to see you, you in here? Now get back in line!"

Pop hurried down to the door. "Make a preacher lay his Bible down, wouldn't he?" Lon whispered sympathetically.

The door ran aside and crashed against its stops. Cece leading, they filed into the passageway, down the passageway, and into their cell. The door crashed shut behind them.

3

POP lay on his lower bunk at the front of the cell, took off his glasses, and wiped his eyes. "Why you reckon he told me about my letter and then wouldn't bring it up to me?" he asked Lon. "Looks like he'd a kept quiet about it. Now I'm goin' to worry all night about it."

"Meanness," Lon said. "He's mean for the hell of it. Who's it from, you reckon?"

"My lawyer, I expect. He said it wasn't from John. I expect Mr. Henshaw's seen John and told him how come me to be in here. Hope he has. That Mr. Jeff!" he said bitterly. "Why'd he have to say that about John not wantin' to see me? A whole lot he knows about it." Pop pulled out a tail of his shirt and began cleaning his glasses. "And what's he callin' me a criminal for? Sayin' I'm in here doin' time! Good night, I'm waitin' for trial so's I can go home. If I got a home any more," he added sadly. "That letter could be more papers from that wife a mine. She's makin' me all the trouble she can, sellin' my place on me. I could block her if I was out a here, but they won't lower my bail."

"Hey, old man, want me to tell you who your letter's from?" Pres and Cece were on the bunk above Lon's playing cards.

"You keep out a this!" Pop snapped.

"It's that little girl that got you arrested —"

"Aw Presley, hush!"

"— tellin' you you bigged her —"

"Presley Cargile, that's plumb disgustin'!"

"— and when are you comin' out on bond and marry her!" Pres and Cece whooped with laughter.

"You ought to be ashamed," Pop said, "talkin' such filthy talk as that. Trouble with you and Cece is you got women on the brain. You can't think about nothin' else."

"God ever made anythin' better," Cece said, "he's keepin' it to hisself."

"Some people in here!" Pop muttered angrily. He shook out his newspaper.

Lon, up on one elbow rolling a cigarette, could hear Mr. Jeff's radio downstairs. "Dog if that don't sound like it might be the Light-Crust Doughboys," he said. He brushed the tobacco crumbs off his blanket and lit up. "Tell you fellows somethin': music gives me odd feelin's sometimes — heart music like that there." He lay back on his bunk, pillowing his head on the mound formed by his shoes under the head of his mattress. "I got one now," he said. "I'm wonderin' of all the thousands upon thousands across the land that's listenin' to that song, how many of 'em ever gives a thought to the poor citizens like you and I that's locked up in such places as this."

Pop braced his glasses and held his paper to catch the light from the ceiling. "Listen to this, Lonnie," he said. "You'll like this. 'One half pound pork sausage fried and combined with a can of chopped spinach and topped with a golden cheese sauce will turn your modestly planned Saturday night supper into a fes — into a festival.' What's that, I wonder?" He looked eagerly across at Lon. "Don't that about make you swaller your tongue — that about that pork sausage and cheese?"

"Hush, Pop," Cece said. "You're givin' me the miss-meal cramps." The light in the ceiling went out. Cece threw down his cards. The light coming into the cell from the yard floodlights was too dim to be of any use.

"Aw, listen to that shower!" Pop broke out fretfully. "Presley, you used it last — why didn't you squeeze it off good?"

"Why didn't you, old man?" Pres said, vaulting down from Cece's bunk.

"I sure won't get no sleep tonight," Pop said, "wonderin' about my letter and listenin' to that drip, drip, drip." A few minutes later his mouth sagged open and he began breathing hoarsely.

Out in the darkness a truck rattled south across the bridge. Big moths were thudding against the floodlight outside the window and landing on the heavy screening of the window. In the bull pen the shower dripped like a beating heart.

"It's awful when it's like this, ain't it?" Pres demanded, "and it's like this now." He sat on Lon's bunk, held out a hand for Lon's makings, and made himself a cigarette.

"Tain't much at the best of times," Lon said. "Declare I feel bad about our snorin' friend. Here they got him accused with white-slavin' a girl he never even said good evenin' to. He's been waitin' two months, and got another to go before court meets. That ain't right, you know. With you criminals, it's different. You done something."

Cece rolled to the edge of the bunk above and drew in a lungful of the rising smoke. "Sometimes I get so disheartened in this ol' gray-bar hotel," he said, "if there was a way to leave out of it, I would." He reconsidered. "No I wouldn't neither, by God. I'm too near the end of my time for

no homemade parole — have 'em beatin' the bushes for me. I'll be out a here the eighth day a May."

"When you go," Lon said, "I'll know for a fact I'm short. I'll have six weeks and a butt. Way it seems now, I could do that standin' on my head."

"Hush, you bastards," Pres said quietly. "You're makin' a long-time baby feel bad."

"You'll beat yours," Lon told him. "Doolittle ain't a bad judge, and auto thievery ain't the worst meanness. You drove that man's Chevrolet off because he wouldn't pay you what he owed you. When the court assigns you a lawyer, tell him to bring that out. Doolittle might give you probation." Pres said nothing. "I built two years twice in Atlanta for distillin' and got over it okay," Lon said. "You do it a day at a time, same as you do it here, and when they turn you loose, you wonder where the time's went to. Say your wife's comin' to see you tomorrow?"

"She better if she wants to go on livin'! By God she's got to bring me a pipe."

"How old was you when you married?"

"Me? — nineteen. She was just a kid: turned fourteen the day before we married. I only lived with her less'n a week. That's a fact. Married her Saturday evenin' and Thursday they throwed me in jail for beatin' on a guy." Pres opened his shirt, ran his hand inside, and slowly scratched himself. "Ain't that the luck though," he demanded, "biggin' a girl, bein' with her that little bit? Her daddy come paid me out a jail but I never went back with her none — couldn't quit my ramblin' ways."

"Goin' to divorce her, are you?"

"Been after her to, but she claims I ought to live with her and her daddy or else give her fifty dollars a month for the kid."

"Goin' back with her when you're out of this, Presley?"

"Hell, no, I ain't goin' back with her! There's one thing I won't stand for, it don't matter who the woman is, and another I won't put up with. One is havin' a woman hit me in public — it don't look right, makes a man look silly. The other is havin' a woman get me arrested."

"Amen!" Cece put in from the bunk above.

They heard the sheriff's car come quickly in from the highway and slam to a stop at the jail door. There were sounds of scuffling. Mr. Jeff's night bell rang. The men outside were moving fast. "Some poor boy hold of too much wobblin' water," Lon said sadly. He listened critically to the noise. "Could be that's Homer."

They listened to the men come fighting into the jail. After a minute a scream of protest rang up the stairway and there was a crash that seemed to shake the entire building. The drunk had been shut in the hole in the basement.

"They ain't bringin' him up here," Cece said. "That's somethin'."

"That's Homer, boys, or I'm badly fooled," Lon

said. "I hate it, declare I do." He flipped the remainder of his cigarette through the bars and prepared to draw his blankets over his head. "We got to grit this racket and get our rest," he said. "The weather ain't unfavorable, Mr. Jeff may take the notion to turn us all out of here tomorrow."

4

THEY were in the pen when Mr. Jeff brought Homer up, shortly before dinner, and turned him in. Homer was hoe-handle high and hoe-handle thin and his face was so narrow and swept-back looking that he looked as if he had spent most of his forty years facing into a hurricane. He came into the pen just far enough that Mr. Jeff wouldn't hit him closing the door, and stood there, grinning sheepishly.

"By the Lord, Homer," Lon said, shaking his hand, "you sure been mistreated about something." Homer's right eye was blacked, a cross of adhesive plaster covered most of his forehead, and his face and neck were smeared with dried flaking blood. "Look at you, for Pete's sake!" Lon said. "Blood all over your shirt, your coat sleeve fixin' to come off — where's your hat?"

"Lost it durin' the argument," Homer mumbled, "or it's downstairs somewhere." He lowered himself gently on a bench and delicately palpated his beaten eye. "I expect I have looked purtyier," he said gravely.

Mr. Jeff had given Pop his Sunday paper and Pop was reading it, sitting by the panhole. "Thought you told us you was gonna keep out a here, Homer," he said severely.

"Been out three weeks, Mr. Pyburn," Homer said.

"Reckon how long will they keep you this time?" Lon asked.

"Overnight, Mr. Jeff told me."

"Looks to me like you'd cut out whiskyin'," Pop said. "How's your family gonna make it, you keep comin' in here all a time? How you ever gonna make a crop?"

Homer sighed. "You're askin' ones I can't answer," he said. He rose, slipped off his coat, rolled his sleeves, and went to the shower. "You know, it's a fact," he said, scooping a gob of amber paste from the soap can and looking it over for roaches, "whisky's harder on me than morphine ever was. I follered morphine eight years 'fore I laid it down, and friends, let me tell you, you can do some awful things when you're loaded with that stuff — you ain't scared to go up and hit a tree." He dabbled water over his face and neck, reeled off a streamer of toilet paper next to the shower, and came back to the table delicately blotting himself. "But now I'll say this for morphine: I never used to get in here with it the way I do with this whisky juice. Whisky really hurts me. I get tore

up all over. Weak, nervous. Takes me a week to get over one of these."

"Drinkin' moon or bottled in bond last night?" Lon asked.

"Bonded," Homer said.

"Bonded'll tear a man up a whole lot worse than somethin' run off up some cove," Lon said. "All that colorin' and crap-stuff in it. But now it's got to be made right — by preference, with a full copper outfit. It's interestin' to make whisky. I've done lots of things in my life — cut timber, carpentered, run a store some, worked in a flour mill — but I believe I'd rather make whisky as anything I ever done."

Homer looked appealingly at Lon. "Lonnie, let's defer this, as the feller said. Hammers is runnin' in my head and every time you say that word they beat me twice."

Pres caught sight of Pop's funny papers and tried to draw them from under his arm. "Leave 'em be, Presley," Pop commanded. He clamped his arm down tight.

"Come on, Pop. Cece is goin' to read 'em to me."

"I said leave 'em be. You boys can look at 'em when I'm finished."

Pres gave up. "Honest to God," he said, "I believe you're the orneriest old man I ever had anything to do with. They stick me in Atlanta, I sure hope I ain't luckless enough to draw a cell with you."

"You wasn't so stingy," Pop said, "you'd buy a paper 'stead of all the time askin' for mine."

"Take your ol' paper and shove it!" Pres shouted. He sprang up from the bench and slammed the table with his hands.

"It wouldn't do you no good," Pop cried. "You can't read!"

"What difference does it make can I read or can't I? God damn it, I can *look* at 'em!"

"Friends," Homer begged, "let's fellowship one another."

"If you'd a been raised right," Pop said. He intended to continue, "you might be able to read," but with a suddenness that startled the breath out of him a shuddering fist appeared an inch from his nose.

"Old man, don't you say I wasn't raised. You say I wasn't raised and by God I'll take your damn nose and twist it up, see, and let it rain in it, see, and you'll be wonderin' why, see? Hear me what I say?" Pres banged the table with his fist. "Say I wasn't raised, old man, and I'll take you apart, and if I'm lyin' I'm flyin'. That's somethin', by God, no-damn-body don't tell me: I wasn't raised." Pres swung away from the table, marched to the bottom of the pen, and turned fiercely back. "I'm tellin' you now, old man: last Sunday after my woman come you got cookies, didn't you? — cookies, by God, with raisins in 'em. You count the cookies you get this evenin'."

Pop snorted disdainfully, shook his paper out, and did his best to look absorbed in it. "Homer," he said loudly.

"Sir?"

"My boy's comin' to see me this evenin'."

"That so? I'm proud to hear that."

"I haven't saw him, you know, since he went across the water three years ago." Pop was covertly watching Pres. "I expect he'll bring me somethin'. You know: candy, cookies, stuff like that. Wouldn't be like John not to bring his daddy somethin' when his daddy's locked up and ain't able to get it for hisself. You and Lon will get in on whatever he brings me."

"Hey, Pop," Cece said, "what about me on this deal?"

Before Pop could answer, there was a rattle of pans on the stairs outside. Cece jumped for his spoon. "Poke chops and grits today!" he announced gleefully. "Grit your teeth and poke it down."

After the pans were taken away, one of the Negro trusties who did the cooking and celled on the floor below started singing. The song came up faintly through the windows. "*Six months is no sentence, six months is no long time, cause I got a woman in Nashville tryin' to do ninety-nine.*"

"Sing it, brother!" Cece murmured. He knew Nashville. He'd done two years in Nashville.

Pop heard him. "If that nigger can carry a tune," he said, "I can carry a bale a hay."

Cece's answer was to grab the bars, throw his head back, and join in: "*Ninety-nine and ninety-nine makes a hundred ninety-eight; that's more years, pretty woman, than this poor boy can make.*"

"Aw, that's the nearest no song ever I heard," Pop said. "If you have to sing, sing somethin' with a tune to it."

"Pop," Cece said quietly, "what you know about music wouldn't cover a dime. You ain't got enough a nothin' in you to even feel the blues."

"Homer sings a song that sounds like somethin'," Pop said. "Homer, you sing for us. Sing us that one, 'I Heard the Crash on the Highway But I Didn't Hear Nobody Pray.' That's a good one."

Homer and Lon were playing checkers. "I reckon I'll have to keep my mind on this, if that's all right with you, Mr. Pyburn," Homer said. "I fail to, first I know, Lonnie'll rip me wide open."

5

MARYETTA was an hour late. Pres and Cece had about given her up when they saw her walking along the highway from town. She saw them waving and waved back and tried to get Presley Wayne Junior to wave, but he couldn't seem to find them back of the bars and screening on the window.

Before Mr. Jeff let Maryetta come to the panhole

he thrust his hand in and tossed Pop his letter. Thinking about his boy, Pop had almost forgotten the letter. He pushed Pres aside and put his face out the hole. "Evenin', Mrs. Cargile," he said in passing. "Mr. Jeff, sir, when my boy comes, please to let him come right up? You'll know him by he's a great big six-footer, and I expect he'll be wearin' his uniform."

"Hey, old man, pull your freight!" Pres shoved him away from the hole.

Pop sat down in the upper corner of the pen and drew two sheets of paper from the already opened envelope. "It's from Mr. Henshaw, like I expected, Lonnie," he said, but Lon and Homer and Cece were raptly watching Presley kiss his wife through the panhole.

"God damn," Cece murmured, "layin' in there, ain't he!"

Maryetta was a pretty girl with dark eyes, hair almost as curly as Pres's, and nicely shaped lips. After the kiss, she handed in a cardboard shoebox. "I brought you some hard-boiled eggs," she said.

"Where's the pipe?" Pres glared out the panhole at her. "Didn't you bring me no pipe? For God's sake, why not? I told you last Sunday I was needin' one. Well, couldn't you bring me what I ast for?"

"I reckon I forgot," she said.

"Forgot? Godamighty, when a man's in a tight, he's got to depend on people."

"I'll bring it next time, Presley."

"That's a whole God damn week from now." Pres dangled his bandaged pipe through the hole. "Think I want to smoke this another week?" He wrenched open a celophane bag of gumdrops and gobbled a handful.

Maryetta put her face at the hole and looked down the length of the table. "Evenin', boys," she said.

"How do, Mrs. Cargile," they returned, all but Pop, who was busy with his letter.

"You brought the little feller," Lon said hopefully.

"He's out here. Want to say howdy to the men, Presley Wayne?" She lifted the child till his solemn face was framed in the panhole. The men howdied him, trying to get him to smile or say something.

"Can't you answer howdy, Presley Wayne?" Pres demanded sternly, his mouth full of candy.

All this time Mr. Jeff had been standing by to see that no contraband was passed in. Now he raised and locked the glass cover of the panhole and went downstairs. To go on visiting, Pres had to hold his mouth against the screened holes piercing the wall just beneath the glass. Cece and Homer and Lon could no longer hear Maryetta.

"Damn, but she's a pretty thing," Cece said quietly. "If I was Presley, I'd go back with her. Damn if I wouldn't. I think I'd put it out of my mind she ever hit me."

"Reckon she hit him," Lon said, "or does he just tell it on her?"

"Oh hell, she hit him all right. He wouldn't tell somethin' that bad."

"What's your letter say, Pop?" Lon asked.

"Business matters 'tween Mr. Henshaw and I," Pop replied stiffly.

"Mr. Pyburn," Homer said, "I recall you sayin' when I was here before that you expected to make bond and go home till your trial." There was no answer. Homer looked around from his game and saw Pop turned away into the corner of the pen. It took him a minute to realize that Pop was weeping. "Mr. Pyburn!" he said, shocked.

"Well, for God's sake!" Cece said, looking up the pen.

6

WHEN Maryetta and Presley Wayne went downstairs, Pres and Cece went to the bars. They waved as Maryetta and the boy walked out across the yard to the highway. Pres watched till they were out of sight, then gave everyone but Pop a gumdrop and a chocolate-dipped cookie. "What's the matter with you, old man?" he asked Pop. "Ain't heard a peep out a you in an hour. Sick? Looky here." He thrust his shoebox under Pop's face. "Right pretty, ain't it?"

Pop raised his head and looked away through the bars. "I wish I had a asked Mr. Jeff to leave me go back to the cell," he said bleakly, "where I could have some quiet."

"Little bit sick, ain't we?" Pres jeered. "We got all prettied up and then our soldier boy didn't come see us. What's a matter — thought soldier John was gonna bring us somethin' to eat." Pres turned to share his glee and saw that Homer had not eaten his cookie and gumdrop. "I don't want you slippin' those, Homer. I give 'em to you, understand?"

"I'm lettin' my stomach settle good," Homer explained. "It ain't entirely recovered from last night yet."

"You can't use 'em, just hand 'em back," Pres said. "I don't want Pop gettin' a hold of 'em." He crushed his gumdrop bag, thumped it over his shoulder, climbed onto the table, and lay down the length of it. "You can come out with a repeat on those Nashville blues any time you want," he told Cece.

Cece laughed. He knew the mood Pres was in. "What's a matter — that little bit a peckin' through the panhole break you up?"

"You ain't woofin'," Pres said quietly, his eyes closed. "I was tastin' freedom."

After Lon had won all the checkers he cared to, he sat down beside Pop and asked him about his letter.

"Indirectly it was from John," Pop said. "You recall I asked Mr. Henshaw to see would he help get me out a here so I could fight this case right.

Well, he seen John like I asked and John said" — Pop faltered — "said he wouldn't help me if someone give him a plugged nickel for the purpose." Pop lifted off his glasses and slowly wiped his eyes. "His very words," he said.

Lon began rolling a cigarette. "How old's your boy?"

"Thirty."

"His mother's got him hugged in," Lon suggested.

"I reckon," Pop said bitterly. "She's all the time agitatin' this malice stuff they got up against me. Still it does look like he'd come hear my side of it, don't it?"

"Looks like," Lon agreed. He closed his cigarette and fished for a match.

"I wouldn't look for no consideration from my wife," Pop said, "but my own boy don't want to help me."

"How old did you say your boy was, Pop?" Pres asked, lying on the table.

"Aw, Presley, you keep out a this! Me and Lon are talkin', not you."

"Thirty, huh? — and you told us you married in nineteen and nineteen." Pres prodded Cece with his foot, snickering. "Talked yourself into a trap, didn't you, old man?"

"You fellows pay attention to what concerns you and leave me be," Pop snapped.

Pres whooped and slapped his thigh. "Guess you was one a the ones, by God, that had to get married. Old man, you got too much mouth on you for your own good."

Pop's voice was small and tight and he looked away through the bars: "You fellows don't know a thing about my affairs, only what I tell you. My boy may be thirty and he may be twenty-five, and you don't know for a fact when I married."

Pres laughed. "You ought to sleep good, Pop," he said. "You sure as hell lie good."

Pop's lips closed in a bloodless gray line. Then he sighed. "People are turnin' me down now," he told Lon, "but they won't have no chance to when I'm out of this. That's what I tell myself anyway." After his stout beginning he was weakening. "I just don't know," he said, "I just don't know. My life's about passed me. I'm down-gradin' every day now. It's different with you and Homer and the boys here. You all got somethin' to look forward to. Presley or Cecil here could make somethin' of their-selves, they quit stealin' beer and automobiles that don't belong to them and put women off their minds for five minutes."

"If that's what it takes," Pres said, "I'm headin' to be a long-time son of a bitch."

"I wish you'd cut out this talk, Pop," Cece said irritably. "It sounds like dyin' to me."

"That's what it is!" Pop cried. "It's dyin', just exactly, and you boys better start studyin' some about it — one a these days you'll be doin' a whole lot of it."

"I reckon I might sing that song I was asked to sing a while ago," Homer said.

Silence followed this announcement until Pop said, "We're listenin', Homer. Some good singin' would suit me fine."

"I'll do the best I'm able," Homer said modestly. His offering was "Life Is Like a Mountain Railroad." *"We must make the run successful from the cradle to the grave,"* he sang. *"Never falter, never fail: keep your hand upon the throttle and your eye upon the rail."*

"That's good!" Pop declared in the first pause. "Homer sings more like Gene Autry than anyone in this jail."

"You will roll up grades of trial, you will cross the bridge of strife; see that Christ is your conductor on this lightning train of life."

Pres sat up on the table, reached for his shoebox, and counted his hard-boiled eggs. He gave one to Cece and one to Lon and put one on the table for Homer. Homer was now at the trestle spanning Jordan's swelling tide where *"You'll behold the union depot into which your train will glide; there you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Father, God the Son —"*

Pop felt a nudge, turned, and found Pres offering him an egg. "Don't tell me you don't want it, you droopy-faced ol' hypocrite," Pres said, "for I know you do."

"Where the angels wait to join us," Homer concluded, *"in Thy praise for evermore."*

"That was fine," Pop said, shucking his egg. "We enjoyed every bit a that."

"Thank you, friends," Homer said.

"I'd rather listen to you sing," Pop said, "than all the rest a these so-called singers around here put together."

"Mr. Pyburn, I'm more inclined to wriggle around under that than I am to stand up under it, but I surely do thank you." Homer sounded transported.

"'Bout time for you to take off, ain't it, Homer?" Lon asked. "You done overnight and then some."

Homer smiled sadly. "Mr. Jeff's a great one to let a man stay on. You heard what he told me last time I was here: 'You'll get out when I get good and ready to open the door. If that don't suit you, get out the best way you can.'"

Cece began strolling the pen. He saw Pres lying on the table, his mouth ajar. "Goin' to sleep? It's damn near pan time."

"I make it better when I'm asleep," Pres said without opening his eyes. "I don't worry so much."

Lon stood at the bars watching traffic on the high-

way while he rolled a cigarette. "How long till they try you, Presley?"

"Forty-eight days exactly, countin' this one as finished."

"That ain't long."

"Long, by God, if you had to hang!"

"Or if you had to build it," Cece said, "in some ol' cockyroach jail cause you couldn't make bail."

"When I bite the thread off on this six months," Lon said, "I'll have spent five years four months and twenty-seven days behind one set of bars or another. That's no record, but it's nothin' to snicker about." There was an interval of silence. "You know what the judge told the man that drew a hundred and ten and was doubtin' he could do it all, don't you, Presley?"

"Do what you can and leave the rest go," Pres said tartly.

Homer chuckled. "Six months from now," he said, "all of us may be dead or we may all be doin' better. It's a reasonable hope we'll be doin' better, but we got no way of knowin' what the Lord's bookin' down for us."

Lon thought he had a good joke. "You boys must not care for it here, talkin' like you do, but looky here: we get three meals a day and a flop — that's more than lots of folks have in the free world." It didn't go over. There was a prolonged silence.

Pop had worked the easiest part of his Sunday crossword puzzle. He thought perhaps he could finish it. *To discover*, four letters. He had three of them: *f*, blank, *n*, *d*. He scratched his head for the missing one. All of a sudden he could no longer see the paper. He lifted off his glasses and tried to dash the tears from his eyes but they wouldn't stop.

"Here we go again!" Pres said scornfully. "What is it this time, old man?"

Pop shut his spurting eyes and held his head in his hands. "There's people in here," he stammered, "that'll have to say somethin' about this, but I can't help it: this Easter'll be the first Easter I was ever in jail."

Forewarned, even authorized, Pres opened his mouth to say "Likely won't be your last," then thought better of it. He listened to Pop sniveling, the shower dripping, Cece drumming the table with his fingernails. "God damn," he said irritably, "all we lack in here is a bunch a flies buzzin'."

Lon snapped the stub of his cigarette through the bars and turned briskly toward the table. "Eight, ten minutes till the macaroni comes up," he said. "Which one of you criminals thinks he can whup me a game of checkers?"



A dramatist who laughs at time, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has had three plays in production on Broadway this past season. Mr. Shaw was born in Dublin in July, 1856, and these are the dates which stand out in his record: 1876, when he captured London for life; 1884, when he became the leading spirit of the Fabian Society; 1898, when he was married; and 1925, when he received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

by G. BERNARD SHAW

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT is a term which indicates muddled thinking. The dilemma of kill or be killed, which confronts civilized society daily and inexorably, is bedeviled by the jumble of panic, superstition, and angry resentment we call punishment, expiation, propitiatory blood sacrifice, justice, and many other imposing names. The dilemma is a hard fact which must be faced and organized. The jumble should be unraveled and its superstitions utterly discarded.

Let me illustrate. Dogs are friends of Man; but an exceptional dog sometimes goes mad and runs amok through the streets, biting and infecting everybody it comes across. Fond as we may be of dogs we must kill it on the spot, by gun or bludgeon.

Cobras and adders, perfectly sane and normal, may get loose in a school playground or domestic garden. We break their necks without trial by jury.

A fox caught in a poultry yard is liquidated on the spot, though it is only acting according to its nature as we ourselves do when we eat the turkey we have killed the fox for pursuing with the same purpose.

Nobody thinks of these liquidations as punishments, nor expiations, nor sacrifices, nor anything but what they really are: sheer necessities.

Precisely the same necessity arises in the daily-occurring cases of incorrigibly mischievous human beings. They are vermin in the commonwealth, ferocious wild beasts on our highways, robbers and crooks of all sorts.

What are we to do with them? To punish them is absurd: two blacks do not make a white; and punishment creates a class of punishers whose lives are wasted and their characters depraved so that as citizens they become almost as undesirable as the criminals they torture. But the criminals have to be dealt with somehow.

The thoughtless humanitarian is ready with his reply. Reform the criminal: be kind to him.

But the criminal who can be reformed is not the

problem. If you can reform him (or her) reform him; that is all. Do not make him a martyr. The real problem is the criminal you cannot reform: the human mad dog or cobra. The answer is, kill him kindly and apologetically, if possible without consciousness on his part. Let him go comfortably to bed expecting to wake up in the morning as usual, and not wake up. His general consciousness that this may happen to him should be shared by every citizen as part of his moral civic responsibility.

There is a considerable class of persons who become criminals because they cannot fend for themselves, but who under tutelage, superintendence, and provided sustenance are self-supporting and even profitable citizens. They make good infantry soldiers and well-behaved prisoners. But throw them out into the streets and they are presently in the dock. They also present no problem. Reorganize their lives for them; and do not prate foolishly about their liberty.

But it may be asked whether they are to be allowed not only to read the newspapers but also to marry and breed. Yes, decidedly; for human stock needs its fallows as much as wheat or oats; and these feckless creatures may be only fallows: their children may be competent as their ancestors. Humane treatment of them will not deprave their custodians, and may prove very instructive. But the ungovernables, the ferocious, the conscienceless, the idiots, the self-centered myops and morons, what of them? Do not punish them. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill them. The most amiably softhearted monarch, confronted with a death warrant, must sign it or abdicate as unfit to reign.

The Abolitionists will reply at once that in countries where there is no death penalty there is no increase of crime. But there is the atrociously cruel alternative of imprisonment for life; for though our incorrigibles may be let loose on society after thirteen years or less, they are soon back for again act-

ing according to their natures. Meanwhile they are wasting and depraving honest citizens as warders, chaplains, and jail governors who are almost as much prisoners as the criminals they have to torment.

Besides, the increase or decrease of crime is not the point at issue. The percentage of incorrigibles is not affected by the cruelty or kindness of the law. It would remain the same whether we boiled murderers in oil or gave them gold medals. Capital punishment or no capital punishment, there they are with their problem of what is to be done with them.

They are not all murderers. Most of them are quite incapable of committing a murder, but are equally incapable of discharging their social duties and paying their way. On the other hand, murderers are hanged although they have acted under such provocation that there is no reason to fear that they

will make a habit of killing their neighbors. The sole justification for kindly but ruthless judicial liquidation is that the delinquent is a loss and a danger to the community; and on this principle we shall liquidate many more human nuisances than at present if we are to weed the garden thoroughly.

The civilized ruler must have none of that dread of death, nor, like Peer Gynt, of any irrevocable step, which makes our Abolitionists, whenever a capital sentence is passed, write letters to the papers and sign petitions begging for reprieve, yet if the sentence is commuted to one of imprisonment for life forget all about it and leave the guilty wretch to his fate. Their emotions are as thoughtless as those of the savages who shriek for his execution, and would crowd round the gallows to witness it as they used to crowd to see thieves broken on the wheel and harlots whipped through the streets at the cart's tail.

SONG FOR THE LOCAL APOCALYPSE

by THEODORE SPENCER

THE signs on the compass swing in a circle;
The circle dips and curves to a sphere;
The sphere sweeps out in a broad elliptic;
The center, the center, is always here.
Here, my darling, here, my extra;
Here in the rose that is now and here.

Arrogant Mary blindly pointed
To orchids and islands and I and Me;
The compass swerved; the star curving
Swam to her eyes, and she cried, "I see!"
Here, my darling, here, my usual;
Here in the rose that is now and here.

Sam who was dressed in tweeds and disaster
Pointed to North, said only, "There!"
The circle swerved, and Sam said swinging,
Awaking and laughing and singing, "Here!"
Here, my darling, here, my extra;
Here in the rose that is now and here.

And obstinate Oliver, frantic Eliza,
All egoist Aunts in pools of fear,
Sweep with the vision of sudden circles,
Return to the gold, the sudden Here!
Here, my darling, here, my always;
Here in the rose that is now and here!



A native of New York City, son of Italian immigrants, FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA spent his boyhood in Arizona and his early manhood in Budapest and Fiume, where for five years he was in our Consular Service. Then he returned to Manhattan to work his way through law school and to take the first steps of his political career. This is the last of three installments drawn from his autobiography, on which he was working at the time of his death and in which we see what effect his youthful experiences had upon his mature legislation. The autobiography, The Making of an Insurgent, edited by M. R. Werner, has just been published by Lippincott.

AMERICAN IN THE MAKING

by FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

I

I WAS glad to accept appointment as Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York because of the opportunity to get some experience in public office in my home state. Though I knew that I would gain considerable experience in the law and the way it was administered in New York, I did not know that I was also to learn a great deal about practical politics in that connection. While I already knew generally that political parties help their friends, I never realized until this experience in the Attorney General's office how far special privileges and favors really went.

I was assigned to the New York City Bureau of the Attorney General's office in January, 1915. The main office, of course, was in Albany. I was given charge of matters ranging from legal work for the State Department of Agriculture to looking into unpaid mortgage taxes and conducting litigation with the Federal government. I took my work seriously, though I soon found that not all of the deputies did so and did not seem to be expected to put in a full day's work.

One interesting experience in the Attorney General's office gave me considerable knowledge of the ways of politics and justice. It had to do with trivial violations of the Conservation Law of the state. Every year fish and game inspectors brought in a sheaf of complaints against fishermen on Long Island for violating the law by taking scallops under one year old. A large number of these cases were scheduled for trial. I went out to Long Island to try them.

There was no question of the guilt of these fishermen. It was easy to establish that they took the young scallops. In each case the fishermen had been caught coming in with their catch, and samples of the scallops had been taken. But in case after case

juries disagreed. I just couldn't understand it. Finally, I got to know the jurors pretty well, and after about the fifth or sixth disagreement, I asked some of them about it.

They were very frank. "Why, Mr. Attorney General," they said, "there is no question that these men are guilty. We understand the need of conserving fish life and not taking scallops under one year old, but this has been going on for a long time. Now, all of a sudden, the state indicts these small, individual fishermen. Why don't you go after the big oyster companies? We are not going to convict these little fellows. The big companies do the same thing day after day and are never bothered."

On the way home I asked the conservation officials about it. They looked at me and said: "Would you prosecute one of those big companies?"

"Of course I would," I said. "It's a violation of the law, isn't it?"

"Yes, but —" They sort of hemmed and hawed and said finally that they didn't believe any such action would receive approval "all the way up." They had been in the service many years.

I told them to go out and get the evidence. Within two weeks they had brought in complaints against most of the large oyster companies. They were really large corporations. They owned their own tugs and also owned a large part of the waters from which they took their oysters, clams, and scallops. I adjourned all pending cases against the small, private fishermen and went out to try my first big oyster company case.

The company was represented by a prominent lawyer who later became a Supreme Court judge in New York State. He asked for an adjournment, and before I could open my mouth, it was granted.

I went out to Riverhead, Long Island, to try this case at least four or five times, and each time adjournment was requested and immediately granted. Finally, after many weeks of these delays, I appeared in court on the date last set for trial, and much to my surprise, the company was ready for trial.

I had not even adjusted myself at the counsel table, and the first juror had not yet been called, when counsel for the big company addressed the court and requested the court to ask the Attorney General to advise under what section of the law he intended to prosecute. That was easy. The law was not more than one and a half lines long. "No scallops under one year of age shall be taken" was the way it ran. I cited it. Whereupon, the company's counsel, with a happy grin, took a telegram from his pocket and said: "If Your Honor please, that law was changed last night, and I have a telegram from the Governor so informing me. Now, if Your Honor please, inasmuch as this law has been changed, I submit that it would be hardly worth while to continue with this trial. Clearly the legislature has seen the fallacy of such a law."

The judge seemed not a bit surprised. He seemed to know more about it all than I did. "Oh, yes, Counselor, I quite agree," he said. "Of course, if the Attorney General insists on a trial, I suppose we will have to go through with it, but I quite agree that it will serve no purpose whatsoever." The law had been changed simply by inserting the words "in public waters." The little fisherman caught his fish in public water, while the big companies had leased private waters along the coast!

I did not proceed with the trial, as it would have been useless. But I also did not prosecute any more of the cases against the small fishermen. I learned afterwards that there had been an understanding for many years that the big oyster companies were not to be disturbed. I suppose the same condition exists to this date. Law is all right so long as big interests are not disturbed. It seems it was easier in that case to change the law than to change the Attorney General.

2

ANOTHER time I was given the first case under a new Weights and Measures Law. The law required that the true weight be stated on all food in containers. The first case was against some large packing houses for misstating the weights on hams and bacon. It looked like a very simple case to me. There was no question as to the identity of the hams and bacon. There was no question as to their weight, or that they were underweight. Several ounces underweight made a difference of perhaps 5 per cent in price.

The State Department of Agriculture was very keen about establishing the efficacy of this new law,

for it had taken several years to get it enacted. The violation was a misdemeanor. The case, therefore, was of a criminal nature and was instituted in the Magistrates' Court of the City of New York. When the case was called, my neighbor in Greenwich Village, State Senator James J. Walker, later Mayor, appeared for the defense.

I called my first witness, one of the inspectors of the packers' plants. Whereupon, Senator Walker addressed the court, stating that he was the author of the law, that it was never intended to apply to "wrappers," that the hams and bacon were in wrappers, and not in a container, that the requirement that true weight be shown only applied to containers made of glass, wood, or tin but did not apply to wrappers. And, of course, he knew, for he had written the bill.

He also knew the judge, who was an affable Tammany judge. The judge went out of his way to be nice to Jimmy, and my case was dismissed then and there. I started to protest — for all the good it did me! I had known Jimmy for some time, and after the case was dismissed, the judge came out, and Jimmy and the judge invited me to have a drink.

I was still protesting at the dismissal of my case. "Jimmy," I said, "how in the world can you possibly appear in a case to defeat your own law?"

And Jimmy, in his urbane way, said: "Fiorello, when are you going to get wise? Why do you suppose we introduce bills? We introduce them sometimes just to kill them. Other times we even have to pass a bill. Why are you in the Attorney General's office? You're not going to stay there all your life. You make your connections now, and later on you can pick up a lot of dough defending cases you are now prosecuting." And, of course, the judge acquiesced in all that.

"But," I said, "a lot of little storekeepers have been fined for selling the same kind of hams in wrappers."

"Fiorello," said Jimmy, "you stop worrying about those things. What are you in politics for — for love?"

Well, that was the end of the Walker Law so far as the big packers were concerned. When I reported the incident, no one in the department seemed to be shocked. They had run into the same kind of thing in the course of trying to enforce a great many of our laws. Once in a while, a conscientious deputy would proceed with his case, but sooner or later he would find himself blocked if big interests were involved. Politics, politics, politics! I found very little difference in their philosophy among members of either big party. I was to find the same kind of thing going on after I went to Congress.

But I just could not be a regular. Not to comply and accept the established custom, things as they are, but to raise a howl and kick, brands one as an insurgent. I managed to survive, but many others

who bucked the machine during their early careers were through before they could get their start. I enjoyed the work in the Attorney General's office. I left it much wiser and not so innocent as when I entered it.

3

IN November, 1914, when I ran for Congress the first time and was defeated, there was very little war talk in the United States, though the war in Europe had been going on for four months. War orders were having their stimulating effect on employment, production, and business in general, and the country began to pull out of the depression it had been in just before the European nations went to war. While I was serving as Deputy Attorney General in 1915, I became convinced that the situation was serious, and decided that I might as well get myself ready for war.

I decided that I wanted to go into our Air Corps. I got hold of my friend Giuseppe Bellanca, the brother of my friend August Bellanca, the garment workers' leader. As a boy in Sicily, Giuseppe had got interested in aviation, when Santos-Dumont first started to fly there. Bellanca spent hours on the Sicilian beaches scaling flat stones and watching them hop. He carefully watched the birds fly and studied aerodynamics by himself. He managed to get a grounding in higher mathematics. Even as a boy he was always talking about flying.

Giuseppe Bellanca came to this country before the war and started making airplanes by hand. I was the attorney for the company he formed, which consisted of about twenty-five cooks and waiters, each of whom had put in about \$100. All of them attended all the meetings of the company, which were quite exciting. I did their legal work free of charge.

Besides building planes, Giuseppe Bellanca ran a small flying school at Mineola, Long Island. It was there that I studied flying. Aviation was young then. Bellanca had two planes. One was used for instruction. It was a light Blériot-type monoplane with a three-cylinder Anzani motor. It was a pretty little toy, but it flew. The motor was supposed to develop about thirty horsepower. If we got fifteen out of it, on actual test, we were doing well.

Quite an assortment of individuals were learning to fly at this school. We flew irregularly, whenever we had the time, and whenever the wind was right. I taught Bellanca how to run my secondhand Ford, while we were en route to his flying school. Mile-a-Minute Murphy was one of the other pupils. He was a New York City policeman who had made a record a generation before by riding a bicycle at the speed of a mile a minute, paced by a Long Island Railroad train. Bicycles were now too slow for him, so he decided to learn to fly. There was a Chinese, who was always mysterious about himself,

and we never did learn where he had turned up from. There was also a Vermont farmer whose aunt was paying his bill and was very eager that he should learn how to do stunt flying. Then there was a young lady who had a perfect wardrobe of flying clothes, but who showed up very seldom for her lessons.

We felt our way and learned to fly like fledglings. Our first lessons were devoted to what we called grass-cutting. We would sit in the instruction plane for a ground run of about a mile and a half. Then we would get out, turn the plane around, and taxi back. It was necessary to control the throttle so that we would not lift off the ground. After we had qualified at doing that and were able to keep the machine straight, the next step was a straightaway hop on the same course. We would lift the machine about fifteen to one hundred feet in the air and then land. This simple instruction went on for quite a while before we were allowed to circle the field.

The instruction plane had no dual controls. It was a single-seater, and one had to remember what one was told and then trust to luck. After I went through this course, I had got the feel of the air and learned the nomenclature of a plane and the terms used in flying, but I was not much of a flyer. It did help me to get into the Air Corps later, however.

I believed then, as I believe today, that Giuseppe Bellanca is one of the greatest plane designers the world has ever known. He could get more lift out of less horsepower than any other plane maker. He always had tough going. He never had enough capital, and many of his associates were always more interested in promotion than in production. Bellanca produced the Columbia plane, built by hand. That type of plane had more crossings of the Atlantic to its credit than any other plane during the early period of transatlantic flying. In fact, the old Columbia is still kicking around somewhere. Bellanca planes of that period won all the efficiency contests at air meets, so many that the contests were finally eliminated. I actually saw the present multimotor two-winged monoplane, now of standard type, on Bellanca's drawing boards back in 1914. During World War II, the Navy took his design, went into production, with not even a word of credit or thanks to Giuseppe Bellanca. Some contractor made a lot of money out of it.

I kept pretty busy in 1915 and 1916, what with my work in the Attorney General's office, learning to fly, and building my fences for the 1916 Congressional campaign. I had my heart still set on going to Congress, and my first defeat did not discourage me. Once when I was in Washington, a member of Congress gave me a card to the "family" gallery. I would not go. I did not want to enter the House of Representatives until I could go on the floor as a member. But I read the *Congressional Record* religiously. That was the easiest part of my pre-

liminary training. The big job was making friends so that I could win the election.

I knew that I could not depend much on the Republican organization, because of my first experience with it in 1914. It was pretty clear to me that the seat in Congress from my district appeared to belong to the National Liquor Dealers' Association in the name of Michael Farley, the Democratic incumbent, by tacit agreement with the Republicans. But I kept building up my contacts. My law office was a regular Legal Aid Society, and after office hours at the Attorney General's office I made many friends useful to me in politics by going to clambakes, balls, weddings, and funerals — functions inseparable from the life of a man in politics. I got to know a great many people in my district.

4

WHEN the time came for the Congressional nomination in 1916, I was shocked and hurt to learn that I was not slated for the place on the Republican ticket. I felt I was entitled to it because of the run I had made in the previous election two years before. But that run had attracted a great deal of interest in the nomination. Everybody was nice, giving me good advice about not taking another licking. I was destined, they said, to be a judge or something big like that. "Just be a good boy, go along with the organization, help wherever you can," they told me. That didn't register very well with me.

I got my petitions printed. I was told that was not in the books, that recognition had been given me by my appointment as Deputy Attorney General; I must not hurt my own interest, but just go along and be a good soldier. I insisted that I would contest any nomination made by the party and run in the primaries against another Republican organization choice.

Finally, I made an appointment to see Fred Tanner, who was then Republican State Chairman. He had been leader of my home district. Fred Tanner was a prominent lawyer, scholarly and gentlemanly, who was interested in politics. He had had a meteoric rise in the Republican Party, but he was far too refined and clean to make a success as boss of the New York State Republicans. Naturally, Tanner was greatly occupied, as it was a Presidential year. New York State was going to the Republican convention in Chicago with its Governor, Charles S. Whitman, as its favorite son. I do not believe Fred Tanner was very hot about Whitman.

I had an interesting talk with the State Chairman. He repeated the old gaff about my future in politics, and he tried to convince me that it was to my interest to stay put that year. I was not a bit impressed. He was frank enough to tell me that a young outsider wanted the Congressional nomination badly that year. And this young man's friends had prom-

ised to make a substantial contribution to the Republican Party if he got the nomination. The outsider's name was Hamilton Fish. There is no doubt that he wanted to go to Congress, and he succeeded after World War I. But he was elected to Congress from Dutchess County, a long way from 14th Street in Manhattan.

Fred Tanner made one blunder in his effort to talk me out of running that year. He said that if I had gone to any expense, such as printing my petitions, or anything else, he would see that I was reimbursed. Well, I just hit the ceiling. I don't think Fred meant it the way I took it. But I blew up, and that just about ended our talk. As I started out of his office, Fred shouted to me, "Fiorello, hold your horses. Damn it, if you want to run, go ahead and do it. Don't blame me if you're licked again."

Harry Andrews was a very useful man around our district. He was young, a good stenographer, did most of the clerical work, and acted as secretary to the district leader. He had a job as a secretary to a judge. In 1914 he was in my corner, and he was very helpful to me in the primary stage of the 1916 campaign as well as in the election. I got him to study law and had the pleasure of seeing him grow and develop to the point where I appointed him a magistrate when I was Mayor. I learned a great deal about politics from Harry, and he, in turn, I believe, learned some things about government from me.

We got my petitions signed and filed. Though I never got a nod or a word from the Republican Party officials, no opposition developed, much to my surprise, and I entered the primaries unopposed. I did have opposition for the Progressive Party nomination. My friend Ben Marsh, a real liberal and a true progressive, who has been on the right side of many losing causes, was my opponent. I won the Progressive nomination, too, and always had a feeling that Ben voted for me.

The campaign was hot. I got a tremendous start on my opponent, the sitting Congressman. His office-holding had gone to his head, and he was terribly inflated. He seldom showed up at his saloon, and when he did, forgot to treat the boys. He had become a "big shot," and was seldom seen in the district. That would not have been so bad if he had ever done anything in Washington. So I had plenty of material to work on.

This time I did not wait for the party leaders to get me started. I was way ahead of them. The campaign was difficult because my district had such varied interests. The East Side section was interested in economics and the future of Europe; Washington Square, before Greenwich Village had become The Village, was most conservative — for higher tariffs, lower taxes, big business stuff; and the West Side Irish were anti-British and completely Tammanyized.

While I had many friends in the Socialist Party,

they waged their fight against me on the East Side. It was their tactics to accept an ultraconservative rather than a progressive. Tammany was counting on a heavy vote in the West Side section of the district and the solid Little Tim Sullivan Third District on the East Side.

This time my candidacy was not taken by Tammany Hall as the joke it had been to its henchmen two years before. They were in a dilemma. They didn't dare put Mike Farley, their candidate, on the stump. So all sorts of stump speakers were imported into the district. We had a great time with them. I covered every corner in that district, I think. We would start early in the evening, on the West Side, keep going east, and it was not unusual for the last street meeting to end 'way past one o'clock in the morning. Then, to Stuyvesant Hall or some coffee-house on the East Side for another hour or two of campaigning.

Tammany was not really worried. They depended on two things: on the Democratic majority usual in that Congressional district, which they considered overwhelming, and on the count. Republican leaders in the West Side districts and in some of the East Side districts were not only weak but untrustworthy and venal. The Republican leader in Little Tim Sullivan's East Side district was an Italian who had made a fortune as a padrone for the Erie Railroad. He worked very closely with Tammany Hall and would do nothing to incur its displeasure. He always got advice, protection, and help from the national Republican administration. He was illiterate, ignorant, and arrogant. He didn't even treat his family well. The Tammany leader in the same district was one of the Sullivan clan. Little Tim Sullivan was personally a nice fellow, but as tough a Tammany leader as they came. We prepared for fraud by organizing in this district a corps of volunteer watchers for the count, a precaution I have always taken in my subsequent campaigns.

The fighting Irish were helpful to me in that campaign. I knew more about the history of Ireland than Mike Farley did, and some of the Irish thought Mike Farley had not been anti-English enough. I was greatly aided by a corps of volunteers headed by one who became known as the Irish Joan of Arc. She was a real spellbinder; she was not particularly supporting me; but she was certainly opposing Mike Farley.

In my talks on the East Side I dismembered the Hapsburg Empire and liberated all the subjugated countries under that dynasty almost every night. The funny part of it is that I was not fooling and happened to guess future history correctly.

Charles Evans Hughes was the Republican candidate for President against Woodrow Wilson, running for re-election. Naturally, the interest in the campaign was focused on the Presidential election, which was a tense and close struggle. In the Re-

publican part of the district, which constituted only a small percentage of the total vote, I had the advantage of the fact that they were all for Hughes and would vote the straight Republican ticket, including me. Hughes was very popular as a former Governor of New York and a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. We were certain of getting a big vote in that "silk stocking" section of my district, and, in fact, we did very little campaigning there.

5

WE WERE all pretty tired that last Monday night before election day. We stuck it out at meetings until two o'clock in the morning. We had to get up very early on election day, for we had a job to do. After about three hours' sleep, we covered the two or three lodging houses in the district, "flophouses." At five o'clock we visited these, for we knew that Tammany planned to vote the inhabitants in a pack between eight and nine that morning. Our boys were ready with coffee and rolls and doughnuts, so that by the time the Tammany men came around, the flophouse inhabitants had already voted. It was the first time in years, some of the old-timers remarked, that the guests of these flophouses had voted sober.

We had a little trouble early in the morning when word was spread, allegedly by one of the Republican leaders, "La Guardia hasn't got a chance, so trade votes for Congress for a Republican Assemblyman." We got hold of that leader quickly, took him in the car with us, and went from polling place to polling place straightening out that one.

Our real trouble started when the polls closed and the count began. In those days we still had paper ballots. The count was long and tedious. There was ample time and opportunity for marking ballots so that they would be disqualified, for substituting ballots, and for every other kind of dirty, dishonest political trick.

I took the toughest district on the waterfront to watch. This attracted a lot of attention, and finally Charles Culkin, one of the top men in Tammany Hall, who held high office from time to time, and was the Tammany leader of that district, came to the polling place. He gently told me, "Why La Guardia, what are you doing here? You shouldn't be here. Everything is all right."

"Everything is not all right," I said, "and what is more, Charlie, you sit here and help me watch this count. There is going to be an honest count, or, if not, someone is going to go to jail, and I mean you, Charlie. You stay here and protect your own district."

He did. I took a few precincts even in Charlie Murphy's own home district, although he was then the strong boss of Tammany Hall.

I had all sorts of people watching that district of Charlie Culkin's as well as the other districts. There

were schoolteachers, doctors, businessmen, long-shoremen, and some tough guys on our side. In the final count in the district where I was helping to watch, I defeated my Tammany opponent by a very small margin. The Democratic vote in that district was usually five to one against the Republican. Charlie Culkin's jaw dropped. He shook his head and asked me if I was satisfied with the count.

"Yes," I said, "as soon as the certificate is signed and turned over to the police." It was.

All through the Democratic districts on the West Side river front I was running 'way ahead of the ticket. We knew then that if we could keep up that lead, we would overcome the normal majority for the Democrats. We were going well on the East Side. It, too, was well organized. All of our watchers were instructed to remain on duty until the count was entirely completed, the returns officially signed, and the ballot boxes sealed.

It was about four in the morning before we could get a final count. I had won the election. But it was a good thing we had watched that count carefully, for I won by 357 votes — 7272 for me, 6915 for Farley.

I got quite a reception on the East Side. Sam Koenig, who was the Republican county chairman, was genuinely elated at my victory. There is one thing I could always say about Sam Koenig then and during the many years following: if he gave you his word about something, he kept it. I anticipated an enthusiastic reception in other parts of the 14th Congressional District. After all, it was the first time a Republican had been elected to Congress below 14th Street since the foundation of the Republican Party. I particularly thought I would get a riotous reception in my own home district. I never saw such gloom anywhere. The hangers-on at the club hardly nodded to me. Someone was on the telephone in the rear office, assuring the Democratic leader of the district, who was supposed to be his rival, "No, Joe, we didn't double-cross you; we didn't do anything for this fellow. You just can't control him." An apology for my victory was what I heard instead of congratulations!

I got another lesson in politics from that campaign of 1916. William M. Calder, then a Representative in Congress from a Brooklyn district, was running for United States Senator from New York. There was no sham about Bill Calder. A successful builder and an active member of the House of Representatives for many years, a staunch Republican, most conservative, he made no claims to being a progressive and always remained a real party man. He and I had already become close friends.

Calder was opposed by Robert Bacon, who had been in the State Department for a long time as Assistant Secretary of State. In 1909 he had succeeded Elihu Root as Secretary of State. Mr. Bacon was a partner of J. P. Morgan. There was plenty of money in the primary campaign on the Bacon side. But the boys in our district were for Calder, though the Republican organization seemed to favor Bacon.

On primary day the "Bacon boys" went up to party headquarters and came back with plenty of dough. During the early evening hours, Bacon cars came through the district dishing out more money. But the "Bacon boys" were amateurs, and the regular district boys were hard-boiled politicians. They were taking Bacon money, but they were getting Calder votes.

Calder carried the district overwhelmingly and won the Republican nomination. I don't know whether the same funny situation went on in other districts, but the final result throughout the state was that Calder was nominated and was elected. That impressed me with the fact which I have insisted on so many times, namely, that money in and of itself just cannot win a campaign. This is not to say that Robert Bacon did not have the qualifications for the high office of United States Senator. In fact, he did. But he just didn't have the political appeal.

It was at this same period that the New York Central and Wall Street were in the habit of dividing the United States Senators from New York between them. At the same time in Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Railroad took one Senator and the steel interests the other. But that period was coming to an end in 1916. Later Robert Bacon's son, Robert Bacon, Jr., ran for Congress, after his father's death, from a Long Island district and was elected. He was a gentlemanly, amiable, and useful member of the House during the entire time of his service there.

President Wilson called the Sixty-fifth Congress, to which I had been elected, into extra session, to meet on April 2. I was glad to get started. I visited Washington often between my election and the meeting of the extra session. Since I was a sort of freak, having been elected on the Republican ticket from such a strong Tammany district, I created some interest, and this gave me the opportunity of meeting the leaders of the House, with whom I afterwards served. I grew very fond of many of them and developed great respect and admiration for them. I entered the House under the rule of courtesy by which members-elect are permitted on the floor. My dream of a lifetime had come true.



A graduate and Overseer of Harvard University, CLARENCE B. RANDALL is Vice-President of the Inland Steel Company and widely recognized for his authoritative knowledge of the iron deposits here and abroad. Aroused by the report that the high-grade ores were being exhausted in the Mesabi range, Mr. Randall, at the Atlantic's invitation, carried out an unsparing survey of our iron resources, with results which are decidedly reassuring to every American with an interest in our heavy industry.

THE IRON WE NEED

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

I

THE American people have suddenly become iron ore conscious. Until it became an atom war, this last one was a steel war, and everyone knew it. Tanks, battleships, landing craft, poured out all over the world from American factories and shipyards that were fed by the steel plants. Our public not only learned to talk about steel in terms of ingot production, but they came to understand that back of it all lay the great iron ore deposits of the Lake Superior district. The Mesabi range and the "Soo" Locks became commonplaces in the speech and minds of our people. Whether they lived in Maine or California, they had a mental picture of what it was like to watch an electric shovel loading red iron ore into railroad cars or to see enormous freighters plowing the Great Lakes to put this war-winning red earth on the docks of the steel plants of the nation.

Great struggles are exhausting, and as the war came to its end our people began to think in terms of our national exhaustion. They knew that the resources of Europe were depleted and that great inroads had been made into the resources of our own rich country. Consequently, their minds were receptive when the suggestion appeared that our iron ore was exhausted. What began as a whisper is rising to a shout. The current vogue is to say that the iron ore is running out. There are even those who for reasons of self-interest have quietly amplified the whisper. Finally comes the suggestion that the steel plants in the Middle West have a limited life and must in the planned future move to the seacoast or perish for lack of raw material.

All of this seems strangely inconsistent with the fact that the steel companies which have plants in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana are currently spending and planning to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to increase their capacity and improve their facilities. One wonders what

kind of management those companies have, to be so unaware of their impending doom.

One of the most objective statements of the new cult is a striking article by Marvin Barloon, called "Steel: the Great Retreat" (*Harper's*, August, 1947). The author writes as follows: —

The steel industry faces a momentous change which will have a profound effect upon the future of the United States, and may in time touch the lives and fortunes of every one of us. Costly new processes are going to have to be added to steel-making, and much of the industry is going to have to move to other parts of the country. These changes . . . are not the result of the inventions of engineers or the discoveries of prospectors. The simple fact is that the iron ore is running out.

Those are fighting words in my segment of the steel industry.

Move the steel industry out of Chicago? Not on your life! When Father Dearborn looks down a hundred years from now, he will still see smoke coming out of those open-hearth stacks at Gary and Indiana Harbor, and Lake Superior iron ore will still be feeding the blast furnaces there.

Pause for a moment to reflect upon the past one hundred years of iron ore production from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan. How did we come by these mines, without which we could not have achieved the world's highest standard of living or won either of two world wars?

Benjamin Franklin really began it. That amazing man who did so many things so well was the fore-runner to whom we owe the fact that those vast deposits are under the flag of the United States instead of that of the Dominion of Canada. It was he who sketched our northern boundary so that it would arc around that lonely wooded island called Isle Royale, anchored out in the blue waters of Lake Superior.

The territory thus added to the United States paid off first when, fifty years later, Douglass Houghton discovered commercial copper on the Keweenaw Peninsula.

But great as those copper deposits were, they were merely a down payment on the vast wealth that has flowed from that stroke of Franklin's pen. The northern boundary line which he drew gave the United States its steel industry.

Iron ore today is mined in six areas on the American side of Lake Superior. They are called ranges. They feed a large share of the hungry blast furnaces in this country, and all six lie north of the line as Franklin might well have drawn it. Our shrewd minister plenipotentiary gave our nation two gifts of great value: one is a magnificent National Park, and the other is 90 million tons of iron ore per year.

There was a time interval, of course, before the iron ore was found. It wasn't until a September day in 1844 that a peculiar wobble in the surveyor's compass of William Burt pointed the way to the discovery of the first iron ore deposit in the Lake Superior district at Negaunee, Michigan. Man of science that he was, William Burt received not one penny of profit for that breath-taking discovery. But the men of commerce moved in quickly to take the risks and provide the capital. Many lost heavily, but a few won and a new industry was born.

2

SINCE those days when a wobbly compass became the old Jackson Mine, about 2.5 billion tons of iron ore have come down the lakes from the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota for the manufacture of everything from plows to Pullmans, battleships to bobby pins. First it was hauled round the rapids of the St. Mary's River by Sheldon McKnight and his old gray horse; then, after the canal was opened in 1855, it flowed faster under the white sails of schooners that were unloaded by Irishmen with shovels and wheelbarrows; and today it comes down, 18,000 tons at a time, in great ships like the *B. F. Fairless*.

But where do we stand today? Is Mr. Barloon right, and is the curtain ringing down on the last act of this industrial drama? Or am I right in believing that iron ore will go on flowing through the "Soo" Locks for another hundred years? It is one man's opinion against another's. The answer is not to be found in books, but the stakes are large and snap judgments given wide circulation could do a great deal of harm.

The first thing to do, obviously, is to estimate the visible inventory. How much ore is thought to exist in the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan which has a quality like that now being used, and which needs no improvement in technology to be made available? No one could document such an estimate accurately. Iron ore does not lie in flat

beds as does bituminous coal, which can usually be measured in acres and often in square miles. Instead, it rolls and bellies out unpredictably, and in Michigan sometimes goes to great depths. No man has access to all the facts, but so far as there is general consensus, it would be safe to assume that 2 billion tons of ore can still be produced from our American Great Lakes deposits.

Now what is 2 billion tons in terms of years of supply? The complex series of variables that enter the problem at this point make objective judgment very difficult indeed. Ninety-two million tons were shipped in 1942. This was the all-time high, and if every year were to be like that we should arrive at a total life of only twenty-two years. This simple calculation is the basis of the panic talk. But see how quickly the equation changes with a glance at the record. Never before this war had we shipped anything like 90 million tons. Only three times in the previous twenty years did shipments touch even 60 million tons. Five times they were under 25 million.

It is a curious human weakness that in forecasting the future we are apt to assume that the present status is typical. In depressions we cannot believe that the turn for the better will ever come, and in boom times we are sure that we have arrived at a new plateau. So those who cry panic in iron ore assume that the present amazing demand for steel will continue unabated indefinitely. Yet, obviously, if Lake Superior ore shipments should average 50 million per year instead of 90, the present reserves of the quality to which we are accustomed will give a life of forty years instead of twenty-two. In the day-to-day job of running a steel company that difference is fundamental. Few officers charged with providing raw material would care to commit the capital of their companies to investments that would not be recovered in forty years, and in iron ore a thirty-year reserve is considered conservative.

Furthermore, because the Lake Superior district has been so widely publicized, it is not commonly understood that important deposits of iron ore exist in many other districts in the United States, and that the exploitation of such ores is being vigorously pushed. This significant trend will serve to extend the life of the Lake Superior deposits. The steel demand of the nation is a single entity, and the iron ore resources of all of the states therefore form a common pool.

In the year 1947, for example, while 78 million tons of ore were being mined in Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin, 15.7 million tons were being mined from deposits located in other states of the Union. This breaks down into 8.2 million for the South, which includes Alabama, Georgia, Missouri, and Texas; 3.8 million tons for the East, which includes New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey; and 3.7 million for the West, which includes Wyoming, Utah, and California. In terms of percentages

of total U.S. production, these other ores represented 16.8 per cent, whereas in 1942 they were but 12.9 per cent.

The South, of course, has for a long time had an important segment of the steel industry in the Birmingham district. The question of ore supply there is not one of quantity but merely one of beneficiation. The reserves are large, but the percentage of silica is high and must be reduced by known methods of treatment.

The development of a steel industry in Texas, on the contrary, is quite new. The first blast furnace, located at Houston, came in in 1944, and the second, located at Daingerfield, in 1947. The ore supply for these plants comes from limonite deposits in the northeastern part of the state. Large tonnages are available, scattered over extensive areas, all at or near the surface. In addition to the limonite, there are carbonate ores containing satisfactory percentages of iron, and an effort is now being made to mix the two. Here, again, some beneficiation is required, but the processes are known and the question is solely one of economics. When tonnages of high-grade ore are required for mixing, they are imported from Mexico.

Two blast furnaces are operating at St. Louis, which are supplied with iron ore from Iron Mountain and other places in the southeastern part of Missouri.

In the West, Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has had at Pueblo an important steel plant for a long time, supplied from a large iron ore deposit at Sunrise, Wyoming. More recently, pig iron capacity amounting to over 2 million tons has been added to the West in the states of Utah and California, and there appears to be no question that the ore deposits tributary to those plants can continue to supply them for a very long time to come. A railroad is being built to the Eagle Mountain iron ore district in Riverside County, California, which will be exploited to support the plant at Fontana.

Wherever these developments are going on, the capital investment is large, and the owners would not be spending such substantial sums of money if they did not believe their ore reserves were altogether adequate.

In the East, important production is now being obtained from the magnetite ores of the Adirondacks. Deposits are being worked which have been known since the Revolutionary War. This tonnage moves principally to Ohio and Pennsylvania, and there is used to supply plants which heretofore have been dependent exclusively upon Lake Superior ores. In those mines processes have been developed which will go far to solve the problems of beneficiation of low-grade ores in the Lake Superior district. Pennsylvania has had its Cornwall Mine for over one hundred and fifty years. And even New Jersey brought in new iron ore production at the Ringwood Mine in July, 1947.

In addition to these other domestic sources of supply, the imports of iron ore in 1947 reached a new high of 4 million tons. Of these, 1.5 million came from Canada, 1.3 million from Chile, .9 million from Sweden, and the balance from Cuba, Brazil, South Africa, Mexico, and other sources. New iron ore enterprises in foreign countries, backed by American capital, are in the making, which in all probability will raise this figure of imports still higher. Both of these trends will continue.

During the war the Lake Superior ores had to carry a load not normally theirs, but if all of these other sources of iron ore increase, the demands made upon Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan should decrease, even if peak steel production goes on.

3

THERE are two additional factors that make me believe that the total tonnage will be much greater than 2 billion tons, and the total life much longer. The first is intensive exploration within the known areas. Most mining men spend their careers trying not to find ore. Under the prevailing tax laws ore goes on the tax roll as soon as found, and if too large a deposit is developed it can be rich in mineral quality but ruinous in current cost because of the continuing tax burden. Many open-pit mines on the Mesabi range pay out more money in taxes per ton than the total labor and supply cost of putting the ore on cars. So the ideal program of a shrewd operator has been to keep enough ore in sight so that his directors will feel comfortable, and not enough to cause him to lose his job. He keeps a mental book on where he will next explore, and hopes he will be right when the time comes.

As a result of this process of retarded exploration, a comparison of estimates made from time to time during the past thirty or forty years will show that for each three tons removed, two tons have been added by later development. I should not dare to hope that this ratio will be maintained, but I do feel very confident that the 2 billion tons will be greatly increased by this process. The state of Michigan has taken positive action to encourage and reward discovery. Hereafter new deposits found by diamond drilling may be held tax-free for ten years.

Our high phosphorus ores in particular have great possibilities for added tonnage. These presently undesirable ores are found near Iron River and Crystal Falls, Michigan, Crosby and Ironton, Minnesota, and Florence and Mayville, Wisconsin. They are marginal today although rich in iron, because the phosphorus gives undesirable qualities to the steel. There is no secret, however, about the know-how of removing the phosphorus from the metal, and it will be done as soon as the approaching scarcity of other ore makes the moderate added cost competitive.

And the second factor that may greatly increase

the 2 billion tons and extend the life of the Lake Superior district is Canada. Across our northern boundary lies a rich empire with a dollar-hungry economy. What more natural and proper development could there be than for the balance of trade between our two nations to be restored by the shipment of iron ore from Canada to American steel plants? That our Canadian friends have iron ore and lots of it is a conviction growing in their minds as well as ours. Heretofore their prospectors have looked chiefly for the precious metals, but they are becoming iron conscious, and I shall be greatly surprised if new and important iron ore discoveries are not made in the next ten years.

Already significant beginnings have been made. There is the rich Steep Rock Mine northwest of Port Arthur, developed by a Canadian syndicate with the assistance of Cyrus Eaton of Cleveland; there is the Michipicoten area north of the Canadian Sault, which is fast becoming an important producer under the gifted leadership of Sir James Dunn; there is the old and still tremendous Wabana deposit in Newfoundland; and then there is the breathtaking new discovery, situated partly in Quebec and partly in Labrador, which is being explored jointly by the Hollinger interests of Canada and the Hanna interests of this country. It lies in that no man's land where the exact boundary awaits survey to determine the "height of land," but already this new deposit is known to have high quality and apparently tremendous tonnage.

Port Arthur and Michipicoten ship on the Great Lakes interchangeably with Duluth and Marquette, while Wabana ships by sea, and the new Quebec-Labrador area would go to sea not far from the St. Lawrence. Should necessity arise, it seems clear to me that ocean-borne ores would come to Chicago by new St. Lawrence channels long before Chicago steel plants would move to Boston. Other Canadian finds are already in the whispering stage, and it would be a very foolhardy geologist indeed who would dare assert that there would be no more.

To this point, all that I have endeavored to establish is that the number of years that will elapse before we have exhausted the type of ores which the steel industry in the Middle West is now using will be much greater than the alarmists would have the public believe. Make any allowance you wish, however, for error in this reasoning and there still is no cause for apprehension. Remember that the change-over to low-grade ores will be gradual. There will be no interruption. The public will not even be aware of the substitution. When the rich ores are all actually exhausted, the plants in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Youngstown, Detroit, and Chicago will go right on making steel. It will be business as usual because the second-rate ores of the Lake Superior district can and will do the full job.

In fact, for all practical present purposes it can be said that the low-grade ores are capable of doing

the full job indefinitely, since the reserve tonnage of those deposits is so astronomical that their life is beyond estimating.

Feature writers like to use phrases that sound impressively technical, and in discussing these ores the word taconite has lately come into wide vogue. Personally, I find it confusing. It means different things to different people, and even for the same person it changes meaning as the context changes. The truth is that the mother rock from which the iron ores were formed is a very ordinary thing around Lake Superior. It is widely disseminated and covers thousands of square miles in the vicinity of the iron ranges. Taconite in Minnesota and jasper in Michigan are, of course, chemically different but the significant fact is not so much their difference as their likeness. Along with other forms of low-grade ore in the area, they bear around 35 per cent of iron as compared with about 50 per cent for the high-grade ore we now ship. Nature found ways to remove the impurities from this country rock and bring particles of iron together in one place to form ore. Man can do the same thing. Engineers call the process beneficiation and the product concentrate.

4

THE industry is turning first to the iron-bearing rocks in which the minute particles of iron are magnetic. One well-informed expert has estimated that the concentrates from this group alone would add 5 billion tons to the reserves of the district, or fifty-five years of life at the full rate of the 1942 peak. The economics of the method by which this beneficiation is to be accomplished are still marginal, but the physical process is fully understood and proven in basic principles. It involves mining the rock by familiar open-pit practices, grinding it to a fine powder, selecting the iron particles by the application of magnetism, and then making artificial pellets from the iron in a size to suit blast furnace requirements. All of this is at the pilot plant stage right now. Commercial installations will, of course, bring improvements and economies, but no well-informed person in the industry has the slightest doubt as to the ultimate feasibility of the process.

Nature has been so generous in handing the American people the vast rich deposits of the Mesabi range that mining men haven't had to apply their ingenuity to these problems earlier. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't be attacking them for a great many years to come if it were not for two factors. The first is the uneven distribution of ownership in the 2 billion tons of natural ore. Some steel companies have less than others, and this puts competitive pressure behind the inquiries into beneficiation.

The second factor of acceleration is the impact of wartime wage increases on the production of under-

ground ore. It takes five times as much labor to mine a ton of underground ore as one that comes from an open pit. Hence a horizontal wage increase is five times as costly. If this process goes on, beneficiated ores could very soon become cheaper than underground ores of much higher quality.

Where the iron particles are not magnetic, the know-how of beneficiation is less advanced at the moment but the quest is on. The principal group of ores is that where the iron is present in the form of hematite. There the tonnage is many times greater than that of the magnetite — certainly enough for another hundred years of 1942 shipments. Flotation of the particles on soapy froth such as is practiced in the copper industry has been tried but the technical difficulties have not yet been mastered. One sure way would be to take advantage of the fact that the application of heat to hematite will cause it to become magnetic, but adding this initial step would cause these ores to be non-competitive in cost with those that are magnetic to begin with. Here again no informed person doubts that the answer will be found. It is certainly closer than the application of nuclear energy to industry, or production of gasoline from coal, both of which the public takes for granted as being just around the scientific corner.

The author of "Steel: the Great Retreat" is frightened at the capital cost involved in the beneficiation plants which large-scale handling of low-grade ore would require. How strange that sounds when one remembers the talk of the thirties that we had reached a mature economy in which there would no longer be an outlet for the savings of the nation.

Remember we have between twenty-five and fifty years in which to do the job. The capital required for such plants will be but a down payment on what I suspect must be made available if our nation is to go to nuclear energy as a source of industrial power, and that is a challenge which all of us would take up joyfully. I should guess also that it would be less than what will be spent on the technological revolution going on right now in coal, where company vies with company in building beneficiation plants to remove the impurities machine mining brings in.

And Mr. Barloon worries also about the cost per ton of the final concentrate produced by beneficiation from these second-string ores. The cost will, of course, be higher. Mining three tons to get one is expensive, but there will be many offsets. The first will be taxes.

The second will, oddly enough, be quality. If new plants ship a concentrate averaging 65 per cent iron, they will pay the same freight per ton, both rail and vessel, as a mine shipping natural ore that is but 50 per cent iron; and that will be an important competitive advantage.

And the third will be improved production at the blast furnaces because the physical structure of the

concentrates will be better than that of natural ores. Ore when simply lifted from its place and put on cars is like any other pile of dirt. It has particles of assorted sizes, from fine grains to large chunks. Blast furnace men don't like that. They want openings in their burdens through which hot gases may rise upward for the reduction of the ore. They would call ideal a burden in which every particle is just like every other particle and of an agreed size. It is precisely that identical and ideal size which the new beneficiation plants will be able to accomplish, and the resulting improvement will justify a higher cost.

Nowhere in all this is there cause for alarm. It is merely the familiar pattern of gradual change in the industrial scene with problems yielding to technological progress in normal sequence.

Even the defense problem that might be caused by an alleged shortage of Lake Superior ore seems to me greatly overrated. Apart from the fact that the next war may not be a steel war, this fact seems clear: in this gradual change-over process there will always be enough Lake Superior ore available to supply to their full capacity the steel plants normally dependent on those sources. Stockpiling need be considered, therefore, only for the seacoast plants that use foreign ores.

And it is fantastic to suggest that the changing iron ore situation would cause Middle Western steel plants to be abandoned and replaced by new ones in the East, but solely to round out the argument, I add a comment or two on that point. The first is that steel plants should be built at market. That is where the customer is and the plant that is closest serves him best. I don't quite see how Illinois and Indiana could be served with steel from New Jersey when it now would take a train fifty-four miles long to carry the steel that my company produces in a single month. Multiply that by the vastly greater tonnage of all the steel mills in the Middle West, and the staggering burden that it would place upon the railways becomes apparent.

Then, there is the question of scrap, the indispensable raw material of the open hearth. Scrap is produced at every factory that uses steel, and unless we are going to move all our Illinois and Indiana factories back East, the scrap will be here and not there. By the time we haul the scrap to New Jersey and the steel back, the added cost will look like the national debt when compared to the moderate and gradual increase in raw material cost that will follow a change-over from natural to beneficiated iron ore.

So let's relax and not worry about iron ore. The American people scare easily. And they are jumpy right now for many good reasons. Let's not add to the national headache by putting up danger signals about a problem that isn't bothering the steel industry at all. There will be Lake Superior iron ore for a long, long time.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A veteran of the 26th Infantry Division (the old Yankee Division), JAMES McCONKEY is now working for his Ph.D. at the University of Iowa. "I am working on a novel and living in a 25-foot trailer, and am not sure which has diminished my personality more. . . . I hope to have a dual teaching-and-writing career, a combination more and more people seem to be attempting these days. The man Houlihan evolved from my interest in Joyce, Frank O'Connor, Yeats, and my own grandparents."

HOULIHAN'S SURRENDER

by JAMES McCONKEY

HOULIHAN, a white-haired old giant with a slight stoop, came to live at Mrs. Goetz's rooming house the day after his wife was buried. His face was a dark tan from a lifetime of peering from the cab of a freight locomotive, and there were little squint-wrinkles around his red-veined eyes, and he had a big blunt Irish nose and his hair was long and curly and fell down over his forehead in a defiant sort of way.

Mrs. Goetz, looking curiously out at him through a hole in her faded chintz curtains while he paid the Yellow Cab driver from a big wad of bills tied together with an old piece of string, was angry with him for his size. He was even taller than she was, and she was a good six feet; and he probably outweighed her by at least twenty pounds. He stumbled against the curb, and then pulled himself up on the sidewalk with the absurd clumsiness of an elderly lion. He was not at all like that little prune of a man, Mr. Kramper, who slept in 4A, right under the attic, and had mouse eyes and a mouse squeak for a voice.

She had expected her new roomer to be another sentimental little man like Mr. Kramper, a sickly old gentleman she could first feed and then order about, and she felt a great irritation with Mr. Kramper that Houlihan shouldn't be so; for Mr. Kramper had been the one who arranged that Houlihan should get the room. Mr. Kramper had been Houlihan's fireman on the New York to Pittsburgh freight run for ten years, and had told her (his voice trembling with pride and excitement)

what a good man Houlihan was, that he had been devoted to his wife and spent all his leisure reading books; but Mr. Kramper slyly had not mentioned how massive Houlihan was.

The seventeen years since the death of her husband, in which period she had been sole master of fifteen roomfuls of people, had imparted to Mrs. Goetz a sense of dictatorial supremacy which was strengthened not only by her height but by her hard-muscled and heavy arms and legs, and by the wisp of blond hair under her nose. The look of Houlihan alone, standing on the doorstep and insistently ringing the bell, was a challenge to her. She let the bell ring for a couple of minutes, becoming angrier all the while, and then walked slowly out the front hall to the door, opening it halfway. "You don't need to wear out the bell, Mr. Houlihan," she said with all the irony of her soul. "I've been waiting all afternoon for you to show up, and couldn't get my shopping done."

There were recent food stains spattered on his baggy brown trousers, and he was wearing a faded green smoking jacket with holes burned in the sleeves and on the lapel. Mr. Kramper's clothes were always neat and clean and he kept a deodorant on the shelf above his washbasin. Mr. Houlihan smelled of tobacco. He acted as if he hadn't heard her remark, and looked right past her, squinting in the gloom as if he didn't see her at all. She had intended to lead him up to the fourth floor and show him his room, but instead she pressed the key into his hand. "Room 4B," she said sharply. "I change

sheets every two weeks and no sooner, and if you wipe your shoes with the hand towel it'll be a dollar extra. I don't allow smoking in bed, and your rent's payable in advance, six-fifty for the week."

Only then did he look at her, and the look he gave her was a contemptuous one. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and pushed twenty-six dollars at her. "Here's a month's rent," he said, and his voice was gruff and deep. He had a gold tooth in front that gleamed when he talked, even in the faint light of the single bulb that glowed behind the dust of the glass chandelier above. "And I'll be pleased to you, Mrs. Goetz, if you don't bother coming into my room at all. I'll buy my own sheets, and have them washed, too, and I don't want any *woman* sniffing around and putting *my* room in order."

His voice was somewhat like that of the Irish cop who shouted at the traffic outside, and there was something in the sound of it that commanded respect; but Mrs. Goetz was angry at the way he pronounced the word *woman*: it was sacrilege, what with his wife just dead and buried. She didn't say anything, however, while he picked up his suitcase and started up the wide stairway. He stumbled on the third step from the second floor landing, where the carpeting had a hole in it, and she shouted after him in fine satisfaction: "Watch your step, old man!" And after he had silently made the turn at the second floor and started up the creaking third flight of stairs, she leaned over the banister and shouted up the stair well: "I reserve the right to look into the rooms I rent whenever I want to, *Mister Houlihan!*"

Old Kramper was still in bed; at six o'clock she usually brought him his supper if she didn't hear him moving about, but this day she waited until seven-thirty.

2

AFTER Mrs. Goetz, silently and hostilely, had carried away his supper dishes, frail little Mr. Kramper lay long in bed, quivering both with anticipation and with the fever which his cold had brought. He had heard the sounds Houlihan had made, climbing the stairway, and heard him cuss a little as he tried to unlock his door in the dim light of the hallway; and then Mr. Kramper heard bangs from the room next door as Houlihan apparently changed the position of the bed and desk.

Mr. Kramper thought Mrs. Goetz might come up when she heard the noise, and demand that the furniture be put back where *she* wanted it; for, when Mr. Kramper first moved into his room, he changed the position of his desk, and threw into the wastebasket a picture that had been tacked on the back of his door. It was a color picture from the Sunday *Mirror* which displayed Deanna Durbin in a sweater; not the kind of picture for an old man's room at all. On Saturday, Mrs. Goetz cleaned up

the room while he was out for supper, and put the desk back where it had been, marking the spot with chalk on the floor where it belonged; and she straightened out the crumpled picture and tacked it back on the door. Sunday morning, she accosted Mr. Kramper in the downstairs hallway as he was stepping unobtrusively out to attend the early Methodist service, and told him not to tamper with *her* pictures. "Besides," she said, "it's good for an old man to look at a young girl with big breasts once in a while." And then, to his dismay, she brayed loud and long, and the sound followed him as he ran out the door and ducked around the corner by the drugstore. He had never been able to invite his cronies in the Brotherhood or the Borrowed Time Club up to his room because of that picture. It was shameful, but there was nothing he could do.

Tonight, he kept expecting a rap on the door from Houlihan, after he got himself settled in his room; but Houlihan never came. For a while, Mr. Kramper enjoyed his sorrow and made the tears come to his eyes; but then he remembered that Houlihan had always been like this. You always had to go to Houlihan, for Houlihan never came to you: he was too noble and proud a soul for that. Probably Houlihan was waiting in his room now for *him* to call. Mr. Kramper hastily pulled his trousers over his pajama pants, and trotted over to knock on Houlihan's door.

Houlihan opened the door part way, squinting at Kramper. "I thought it was the old hag," he muttered, but never showed any gladness that it was Mr. Kramper instead. He left the door open, and Mr. Kramper hesitantly entered, and sat himself down on the edge of the single chair in the room, like a nervous young life insurance salesman, while Houlihan fell down heavily upon the bed. Houlihan's coat was slung across the foot of the bed, and his suitcase, lying open, was in the far corner of the room, and in it were some soiled shirts. The rest of the suitcase must have contained books, for he had books lined up across the back of the desk, and other books spread out over the bed. He had apparently been lying on the bed with his shoes on without first removing the bedspread. Mr. Kramper noticed, shocked, that he had no picture of Mrs. Houlihan in the room.

"I thought you might be lonely," Mr. Kramper said awkwardly.

Houlihan relaxed on the bed, lit his pipe, and picked up one of his books, leafing through to find his place. It was *Stories of Red Hanrahan* by Yeats, W. B. Mr. Kramper coughed against his sleeve, and then offered: "I know how it is, Houlihan, when you first lose your wife. I remember how lonely *I* was, after my wife had gone." He always had been self-conscious with the word "death," and usually would find a means of circumventing its use.

Houlihan had started to frown, but went on with his reading.

"You're looking well, Houlihan, for a man that's just lost his wife."

Houlihan's lips moved as he tried to concentrate on his reading. Mr. Kramper noted once more the jumbled condition of the room, and felt a sudden surge of pity for his old engineer. "Houlihan," he said softly, "poor Houlihan, you're a lost soul now like all the rest of us."

Houlihan threw the book down savagely and jumped to his feet, towering over Mr. Kramper, who promptly sank far back into his chair and lowered his head. "I'll be greatly indebted to you, Mr. Kramper, not to offer me any of your dewy-eyed condolences," he said coldly.

Mr. Kramper, though embarrassed, still was impressed by the way Houlihan could *talk*. It was the Irish in him, he supposed. Houlihan always had been able to use beautiful language whenever he was angry. Mr. Kramper sighed to himself, thinking how splendid it would be to have Houlihan in the Club. Once Houlihan became a member, it would be only a matter of time before he became president. The thought of it so excited Mr. Kramper that he spoke up immediately, though Houlihan was still glowering down at him. "Houlihan," he said, "now that you're alone, you'll want to join us in the Club. Lots of the retired Brotherhood, like Kirkpatrick and Phillips and Jorgenson, belong to the Club, Houlihan."

"What club?" Houlihan was staring at him, his eyes narrowed. "I never was one for joining clubs and wasting my time with silly chatter, Kramper."

"You had your wife *before*," said Mr. Kramper with proper sorrow. "We call ourselves the Borrowed Time Club, Houlihan. There's clubs all over the United States, and we limit ourselves to members over sixty-five who've retired." Mr. Kramper hadn't noticed the glint in Houlihan's eyes, and he went on at a great rate: "Oh, you'll have yourself a wonderful time, Houlihan. We meet Tuesdays regular, and several other times a week too. There's a hundred of us in the city, and we meet for dinner and then talk."

"And pray tell, what do you talk about?" Houlihan's voice was strangely courteous, but Mr. Kramper did not take warning.

"We have a lot in common," he said, waving his arms vaguely.

"Like your ages and your ailments, I presume?"

"Now look here, Houlihan!" In his zeal, Mr. Kramper clambered suddenly from his chair and stared upward into Houlihan's massive nostrils. "You might as well get used to the fact that you ain't a boy no longer. Young people don't care much for the old ones. My boy lives in San Francisco, and writes me a letter maybe once a month. The Borrowed Time Club keeps old folks like us from being lonely, and sees to it that we get a good turnout when we flee this mortal coil."

"This mortal coil, eh?" Houlihan said viciously.

"So you spend your measly metered time sniveling from funeral to funeral, do you, old man?" In his wrath, his nostrils contracted and dilated, and Mr. Kramper's gaze was frozen involuntarily upon them. "You spend your time looking at stiff white corpses and congratulating yourselves that you outlived *that* one, I suppose? I'll be pleased to you, Mr. Kramper, not to bother me with such cowardly notions." He strode angrily back and forth across the room, and with each step the floor boards creaked; and in his fury he stumbled against Mr. Kramper's feet.

"You'll find time hangs heavy on your shoulders now, Houlihan," Mr. Kramper prophesied meekly, pulling his feet into the chair. "You won't be knowing what to do with yourself."

"Won't, eh?" Houlihan was coldly superior, and he pointed at his books. "Do you and your rheumy old friends think that Yeats belonged to a Borrowed Time Club? Or George Bernard Shaw, maybe? Or Jesus O'Christ Himself?"

"*He* died young," Mr. Kramper protested weakly, dismayed by the sacrilege.

"'Tis of no matter," Houlihan said savagely. "Had he lived to a ripe old seventy, do you think *He* ever would have succumbed to such a mental affliction? Any Englishman might fall to such an evil state, but never Shaw nor Jesus Christ."

"You've read a lot of books, Houlihan," said Mr. Kramper, his eyes shining with worship. "That's one of the things I always looked up to you for. Whenever they used to ask me who I was fireman for, I'd say, 'Houlihan — you know, the one that reads the books.'"

Houlihan softened at the tone in Mr. Kramper's voice, and stood over him again, his voice trumpeting: "Keep your intellect alert, Mr. Kramper. 'Tis the only way. Read about the heroes of classical antiquity, and try to be like them. Be like Caesar. Be like Ulysses."

Mr. Kramper was overpowered by this literary knowledge. "But didn't Caesar and this other fellow have wives and families?" he inquired respectfully. "In them days, folks had more kinfolk, and their children stayed to home. It was the auto that brought the curse to old men, Houlihan."

Houlihan impatiently waved aside the remark. "'Tis no wonder that the Irish have written about the great heroes, Mr. Kramper," he thundered. "Shaw wrote about Caesar, and Joyce about Ulysses, though he weakened and gave him a Jew name. The Irish don't cry out their loneliness."

Mr. Kramper persisted in following his own peculiar logic. "But didn't Shaw have a family and friends?" he asked.

"Shaw's still alive, Kramper," Houlihan said grandiloquently. "Still alive at ninety, and younger'n you at twenty. Been living on herbs and grass like a cow, and thriving on 'em. Sure, he had a wife, and he married her so that she could clean up

his room *quietly*, and never bother him. It was none of this deary-deary attachment, and 'Do you have your rubbers on, Georgie?' There's a man for you, Kramper: he knows a woman's just out to tie herself around the male like a spider, but he never let himself be drawn into the web."

Mr. Kramper's face lost color. He clenched his fingers together. "For shame," he said with passion. "You're forgetting your own wife's passing, Houlihan."

"Certainly I am," replied Houlihan coolly. "The only way to be a man is to live for the future, and don't you ever forget that, Mr. Kramper. Keep hope in your heart, and be damned to the past, even if it means chasing moonbeams through the mist, like Red Hanrahan following the hounds. I presume, Mr. Kramper, that you never heard of that great symbol of Ireland, Red Hanrahan?" Houlihan's voice had gathered so much in loudness that it reverberated throughout the room. Fortunately, Mr. Kramper had no opportunity to admit of his ignorance, for downstairs Mrs. Goetz began to hit vigorously on the water pipe with a hammer.

"That slut!" cried Houlihan; but Kramper was horrified. "Be quiet, Houlihan, she'll be up here with the hammer next," he breathed, and decided, for the present, to give up his plan to bring Houlihan into the Club.

Houlihan lay back on the bed, rubbing his shoes on the bedspread and smiling. He picked up his book once more, opening it at the middle. Mr. Kramper, slinking toward the door, noticed how red and bleary Houlihan's eyes were. "You ought to be getting yourself some glasses, Houlihan," he said, but Houlihan only snorted derisively. As the door closed between himself and Houlihan, Mr. Kramper gathered a bit more courage. "We're meeting this Tuesday, Houlihan," he said. "I'll stop by on my way, to see if you've changed your mind."

Houlihan made a vulgar sound, and Mr. Kramper shuddered, remembered his cold, and coughed loudly.

3

THE next day Houlihan bought himself a hot plate and a tremendous bag of groceries, and carried them to his room, brushing right past Mrs. Goetz although she shouted at him that she wasn't going to allow him to smell up *her* house with his cooking. He locked himself in his room, and left the key in the lock; and never came out that day, or the next, or so far as anyone could tell, any days thereafter. Mrs. Goetz pounded on his door whenever she smelled the food, and the occupant of room 4C put in a complaint; but Houlihan never replied to Mrs. Goetz's noisy threats.

Mr. Kramper knocked on Houlihan's door Tuesday as he had promised, and the following Tuesday

as well, but Houlihan refused to go to the Club. Once, however, he did favor Mr. Kramper with admittance, and Mr. Kramper saw the rows of canned goods stacked on the floor, the empty cans in the wastebasket, and the slab of ham tied to the window handle and dangling outside. "You must be like a bear," he said in astonishment, "holing up for the winter!"

"Certainly 'hole' is a fine way of describing this room which you were so kind to find for me, Mr. Kramper," Houlihan said; and it was the only reference he had ever made to Mr. Kramper's efforts in his behalf. Rooms for six-fifty were hard to find downtown, but Mr. Kramper bore Houlihan no ill will. "Don't you *never* go outside?" Mr. Kramper asked incredulously.

"Only when the clock strikes midnight," Houlihan answered poetically; "and then but to sally forth to replenish my cans of pork and beans."

"You should go outside, and sit in the park," Mr. Kramper said. "The air is fine these cold evenings." He was beginning to worry about the welfare of his old engineer: the room was dusty, and had begun to smell of dirty clothes and perspiration; and the bed had never been made, nor a sheet changed. Houlihan himself was unshaven and dirty, and his clothes looked as if he never took them off when he went to bed. There was a tear on Houlihan's trousers by the knee, and a bruise on his cheek. He looked thinner, but his voice was robust as ever. His eyes were strange and bulging, like the eyes of a suffering old monk.

"What do you do all day long?" asked Mr. Kramper in wonderment.

"Cook my meals and read my books and chase the moonbeams of my youth," Houlihan retorted promptly. "I'm living as a *pure* essence, Mr. Kramper, as I've always dreamed of doing; and I'll never compromise myself, now that I know the meaning of *all* existence, with the chatter of dulled and wizened old men."

But Mr. Kramper had not mentioned the Borrowed Time Club at all, having given up Houlihan as a lost cause. This remark aroused his hope once more. "I've told them about you, Houlihan," he said. "They were all disappointed you haven't come. There's Kirkpatrick, who used to take your Pittsburgh run on your day off: *he'd* like to see you again."

"I'll see Kirkpatrick in hell first," Houlihan replied, the glint back in his eye. "He never was as good an engineer as me, and his intelligence was a disgrace to his race."

"That's true enough," Mr. Kramper loyally admitted; but his concern for Houlihan's welfare made him speak further. "*He's* looking fine and healthy, though, and you're beginning to resemble one of them moonbeams you talk about."

This drove Houlihan into a high rage. "I'm a better man than any of your doddering old idiots,"

he shouted. He grabbed Mr. Kramper by the shoulder and shook him so that his bones clattered together. "You tell them so, do you hear?"

But Mrs. Goetz was pounding at the door again, and shouting, "Shut up your noise, Mr. Houlihan! I've never had police disgrace my house, but they'll come after you, Houlihan, if you don't behave!"

Houlihan let go of Mr. Kramper's shoulder, and Mr. Kramper shrank back into the chair, wiping his forehead nervously, wondering if Houlihan had gone insane. "Oh, God in Heaven," cried Houlihan in despair, "won't the world ever allow man to fight his struggle without the voice of woman? She's my own dead wife, Mr. Kramper, come back to haunt and scold: 'Clean your room,' 'Keep your feet off the bed,' and 'Don't *you* shout at me, you wicked old man!'"

"Houlihan!" shouted Mr. Kramper in dismay. "Don't never talk like that no more." And then and there, Mr. Kramper closed his eyes, bowed his head, and said a silent prayer.

Houlihan was a man out of his senses. "You blithering fool!" he shouted. "You expect God to help *you* or *me*? We're gone, Kramper, past all hope or care. God loves the spring and growing things, and lets the old wither and die." He threw himself back on his bed with such force that one of the slats gave way with a loud crack, and he moaned for a time until some saliva caught in his throat, and then he coughed and reached for his book.

Mr. Kramper, shivering, watched him, and couldn't hold back his surprise. "Why, that's the same book you were reading the first night," he cried. "And you're still in the middle!"

Houlihan wound up and threw the book. It smashed the window glass and flew out into the air, its pages flailing like a monstrous many-winged bird. And then Mr. Kramper looked into Houlihan's red-smeary eyes, and he finally *knew*. "Oh, Houlihan," he bleated, "oh, Houlihan, you're *blind*!" He scrambled out of the chair and bent over the bed. "What is it, Houlihan? Can't you see at all?"

"I can see *you* well enough," Houlihan cried, and made a lunge for Mr. Kramper as he rose from the bed, but Mr. Kramper easily side-stepped him and he fell against the wall, breathing hard. When Houlihan straightened up again, Mr. Kramper could see the tears on his cheek following the course of the wrinkles there.

"Get out of my room," said Houlihan in a voice suddenly calm, and Mr. Kramper went.

4

WITH a certain fear, Mr. Kramper told Mrs. Goetz about Houlihan. "Like an elephant," she said, "he's come here to die. Or like an old lion." And in sudden anger, she turned upon Mr. Kramper: "I told you I wanted no dying men here."

"I think it's his eyes only," Mr. Kramper whispered. "His eyes were red when he first came, but they are almost burned out now. One of the men in the Club, Frank Gibbons, has cataracts in both his eyes. They never bothered him for years. Now he's blind. When he comes to the meeting, his son brings him; and we have to feed him with a spoon."

"A man like that's apt to burn down my house, cooking his meals," Mrs. Goetz said. "I won't have him cooking meals up there, or smoking, either."

So, when she prepared Mr. Kramper's supper, she made a double portion of it, and told him to leave half with Houlihan. Mr. Kramper knocked on Houlihan's door, but Houlihan made no sound. "Tell him," Mrs. Goetz shouted up the stair well, "if he doesn't unlock the door tonight, tomorrow I'll have the police."

Mr. Kramper sighed when he heard that, but Mrs. Goetz remained at the bottom of the stairs, waiting; and Mr. Kramper could do nothing but repeat what she had told him to say, his voice trembling and apologetic. Then he left the food by the crack at Houlihan's door, hoping the smell would bring him out.

Houlihan must have eaten the food, for the next morning the dishes were stacked outside his door, empty; and the marvel of it all to Mr. Kramper was that they were neatly washed and dried. When he told Mrs. Goetz of that, she nodded wisely and decided not to call the police; and it was obvious to them both that the struggle was almost over. When he tried Houlihan's door just before he left for the Club, Mr. Kramper found it unlocked. Houlihan was sitting in his chair, and he was wearing his green smoking jacket, and his face was smoothly shaven, although there was a nick under his nose from which the blood still came.

"I have decided to come with you, Mr. Kramper," Houlihan said with grave detachment. "Please give me your hand and help me down the stairs."

And so, with Houlihan leaning on his shoulder, Mr. Kramper led him down the stairs and out the door; and all the time, Mrs. Goetz was staring after them, but neither she nor Houlihan said a word, and Mr. Kramper wasn't even sure that Houlihan had seen Mrs. Goetz.

The meeting of the Club that night was short, for the men all planned to attend the funeral parlor where Kirkpatrick, who had died unexpectedly, lay waiting for his burial. Their clubroom was on the second floor of a frame building over a grocery store, and contained nothing but chairs and tables. Pictures of all the deceased members decorated two walls, and Kirkpatrick's picture stood on the chairman's table, surrounded by roses. The men were all glad to see Houlihan, both those who knew him from his railroading days, and those who only knew him from the many admiring stories which

Mr. Kramper had related. Mr. Kramper led Frank Gibbons over to Houlihan, and the two men shook hands; but Houlihan refused to talk about his eyes.

Houlihan said little, but smiled at the men around him when they came close; and he went with them in one of the long black cars which the undertaker had provided. They arrived at the funeral parlor about eight o'clock; and only then, before he saw the casket, was Houlihan the man he'd been the week before. "Funerals," Houlihan declaimed loudly, "are the sign of the decadence of our age, Kramper. It's the savage returned to us that makes us gloat over a dead soul, a shriveled-up nonentity that unfortunately, like *all* of us" — waving his finger dramatically at Mr. Kramper — "survived his wits and *real* friends by ten years. That remark was made before me by a greater man than any of us, by Mr. Shaw himself; and 'tis a sign of his greatness that to him it doesn't apply."

Mr. Kramper was beginning to regret Houlihan's presence now as much as he had been hoping for it before; and he began to turn crimson, so much had he identified himself with his old engineer; but Houlihan became pale and rigid as the men, one by one, filed past him to look at Kirkpatrick, who lay surrounded by flowers in his casket, his cheeks puffed out unnaturally, and a strange tranquil expression on his face. A smell of flowers and chemicals was heavy in the air, and somewhere in the distance a cracked phonograph record played austere and heavenly organ music. Some of the men had brought little red roses with them, and after gazing upon their deceased Club member, dropped their tokens into the casket. Mr. Kramper sat next to Houlihan in one of the little folding chairs, never dreaming that he would wish to look into the casket, too; but Houlihan rose abruptly, and Mr. Kramper rose with him, and together they looked into the casket. Houlihan suddenly put his hand down and rubbed it across the face of Kirkpatrick, feeling the waxen smoothness of his cheek; and then he rubbed his own. Then, with composure, "I'd like to go home now," Houlihan said in a low voice; and Mr. Kramper instantly breathed, "Yes, yes,

of course," and he scurried for the entrance of the building, holding Houlihan's hand. Mr. Kramper nodded and whispered apologetically to the men looking curiously after them: "It's the excitement, I think. Don't worry your heads about *us*. I'll hire a taxi."

When they reached the rooming house, Mr. Kramper led Houlihan upstairs, where they met Mrs. Goetz, who had just finished cleaning up Houlihan's room. Clean, starched sheets were on the bed, the floor had been washed and a clean rug placed upon it, and all the books had been neatly piled into an old soapbox and put on the shelf in the closet. She had taken the empty cans from the wastebasket and put the still unopened ones alongside the hot plate in the hall. "Now, Mr. Houlihan," she said firmly but not without kindness, "I'm taking this food of yours downstairs, and I'll use it for your meals. I'll cook your food and have Mr. Kramper bring it up to you, and you mustn't try to do any more cooking of your own. And for the sake of everybody, you won't be able to smoke unless Mr. Kramper or I am with you; and please take off your shoes before you climb into bed, and try to be more considerate of your neighbors than you have in the past."

"All right, Mrs. Goetz," said Houlihan quietly, and he walked slowly over to his bed and felt the pillow as he had the cheek of Kirkpatrick. "All right," he said again, and then started to lie down on the bed, but sat in the chair instead. Mrs. Goetz began to smile, and she was still smiling when she closed the door, and that night she cooked T-bone steaks for both Houlihan and Mr. Kramper.

"Mr. Kramper, I think we have turned your friend into a *gentleman*," Mrs. Goetz said triumphantly, when she brought the food to him; and Mr. Kramper nodded and said that he was sure she was right.

And Mr. Kramper, who stayed awake most of the night with his ear next to the wall that separated his room from Houlihan's, never heard anything from Houlihan except when his shoes dropped on the floor, and then a muffled cough, followed by the sound of his regular, quiet breathing.

I Personally

"Since my father and two of my three brothers are ministers," writes HANNAH SMITH, "and since my husband is a high school teacher, my

life has been spent mainly in an atmosphere of high idealism and low budgets. I was brought up in a succession of parsonages in Illinois, Nebraska, Arizona, Colorado, and California, and attended a small church college where I met my husband, the best argument I know for coeducation."

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

by HANNAH SMITH

1

MY FATHER'S church, the True Believers' green stucco chapel, was just one block north of the Holy Roller tent. It was clear across town and on the other side of the tracks from all the nice churches, the plentiful Methodists, the respectable Baptists, the stanch, austere Presbyterians, and the exquisite, unattainable, mysterious Episcopalians.

While I knew, as did the other True Believers, that my father was preaching the only way to Heaven and that all the cold and worldly churchgoers over there on Naylor Street were on their way to a less desirable neighborhood, I still guiltily and constantly dreamed a single, rosy, beautiful day-dream.

In this dream I was rarely a Methodist or Baptist, occasionally a Presbyterian, but most often an Episcopalian. Sometimes in the dream I was seated in a velvet and ebony pew behind a little gold door with my name on it. Since I had never been inside an Episcopal church (my father ranking such an edifice only slightly less dangerous than the Bijou movie palace), my mental picture of its interior was vague. More distinct was the dream in which I, like the languid Louise Antwill, brought a note to Miss Watrous, the sixth grade teacher, asking that I be excused early on Friday afternoons for a month to prepare for confirmation.

What confirmation was I hadn't the slightest idea, but oh, what a lovely *Episcopal* sound the word had!

Every year at the beginning of the school term I'd be given a sheaf of cards to fill in. These information blanks were always intrusively personal. Inevitably every year the cards asked the same question: "Denomination?" Inevitably there was a struggle between my conscience and my desire to write "Episcopal" in the little blank. Once I tried to evade the issue by writing only initials, but my card with its alarming "T.B." brought an embarrassing personal interview with the teacher.

On Sundays, surrounded by the rows of the godly, listening to the rousing gospel songs, hearing my

father preach with his usual dedicated intensity, I scourged myself for the carnal shame that haunted me during the week. After all, wasn't this life only a short period, no longer than a breath, before the immeasurable span of eternity? Why should I mind having to wear long modest black stockings instead of delectably indecent pink half socks like Louise Antwill's? I'd be spending an eternity in unimaginable bliss while Louise, not even a very good Episcopalian, would undoubtedly be turned promptly into that outer darkness my father mentioned so often with such gloomy relish.

Nevertheless, most of the time my thoughts, like Martin Luther's, turned to church reform. If only the True Believers would sing songs like "Faith of Our Fathers" instead of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder"! If only Sister Beulah Hammond wouldn't always "get blessed" at the second stanza of the second hymn every Sunday morning, rise from her seat, waving a handkerchief in her frail little hand, and walk across the front of the auditorium and back, eyes closed, tears running down her cheeks!

The bareness and smallness of the building bothered me only slightly. The Christian Scientists' building was no better, although they did have rosebushes up their front walk and a handsome glass-encased bulletin board at the curb.

What I resented, in fierce high-church silence, was the noise — the loud amens, the hearty two-step hymns, the offertory performed on a trombone or musical saw. My aesthetic sense was not so well developed that I knew exactly what was wrong with "The Holy City" shimmeringly rendered by Joe Peluti on his rosin-smeared saw. I only felt vaguely that the saw would never replace the pipe organ at St. Cyprian's over on Naylor Street.

Even more annoying was the fact that all the eccentrics and paupers were drawn inevitably into the True Believer fold. My father believed simply and honestly in the Bible injunction of "Whosoever will." His handshake, infuriatingly, was as warm

and hearty to old Mahan Priestley, the epileptic ragman, as to Miss MacInness, my adored music teacher. Because of this abhorrent democracy, we had a colorful collection of True Believers.

There was Samuel Bridges, the balding, lugubrious bachelor, who rose in nearly every service to give a graphic pain-by-pain account of his latest gallstone attack.

There was the extremely modish-looking Mrs. Forbes Westfield, who testified broodingly on Wednesday nights that Jesus Christ was her lover, ehum, and pal.

Worst of all, there were the Potters, thirteen of them, the city welfare department's chief problem, as well as one of mine. Collectively, the Potters would hardly have been able to total a normal I.Q., and in one or two of the children this screw-loose state bordered on near-idiocy. To see the Potters approaching the chapel on Sunday morning was a sight not easily forgotten. The procession usually began with William, the vacant-faced eldest, pulling two or three of the smallest Potters in an ancient coaster wagon. Full of holy zeal, William speeded up as he came in sight of the sanctuary and often broke into a shambling run at the last lap. Behind the wavering old wagon trooped the little girls, noses running, stockings drooping, but splendid in raffish purple and pink taffeta and burgeoning with enormous hair ribbons. At the end of the cavalcade came Mama Potter and her two eldest daughters, faces heavily smeared with pink powder and cerise rouge, their rickety frames hung with spectacular cast-off evening dresses.

Even my father, usually completely myopic toward feminine finery unless it was pointed out to him by some soberly garbed sister, was a little shaken by the Potters' ensembles. He suggested to the Women's Prayer and Mission Band that they outfit Maybelle and Clarine and Mama Potter in something a little more suitable for church. Abandoning the undressed African for a month or two, the Band turned out three outfits that would have done credit to Evangeline Booth herself.

The Potters received the new wardrobes with tear-smeared happiness. The next Sunday morning and every Sunday thereafter, however, they still appeared in their floating veils, beaded chiffons, and dirty satins. My father's doom-filled words on the subject of immodest, worldly dress often brought forth a shrill "Amen" or "Praise the Lord" from Mama Potter and once she even waved a long green, bead-encrusted glove as she crowed.

For the rest of the True Believer congregation, there was no such sartorial freedom. The Church Manual, which often seemed to outrank Holy Writ in authority, specifically forbade any kind of frivolous array. If an evangelist arrived festooned with gold watch chain, he was apt to find the faces in the Amen corner uniformly forbidding.

It seemed to me that these wardrobe restrictions

fell with unfair heaviness on me. As the minister's daughter, besides the no mean task of getting to Heaven, I also had to Set an Example to the other small fry in the church. This, according to my father, consisted of wearing my sleeves and skirts a little longer, my hair a little plainer, and my face a little shinier than any other True Believer, junior grade.

By the time I got to high school I had devised a complicated double life featuring a lipstick and powder puff in my school locker and a set of safety pins on the band of my skirt by which I could quickly lengthen or shorten it to suit my environment.

Not for me the fate of Lola Houser, a fellow True Believer, who took my father's words to heart and went him one better. Lola swept through the halls of Greenleaf High in a middy skirt lapping her ankles and played volleyball in long black gym bloomers only slightly less roomy than the *Graf Zeppelin*. Greenleaf High received her delightedly. Her picture adorned a large illicit poster reading "Five Thousand Dollars Reward! Suspected of Robbing the Males." One of the cheerleaders nearly broke up the game with Lanson High by appearing between halves in a pair of ankle-length black Turkish trousers.

2

THOUGH I dealt in my own subversive Episcopal fashion with the complicated code of morals devised by those two difficult men, my father and St. Paul, there was nothing I could do about the revival meetings.

Informal as the regular services at our church were, there was at least a comforting familiarity about them. My father's sermons possessed a certain fundamental strength and dignity. While the song service featured rollicking merry-go-round rhythms, there was the warm feeling of shared, hearty singing in them. When little Sister Morley prayed, she seemed nothing but frail bones and incandescent spirit. You knew that she was talking directly and beseechingly to an old and understanding Friend. At times on Sunday morning, I loved the True Believer chapel wholeheartedly.

Evangelists and revival meetings, however, were something else again. I was sure that St. Cyprian's never had revivals. Undoubtedly there was something not quite refined about conversion. I had once passed the Presbyterian church about nine in the evening and instead of "Are You Ready for the Judgment Day?" or "Almost Persuaded," the Presbyterians were happily singing, "Safely Through Another Week." My theology was weak but I had a misty idea that Episcopalians and Presbyterians were probably born converted. It was only the True Believers who must kneel at an altar rail and wrestle with their sins.

The True Believers seemed very well satisfied with my father's stern, loving, but unspectacular messages for everyday fare. However, when time came to call an evangelist, they wanted something a little more spicy. They wanted Manning Smith, the Hell-fire Preacher, who could describe the tortures of the damned so convincingly that the janitor was usually kept busy tiptoeing around opening windows.

They wanted Betty and Bill Austerhold, the husband-and-wife team who enlivened the song service by playing on at least ten different musical instruments, some of which were peculiar only to the Austerholds — the mandoharp, for instance, and the trombolin.

Evangelists possessed varying professional standing in the Church. As in the theater world, there were the top stars, the Broadway performers, whose slates were full for three or even four years ahead. They preferred a certain financial guarantee if they consented to minister to the morals of your community and they expected accommodations in the best hotels. Below them, corresponding perhaps to the better road shows, were the lesser known brethren who would come for a "free will" offering and a bedroom and meals at the parsonage. Still farther down the ladder were earnest but unknown exhorters, the Amateur Night boys, who sent out hopeful letters or prospectuses, describing their abilities and hinting that only through their services could authentic converts be gathered into the local True Believer fold. They didn't mention money at all; what they wanted was an audience.

The chapel went without a new coat of paint one year and engaged the services of Jonathan Cuppy, the Ozark Oriole. Brother Cuppy was a big, florid man built on the general lines of William Jennings Bryan. He cultivated the same manner and wore his hair in the same flowing mane. His biggest drawing card was his life story. On the night it was scheduled, the church was invariably packed to the doors. With lip-licking fervor, the good brother described in detail how sinful he had been, how unutterably wicked; how he and his pals had drunk gallons and gallons of liquor, gambled, thieved, and caroused. The story of his conversion, dealt with briefly in the closing ten minutes of the service, definitely came as an anticlimax.

The majority of the evangelists were sincere. They might use vaudeville tactics; they might have developed a certain professional interest in souls as statistics; but they were straight, honest men, Sinclair Lewis to the contrary.

Occasionally, however, a charlatan would slip into the exhorters' ranks. He would usually be uncovered as a faker before many meetings had passed, but since the Devil can deceive the very elect, the True Believer chapel had its share of these mountebanks.

There was "Caruso" Scottston, a former grand

opera star who could sing you straight to the gates of Heaven and preach you to the black doors of Hell. Unfortunately, the sheriff from a neighboring county caught up with him to discuss some devious financial deals he'd left behind him.

Then there was Sister Helen Brinson, referred to by the irreverent as Hell an' Brimstone. Sister Helen hit the chapel with a primitive vitality that nearly shook the grayish plaster from the walls. All the old men nodding sleepily in the middle pews sat up, blinked their eyes, adjusted their earphones, and moved to the front seats. Their fervent "Amens" had all the enthusiasm of the bald-headed row in a burlesque house.

My father, usually so obtuse about hypocrisy among his flock, could be observed squirming uneasily after the first night of the buxom blond evangelist's campaign. Sister Helen's clothing was modest, long, dark, and demure, as became a True Believer. Perhaps it was only accidental that the sober silk clung so lovingly to breast and thigh or that the sister's gestures had such a feline, sinuous quality.

Sister Brinson's meeting had been scheduled to run for two weeks but it ended abruptly the first Sunday night after a service in which she had left the platform and roamed chummily up and down the aisles while she preached.

Perhaps the revivals were not as frequent as it seems now, looking back. I always picture the chapel, however, with a broad white sash of canvas across its middle, reading "Revival Meeting Tonight 7.30. Everybody Welcome."

3

I MIGHT earlier have become an out-and-out rebel against all this if it had not been for the shining white sainthood of my father's life. Through the constricted confines of his theology gleamed the impeccable radiance of his mighty faith. Hearing my father preach or pray and seeing his selfless life at home and in his parish, I could not doubt that he did know the true and only path to Heaven.

Because of him, I tried valiantly to fight down my secret Episcopalianism and be a bona fide True Believer. I even tried once to be a Christian Worker. During the closing minutes of a revival service, I stepped across the aisle and spoke to a fluffy-haired, flirty-eyed classmate of mine, known to be a regular attendant at the Bijou and the Starlight Roller Rink.

"Wouldn't you like to be saved, Maurine?" I quavered doubtfully, my face redder than her Djer Kiss lipstick.

She gave me a single withering, superior glance. "Hmph!" she said, and looked wearily away.

Ignominiously, I stole back across the aisle to my seat. That was the end of my evangelistic career.

For my father I stood, Saturday nights, with

wavering knees and crimson face on a busy street corner four blocks from Greenleaf High School sharing a hymnbook with Brother Mahan Priestley and squeaking miserably through "Throw Out the Lifeline" and "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." Any light that I shed voluntarily on the corner of Main Street and Colman Avenue would have had to be located by radar.

After listening to my father preach, I went through intensive and agonizing soul-searchings. When he talked one Sunday morning from the text, "Every idle word must be accounted for at the day of judgment," I spent the next week muttering careful, squeezed-out monosyllables.

My father, in his own spiritual strength and grandeur, never seemed aware of my attempts at righteousness. In fact, I knew that he regarded me as a rather light-minded, frivolous creature more interested in making divinity fudge on Wednesday night than in attending prayer meeting. He looked upon my hysterical, last-ditch fight for flesh-colored silk stockings as a form of incomprehensible feminine carnality.

As I grew into an obnoxious, belligerent, argumentative adolescent, constantly bringing home from school questions regarding companionate marriage, social dancing, and — horror of horrors — evolution, he found it necessary with increasing frequency to take me to the Lord in prayer. I was required to be present at these conversations. My father, always a gentleman, did not believe in discussing me behind my back, even with God. I knelt beside him, full of inward rage, frustration, and misery, while his impassioned voice mounted confidently toward the Throne.

With repentant tears trickling down on the seat of the splintery golden-oak rocker, I still thought irrationally how much easier and pleasanter it would be to have been born an Episcopalian.

Long after, when I was grown and married, I achieved my goal. I attended an Episcopal church, one of the oldest, most venerable, most respectable in America — the Bruton Parish church in Williamsburg, Virginia. Black-hatted and white-gloved I sat, in the very chair the royal governor had once graced two centuries before. In my hands was a real Book of Common Prayer. I stood rapturously for the responses. I knelt, facing forward, on a real velvet hassock. Down the carpeted aisle, through the chastely beautiful sanctuary, came the robed processional, chanting in celestial antiphonies. All those rich ecclesiastical phrases I'd treasured for so long floated dreamily through my mind — chancel, lectern, font, and liturgy. Even the air seemed to have a faintly Episcopalian scent, compounded of burning candles, sandalwood, and the very best mink coats. I sighed a long, fulfilled happy sigh.

It was somewhere between the reading of the Whitsuntide lesson and the second anthem that I began to feel restless. A sense of indefinable ennui was creeping over me. I squirmed a little in the defunct governor's red velvet chair. I found myself looking around, missing something, someone.

Then I knew. I had been listening for Sister Hammond's frail little shout, watching for her waving hand. The service all at once seemed stilted, foreign. I felt a wild, heady desire to open up strong and clear with, "I remember when my burdens rolled away."

I would never, never be an Episcopalian.

"I PERSONALLY" AWARDS

OVER the years the *Atlantic* has established the claim of publishing the work of more new writers than any other national magazine in the country. This is particularly true in the field of nonfiction: here, the *Atlantic* has brought into print a succession of autobiographical narratives, the true stories of men and women who have shared with the reader the truth, the humor — and the difficulties — of a singular experience.

Remember Mary Antin, the impassioned immigrant, who spoke for millions in her touching account of "The Promised Land"; Lucy Furman, who wrote so tellingly of the Kentucky mountaineers; Eleanor Risley, operating — on a shoestring — her apple orchard in the Ozarks; and far north, Hilda Rose on her Stump Farm. Bill Adams and Hugo Johanson sent us their salty stories of the sea.

There were Nora Waln in the House of Exile, Agnes Newton Keith in North Borneo, and Betty MacDonald on her incomparable Egg Farm. Every one of them broke into print in the *Atlantic*.

To encourage more of such stories we have set up three awards of \$1000 for the three best autobiographical narratives submitted before December 1, 1948. The stories must be drawn from experience and be veritable in detail. The awards are not intended for war material, and fiction will be disqualified. The length is for each writer to determine, but we suggest manuscripts of not less than 2500 words or more than 25,000 words. The narratives may be written by an amateur or by a professional writer. On page 1 the contestant should write "For the I Personally Award"; and postage, we hope, will be enclosed. — THE EDITORS



The Atlantic Serial



ARABESQUE

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

In 1941 Armande Herne, the attractive wife of a British petty officer in the Atlantic service, finds herself the object of considerable suspicion in Syria. Her British passport is only a partial defense against the mistrust of British Field Security, represented here by the persistent Sergeant Prayle.

Wishing to identify herself with the war, Armande accepts a commission from David Nachmias of the Jewish Agency, who wants her to persuade Sheikh Wadiah to sell to the British the machine guns which he has been deviously collecting. Armande visits the Sheikh's mountain village in the Lebanon, where she charms the chieftain out of his arsenal.

Armande does not realize that her coup comes as a complete surprise to both Captain Fairfather of British Field Security and Major Montagne of the Free French, who captured the receipt for the guns but not the weapons. Sergeant Prayle is sent to Palestine to interrogate Armande. He

discovers her working as a secretary in the British headquarters in Jerusalem. He believes in her innocence, but Armande knows that the higher-ups are suspicious of her.

Armande's colonel sacks her without explanation, and when she protests indignantly to headquarters, Captain Fairfather tells her that she has been black-listed because the machine guns for which she negotiated were actually delivered to the Jewish National Home. He says that her only chance for security — and a new job — lies in Cairo.

Armande is desperate enough to try anything. She teams up with a Rumanian cabaret girl, Floarea Pitescu, in a somewhat undressed dance act at the Casino. When Sergeant Prayle surprises her in her routine, she discovers that she is very glad to see him. He tells her that the British will want to enlist her for espionage if Rommel breaks through. Late in the evening they drive out to the Nile, and his passionate need of her sweeps away her resistance.

27

NO LONGER was the Middle East a fortress. The dusty beaters had driven the game out of their deserts into Tunisia, where the guns, appreciative of such excellent shooting, stood ready for the kill. After dark the streets of Cairo blazed again with light.

Armande was happy as she had never been in all her life. Since Cairo had never been occupied, the underground organization had not been used for its original purpose; nevertheless, it had been busy. She began to suspect that her work for Mr. Makrisi — Montagne still kept up his disguise — was becoming pointless, and that her irregular wads of Egyptian pounds were no longer really earned; but her content, eager and warmhearted, was undisturbed. She had an object, and it was Dion Prayle.

His commission had done him good. During those first precious days in Cairo and Helwan, he had accepted his commandant's offer. He was Captain Dion Prayle now (in his service it seemed to be understood that one remained a lieutenant for only a month or two) and, to her very private delight, he looked the part. Sergeant Prayle was eccentric and misplaced; the same face on Captain Prayle was

that of a hard-bitten original. Whether he really liked his commission she could not decide. He obviously adored and mothered his Field Security Section, but he complained that a sergeant's life had been more amusing. One had not, he said, to put up with the conversation of officers.

It was odd that her surrender to Dion should have made the writing of letters to her husband easier than before. At her first attempt she had been overwhelmed by a sense of disloyalty; this precluded all emotion and any soulful effort towards intimacy, while encouraging the transmission of mere news. John had seemed delighted, and had replied with a letter that certainly showed no sense of strain and, for him, was almost witty. Thereafter their long-distance relationship was simpler. John had ceased to be an unsatisfactory ambition, and had become just a dear person with whom years ago she had lived.

To her amusement Dion Prayle was jealous. He maintained in obscure but uncompromising phrases that John should be told and that proceedings for divorce should be started; he could not be made to see that it was wicked to upset John in the steady

course of his personal war, and that he might become careless of his life. It was not enough for Dion to lay it down that she had never been in love with John, and that by now he must suspect it. John was not the sort of person to suspect anything which was not in full view.

Just now Dion was absent for a few days, and Armande had an appointment in a secluded alley of the Cairo Zoo. She was fond of the zoo; its overhanging creepers, its vast African trees, and running water made it the coolest of Egyptian gardens. She had chosen it as discreet and neutral ground for a first meeting with her chief. His request for a rendezvous was unexpected, and perplexing in that it had been passed to her by letter from Dion instead of through the normal channel of Mr. Makrisi. The meeting meant, she supposed, that she was to be thanked and that her employment was at an end.

No Gestapo could have got anything out of her, for she never saw cause or effect of what she did. She was often used as a postbox, and sometimes she was simply told to be away from her flat on certain dates. It was about time, she admitted, that they closed down. The war was far away, and their branch of Intelligence could be left to the small and efficient band of professionals. Mr. Makrisi still seemed very busy, but she was not. She had no idea what he was up to; he was conspiratorial and uncommunicative.

Major Furney passed her seat, stopped to examine some decorative cranes in a paddock behind the bushes, repassed her, and then sat down.

"It's curious, Mrs. Herne, that we have never actually met before," he said.

"Isn't it? I knew your face in Beirut, but not your name."

He thanked her very formally for her work. She couldn't help feeling as if she were leaving school with an elaborate certificate. She realized, however, why Dion liked Guy Furney. The precise face could not hide the fact that he enjoyed himself. He might lack depth of character, but not of insight.

"What I wanted to ask you," he said, "is — what are your personal relations to Mr. Makrisi?"

"Personal?"

"Yes."

"We have very little personal relationship. He's not a man one can help outside the game. He doesn't — well, he doesn't encourage me."

"You like him, I suppose?" Furney asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm so sorry for him."

"I'm glad your loyalty isn't engaged in any way," he said with a smile of relief.

"My loyalty is exactly where it always has been, Major Furney."

"Yes," he answered with some embarrassment. "I know it and I knew it. But that question is now — academic. Mrs. Herne, I have given Mr. Makrisi no work whatever for weeks. Does that surprise you?"

"I suppose he has been making contacts for the future," she said.

"He has been busy?"

"Yes."

"I'm uneasy."

"Major Furney, it is utterly inconceivable," Armande answered directly, "that Major Montagne would work for the enemy."

"I'm happy you said that, though it only confirms what I too was sure of. But then, what is he doing? Can you watch him?"

"I've no organization except his."

"I'll give you the start of one," he said. "Do you remember a certain Rashid, Rashid Abd-er-Rahman ibn Ajjeun?"

"Rashid! Very well."

"He's devoted to you. He'd take your orders, and raise a few of his people to carry them out."

"Where is Major Honeymill?"

"D.S.O. Posthumous, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no! Poor Toots!" Armande protested, fighting the shock of sorrow and her tears. "I didn't know! I haven't spoken for months to anybody in the army but Dion."

"They were playing hell with Rommel's communications, and based on nothing themselves. They knew it couldn't go on forever."

"And Rashid got clear?"

"Yes. He was wounded. But he is out of hospital now, and at a loose end. Would you like him?"

"Yes."

"That's all, then. You can ring me up and fix a meeting whenever you need to talk. Is there anything else that you think you are likely to want?"

"Could you help me to pay a debt?"

"How much?"

"Not that kind. A debt of friendship. You know the Rumanian I used to dance with at the Casino, and her mother?"

"Indeed I do. A pure Byzantine type. Most interesting."

"I want her to have a real chance. Aren't there empty planes going to South Africa?"

"There are. But I can't go shipping off pet cabaret girls. Only generals can do that."

"Suppose she had worked for you and her life were in danger?" Armande suggested.

"Is it?"

"Not in the least. But if it were, you'd put her on a plane."

"Oh my aunt! And her mother?"

"Yes."

"You guarantee them?"

"They keep right out of the war. All Floarea Pitescu wants is to dance in the capital of the winner. I think Johannesburg would be a good stop on the way."

"I can't do it. Really I can't," he said regretfully.

"Whisper, Major Furney. The simple soldiery will believe anything."

Armande could not keep back her tears. All this while she had forced down a grim, military cover upon her longing for a lonely minute in which to weep for Toots; and now, thinking with half her mind of that day when he had first met and comforted her, the memory of his voice and of his laughing words, which she had just used in his own tone, came back to her too vividly.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Mrs. Herne," Guy Furney was repeating. "In the end I'm just a mass of files like the rest of them. Give me their passports, and I'll do it. I promise you it shall be done."

He patted her hand in agitation. Armande choked on a hoarse sound that was neither a laugh nor a sob. She who had never deliberately used tears on a man was childishly, ironically, astonished to discover how effective they were.

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Two days later Rashid came to see her. She sat him, gallantly protesting, down on a sofa while she mixed a drink of heroic size. Drinks, furniture, flat — none of them belonged to her. This floating life did not disturb her, for Dion Prayle represented the reality of past and future. Her present, wrapped in this chrysalis of government possessions, was unimportant.

Rashid had collected a Military Cross, and he pointed out the ribbon with a proud and reverent forefinger. Armande, too, was impressed, for the army, after nearly four years of fighting, had no medals later than the green and purple of the pre-war Palestine campaign — and Rashid was most certainly not entitled to that.

He had none of the inhibitions of the British officer. He told the exploits of Honey-mill's force in full and fantastic detail.

"We fought with the British as equal to equal. We have beaten the Germans. And now we will deal with the Jews," declared Rashid as a peroration.

"Rashid Bey, shame on you!"

Rashid, unabashed, happily patted the unseen knife that lay upon his lean stomach.

"*Willah!*" he cried in his deep, gargling voice. "Only the British stand between the Jews and this! And the British are going. Everyone says so. Then we shall have Americans. I have seen them. They can fight. But they will not fight for the Jews as you did."

"Café talk, Rashid," she said in gentle reproof.

"I repeat what they say," he admitted. "Who am I to know the truth? Perhaps there will be no Americans. Perhaps the British will stay forever, and my home is ever open to them. But I think they will leave us alone with the Jews."

"And if you are — haven't they a secret army called the Hagana, and trained by us too? Are you so sure?"

"I am a soldier, Mrs. Armande. I have no other

trade, and I understand it. I know the Hagana. They will die like men. They will win every battle against us, but they cannot be everywhere at once. The Jews are surrounded by Islam. If we raid them, they can punish us. They will. But they cannot occupy, for there is nothing to occupy. How then will they force us to peace?"

"Damascus isn't far away."

"By God, Mrs. Armande, you should be a soldier! Your thought has the sharpness of the sword. Well, let them take Damascus — but they would need more warrior Jews than there are in the world to hold it!"

She let Rashid rave himself out, aware that in the unfamiliar, exciting presence of a European woman he became intoxicated by his own personality. Then she told him as much as it was wise for him to know: that the British Secret Service (to him, who would be impressed by it, she used the unnecessarily dramatic name) wanted information about the movements and contacts of a Mr. Makrisi. When he was ready, he could come to her flat, meet this Mr. Makrisi, and also leave with him, so that any men he might post in the street could recognize the person to be followed.

Armande herself knew where Mr. Makrisi was likely to be found at certain hours; thus, if she were not suspected, it was child's play to put Rashid's men back on his track when they lost it. She did not like this assignment; it tasted of treachery. She hoped with all her heart that Montagne was not engaged in anything that might be taken over-seriously, and that his activities could be unobtrusively checked in good time.

During the next three weeks Rashid called several times at the flat for additional information on Mr. Makrisi, and once with a dashing, blustering demand for money to reward his men. He was evasive, difficult, exclamatory, claiming results but refusing to admit what they were. Armande, taught by Wadiah and clients at the Casino, knew her Arabs. It was not hard for her. Whether Christian or Moslem, they resembled European woman so much more than European man.

At last he came to report, grinning with such candor and confidence that Armande knew perfectly well he was determined to tell no more than half the truth.

"It was easy," he said. "He told me in the first week. He wanted me to work for the Arabs."

"Against whom?"

"The Jews, of course."

"That would be against us. Against me, Rashid Bey."

"I do not know. Perhaps. But who am I? What do you know of Makrisi's friends, Mrs. Armande?"

"Nothing," she answered, smiling. "I want you to tell me."

"Believe me, Mrs. Armande, I am out of politics. I am a soldier."

"You are all a soldier should be, Rashid Bey."

"By God, you are beautiful! I would give three hundred black goats to your father for you."

"But I am already married, my dear."

"Then we are friends for always. Brother and sister as if we had played in the same dust. And I will never betray you."

Armande suddenly saw light. This magnificent creature, nervously advancing and retreating, was full of mistrust. He suspected that he was being double-crossed, and that, so far from being engaged to report on Mr. Makrisi, Makrisi was really engaged to report on him.

"Rashid," she said, "tell me — why do you think I doubted you?"

"By God, I thought no such thing!"

"But if you had thought so, why would you have thought it?"

Rashid grinned with delight at this courtesy.

"Why, Mrs. Armande? *Billah!* I will tell you why. Because your Makrisi incites people against the Jews, yet he makes secret visits to a house of Jews."

"What about it? Can't he have friends of all religions, as you and I?"

"Yes, but he is not open as you and I. My men have watched him. He goes secretly to this house. Two of the Jews he meets in a café near the station, also secretly, and once he gave them a small parcel. This is not mere friendship. This is what you told me to find. But what does it mean? Am I the hunter or the gazelle?"

"The hunter," she said, "and a very good one, my dear. I can't make any more of this than you, but we will see what they think higher up."

Armande decided to test Montagne herself before she made any report, and arranged, by a pretense of aimless boredom, for him to invite her to dinner at one of the small native eating places he patronized. She had a cautious respect for Montagne's acute instinct for danger, sharpened by years of official and unofficial intrigue, but she reckoned that there would be nothing for him to suspect so long as she stayed within a part that was or had been natural to her. She gave deliberate expression to the worst in her: moody resentment of her treatment by David Nachmias. She had, in fact, very little resentment left, only a broad, warm, healthy anger. It was absurd to brood over a petty black-listing by Security when she was the trusted agent of a department of Intelligence at least as secret and as important to the war.

It needed little effort of the imagination to throw herself back to the raw sensitivity of that Armande who had been the loveless, shrinking, black-listed dancer at the Casino. She was too clever openly to abuse Nachmias, but she became depressed and bitter over her wine and allowed Montagne to draw his own conclusions. He drew them.

"In the jolly little dog kennel," he said, "where

I hide myself among the excrement of my own thoughts, I pass my time in making a special study of Jewish politics. Jewish Palestine is an explosive, Armande. It can be made to destroy itself. And there is no lack of those who want it to. Some for one motive, some for another, will help them blow themselves up. You and I, because we hate them. I have hated Franco. And Pétain. And the Catholics and monarchists who pervert my general. . . ."

Armande watched his eyes. They should have been burning, but they were cold, even a little hazy, at the bottom of the deep sockets.

". . . But they were decent little hates — mere dislike, shall I say? — if I compare them to my hatred for this Jewish Agency. After Hitler and his crew are in hell, the Zionists will be the only National Socialists left in the world."

Armande's acting broke down in indignation.

"That isn't so!" she cried. "They are nationalist and they are socialist, I know. But you cannot call them Nazis. They have to be strong in order to create."

"Strength through joy," spat Montagne, "and the same pretty tactics. We were in their way, eh? Little people in their way!"

Armande had ruined her chance of discovering more. She was sure that he was not suspicious, but ordinary common sense would prevent him telling any more of his anti-Zionist intrigue to a person who was not in sympathy.

There was now plenty to tell Guy Furney. She called him up. He asked her to lunch at a garden restaurant on the banks of the Nile, where the grilled pigeons were famous and a table could be discreetly arranged among shrubs at a distance from other guests.

"That's a very clear story," said Furney when she had made her report. "Now let us see what facts there are." He smiled at her as if to disclaim any superior intelligence. "We know (a) that Montagne blames the Jews for his misfortune. Personally I think he should blame me or the French or this damned GHQ which shifted me out of Beirut at the beginning of the case. But there it is. (b) That all his fanaticism has been channeled into this personal grudge; in fact, that he's running amok. (c) That, in contradiction to all this, he is mixed up in an intrigue with Jews. It would all become much clearer if we knew what sort of Jews — Zionists, anti-Zionists, neutrals, or just plain black market. Well, I have the addresses of Montagne's enigmatic friends, and I'll find out their names. Then, I am afraid, we shall have to pass the whole case over to Security."

CAPTAIN DION PRAYLE crossed and recrossed his long legs as he sat in a comfortable basket chair and discussed current business with Laurence Fairfather,

in the Jerusalem Field Security office. Prayle's section had a roving commission in Trans-Jordan, which allowed him, if he wished, to drop in at conferences anywhere between Palestine and Bagdad.

"Has uncle's loaf found any solution to our problem?" he inquired.

"It has," Fairfather replied. "I'm going to ask the Jewish Agency."

"Trip up, bo, and you'll get a bowler hat."

"Of course. And Palestine Headquarters know I wouldn't complain. That's why they have given me a free hand. I think I'd like David Nachmias on this job."

"Have a heart, bo!" Prayle exclaimed. "Here's Montagne nipping up through Trans-Jordan, dressed as an Egyptian with a packet of filthy postcards under his arm, and you want to tell the Jewish Agency what we know and ask for co-operation. It's cuckoo!"

"What's he really carrying, Dion?"

"Detonators? Machine-gun parts? Something small and valuable."

"They could steal whatever they want in that line from the dumps and ordnance depots without any trouble at all. I think he's carrying money."

"Why not use the bank?"

"Bank transfers can be traced. I also suspect that Montagne or his backers want to be quite sure it reaches the right hands — and so the personal visit."

"The Agency are lousy with money," Prayle remarked.

"Exactly. So it isn't for them. And anyway Furney and Armande are quite certain that Montagne is working against the Agency. He's obviously dealing with the Stern people or the Irgun Zvai Leumi, and don't ask me where one begins and the other ends. Anyhow, the first thing to do is to see the Agency. You'd better come with me. Useful contacts, and they won't eat you."

Prayle reluctantly agreed.

The Jewish Agency building was a government office in miniature. It was low, massive, and dignified, suggesting a bank and a fort. The interior, with its gray stone and paneling, was restful. Fairfather exchanged some chat with the clerk at the slitlike reception desk — beneath the counter of which Prayle felt sure would be a tommy gun — and turned back with a grin as they went upstairs.

"Ordinary chaps, just like you and me," Fairfather said encouragingly. "You're going to enjoy Josh."

Josh was dressed, with a proper degree of negligence, in light English tweed, and his face had a cultured diffidence which suggested an Oxford or Cambridge background. He was indistinguishable in type from one of the High Commissioner's young officials.

Josh welcomed Prayle unaffectedly and charmingly. He evidently knew something of Prayle's general duties along the frontier, and offered him the hospitality of any of the Jewish colonies from Dan to the Dead Sea; his face had a weary strength, while he talked, which showed him to be neither so young nor so conventional as he had appeared at first sight. Prayle guessed that this perfect façade of Anglicism must be extraordinarily useful to the Jewish Agency; the brigadiers would be impressed and cordial. Yet one could not say the manner was assumed. Whatever his opinions, this official was a whole and a fine whole.

"Did you just bring Captain Prayle round to introduce him, or is there something special?" Josh asked, coming to business.

"Both. It's a long story, Josh. There's a gentleman called Montagne whom you will doubtless remember."

"Not my department, Laurence."

"I know. I'm not going to bring that up."

"He escaped in '42, didn't he?"

"Yes, he is now known as Makrisi."

"Makrisi!" Josh exclaimed.

"I thought you might be interested. Makrisi is traveling up through Trans-Jordan, pretending with great success to be an Egyptian peddler. He's watched all the way, but he doesn't know it. Imperialist secret police, Josh."

"They want some help as usual, I suppose?"

"They do. Makrisi is carrying what I believe to be money."

"It is money."

"Any information on the source of the cash?"

"I am not sure. Certainly Gentile."

"Where's Makrisi going, Josh?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Give me credit for some intelligence! I know he isn't working for the Agency."

"Thank God for that!" said Josh sardonically.

"All right. More cards on the table. Dion Prayle has watched — well, facilitated his journey as far as Deraa. From Deraa and over the Palestine roads we shall watch him together. But if he plays hide-and-seek with us in a town we shall lose him. Our men haven't the experience. The police could possibly trace him right to his destination, but we rather want to keep this affair in the family. And so, Josh," he added sternly, "do you."

"Why?"

"Because you don't want a nice, open airing of the Montagne-Herne business. Who were those troops who collected Wadiah's arms, Josh?"

"It does seem a case where I could be allowed to coöperate."

"Come off it! You damn well know it is."

"What do you want?" Josh asked.

"I want Makrisi to deliver the money, and then I want the whole lot detained by the Hagana, and Makrisi handed over to me."

"Utterly impossible, Laurence. You know I can't use the Hagana against the Irgun Zvai Leumi."

"Well, if I mayn't have some hot numbers from the Hagana, can I have David Nachmias?"

"Why don't you arrest Makrisi now?" Josh asked.

"Because we have no case against him till he delivers that money. If we arrest him now, he is sure to produce a good story to account for it."

"I see. Well, we'd better ask David Nachmias to come up. He's in his office downstairs. I wouldn't mind so long as you both keep out of trouble."

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DAVID NACHMIAS greeted Fairfather with affection and Prayle with the slightest hesitation, which then was wiped away by a dignified and self-depreciatory smile. Prayle, with his acquired knowledge of the Arab, could make more of Nachmias than he could of the ambiguous Josh. The man was a foul criminal, but just like some sheikh of the Beduw caught out in an atrocity that he couldn't deny but for which he couldn't be touched. David Nachmias might, of course, know nothing at all of Prayle's paper warfare against him for the sake of Armande, but Dion was certain that he did.

Nachmias listened to a flow of Hebrew which sounded more like a speech than a story. Prayle noticed that Josh in Hebrew was far more fiery and animated than he was in English.

"What do you want me to do?" Nachmias asked Fairfather.

"To go with us wherever Montagne is going."

"And then?"

"I shall take Montagne away. No possible scandals, David. He has done well for us, and we just want him to cool down. We might send him to East Africa, or give him a chance of dropping in France."

"And what about the people he has come to see?" asked Josh.

"Unless I recognize one of them as wanted for a crime, there's nothing I can do. Have you any idea who they are likely to be?"

"As individuals? No idea at all," Josh replied.

"I just knew that Makrisi had been collecting funds for the Irgun Zvai Leumi. I didn't know he was Montagne, and I didn't know he was on his way up from Egypt."

"Forgive my suggestion, Captain Fairfather," said Nachmias slowly, "but I do not understand how your service can keep Montagne shadowed without him suspecting it."

"That's easy, David! We're not shadowing him. We're helping him. Mr. Makrisi has done good work for a certain department. When he pretended to have business at Deraa, they pretended to believe him and passed us the word. Prayle, here, has booked him a room at a disreputable hotel."

"But why not travel through Palestine?"

"Because the thought of a peculiar Gentile calling at the office doesn't please the Irgun one little bit — wherefore he feels safer traveling through Trans-Jordan."

"Yes," said Josh, "I think you are right. And Montagne must have insisted on coming in person. But, Laurence, there is one thing I can't understand — why is he doing this?"

"Because, Josh, he thinks the Jews have done him dirt."

"Revenge? Simple revenge?"

"Josh, I thank my God daily that I am not concerned with the sordid means by which that department of yours — the one you have nothing to do with — acquires arms. But they shouldn't get caught. And when they do get caught, they should not let the innocent suffer. And above all they shouldn't panic and tell David here that he's got to get them out of it or carry the can back himself. Am I right, David?"

"Your imagination, Captain Fairfather!" murmured Nachmias. "How I envy it!"

"Montagne looks very far ahead," said Josh thoughtfully.

"Do you agree that the Irgun is your worst enemy?" Prayle asked Josh.

"No! You are!" Josh answered with sudden asperity. "Because you will not see there are two points upon which we can never give way. Free immigration and the right to self-defense. When you prohibit both, you force us to illegality and you may force us to violence."

"And if we allowed both, we should force the Arabs to violence," Prayle retorted. "One hell of a price to pay for your nationalism!"

"Nationalism? Well, call it that if you like. But doesn't its quality count for you, Captain Prayle? Where did nationalism ever have the beauty and self-sacrifice of ours? When have you seen, since the Middle Ages, rich men giving up their possessions for the sake of an ideal? When have you seen lawyers, doctors, intellectuals, and men who have got used to luxury in the dirtiest of commerce (which was all you would allow them) stripped to the waist and building and planting in a wilderness where there was nothing? You cannot beat such a spirit. A Jewish Palestine is inevitable. Nothing and nobody can stop it."

David Nachmias accompanied the two officers when they left the Jewish Agency. He stumped along King George Avenue, discussing with Prayle the notables of Trans-Jordan, the help they had given in founding the early Jewish settlements, and the strong bonds of friendship that still existed between individual Arab and Jew. Nachmias's implicit belief was quite clear: that the Jews were only in Palestine by favor of the British, and that they could only continue by favor of the Arabs. In listening to him, Dion Prayle was conscious of a

nasty sense of disloyalty to Armande. But David Nachmias was so courteous and reasonable. It was at last easy to see how Armande had been taken in by him.

31

CAPTAIN PRAYLE lay on the hillside, looking down upon the Jordan Valley between Lake Hula and the Sea of Galilee. Whenever there was traffic on the hairpin bends of the road to Safad, he raised his field glasses; the slight movement of elbows stirred the scent of the sweet mountain herbs crushed by his body. Up the valley he could just see a shoulder of Hermon, shining a metallic yellow between the tenuous pillars of cloud that were distilled from its gorges by the cool of evening. To his right, three thousand feet below, the sea, reflecting the last of the sun, had turned a pale magenta, and along the Syrian shore parallel scarves of mist were of so frank a mauve that they reminded him of solemn high teas in childhood and the dress worn by a beloved great-aunt.

Ah, that might be Mr. Makrisi, paddling up the hill astride a donkey. Prayle steadied his elbows and trained his glasses on a bend of the road where the traveler would come into full view. Makrisi had changed the clothes he wore at Deraa, but that beard was his. A darkness between cheek and forehead, which was undoubtedly the hollow of deep-set eyes, made his identity certain. He was dressed in an old khaki jacket from the last war and dusty Turkish trousers. For disguise to be perfect, he should have had a dusty wife marching behind the donkey; but he would pass anywhere, so long as he did not talk too much, as a Moghreby who had settled down in the high borderland of Syria and Trans-Jordan.

Prayle waited for man and donkey to reappear round the last and most northerly bend in the road, where it passed through the edge of a plantation. They did not reappear. He consulted the map. There was nowhere Makrisi could go except a deserted camp site a few hundred yards from the road. Probably he had stopped to rest.

Then came Laurence Fairfather, swinging round the bends on a motorcycle and traveling much too fast. Prayle, watching like an anxious and impotent god what was about to happen to the mortals below him, observed that a civilian lorry on the wrong side of the road would reach the next corner at the same time as the motorcycle. He saw Fairfather take to the verge of the road in a cloud of dust, vanish behind the lorry, come out with a sickening wobble, and recover speed. That imperturbable Laurence always showed off to himself on a motorcycle.

Fairfather stopped at the top of the hill a hundred yards from the hidden Prayle. There he admired the view, sitting astride his bike. Prayle crawled towards the rendezvous under cover of sage and

camel's-thorn, and came within speaking distance.

"If it's him on the donkey," he said, "he has stopped on the road."

Fairfather lit his pipe and continued to admire the view.

"I didn't pass him," he replied, without looking round.

"Have you the foggiest notion what you passed, bo?"

"Nothing at all but a lorry. I hope there are thorns in the soft underbelly."

"There are, damn you! Then he's turned off up the track to the old camp."

"All right. I'll get David. Let's meet at that patch of eucalyptus just over the crest. There's still plenty of light, and we should be able to see down into the camp from there."

Laurence put his pipe in his pocket, jumped on the kick start, and vanished over the hill to Safad.

Dion Prayle had to walk. The section truck, which had dropped him near his present post, was five miles away at a road junction to the south. His route demanded careful planning, for a solitary British soldier on foot was a rare sight outside the camps and towns; his sudden appearance on road or hillside might arouse suspicion. He waited for the dust of a passing truck to conceal his movement, then slipped across the road at the next bend and over the embankment at the farther side. From there he could reach the crest.

When he reached the grove of eucalyptus, Fairfather and David Nachmias were already there. Nachmias had left his car in Safad and traveled the short distance, over a rocky track, on the pillion of the motorcycle. He was smiling as if he had enjoyed it.

"Commended for gallantry," said Prayle. "At risk of death or permanent injury et cetera."

"I do not mind a new experience," replied Nachmias, "though I would prefer a horse. So much of my life is spent . . ." He made a slow, pacific gesture which seemed to imply long, patient hours of sitting in Arab tents and cafés, of waiting upon government officials and Agency politicians in leisurely Jerusalem. "I enjoy a day in the country."

Prayle knew instantly what he meant. It was the sort of phrase he would have used himself. A day in the country covered those dangerous journeys beyond the frontiers of neutral Turkey, or the first night in a new settlement when the joyous, singing colonists put up their tents on a patch of sand that would soon be a tidy village among its orange groves, or all the pleasures of active intrigue in the open air between Bagdad and Damascus.

"Shall we start?" asked Nachmias. "I think, if I may advise, that the edge of the grove is better avoided. The trees are thin and movement could be seen against the going down of the sun. Let us follow that stone wall. We can stand among the thorn at the end, and our heads will be hidden."

Without any sort of insistence David Nachmias quietly assumed command. Prayle was certain that if either he or Fairfather had shown the minutest sign of questioning Nachmias's right he would, as quietly and imperceptibly, have relinquished it. His judgment of the ground was correct; from the wall, screened by bushes, they could see into the deserted camp. There were a few huts, all but one open to wind and weather. A civilian truck — that which had raised the dust for Prayle's crossing of the road — was parked on a strip of cracked asphalt. Makrisi's donkey, forelegs hobbled, browsed on a miniature forest of cabbage and carrot which had gone wild in the former mess garden.

"Are they likely to have put out sentries, David?" Fairfather asked.

"At the way in from the road. Not here. If we go quietly we shall reach the hut."

"Orders, bo?" Prayle asked his senior, tapping the service .45 at his hip.

"I forget the precise and beautiful wording of the War Office, but, roughly speaking, if you plug a civilian before he plugs you, it's murder. And you won't be plugged. Am I right, David?"

"Yes," answered Nachmias. "But I am not sure that you will get Montagne."

"Why not?"

"You could never have followed him to this meeting unless you had known all his movements from the start."

"We certainly couldn't!"

"Then what," asked Nachmias, throwing open his arms as far as the surrounding thorn permitted, "will they think of Montagne?"

"I see. Then we'll have to make the interview snappy," said Fairfather. "Dion, it might — it might just be necessary to cover them to get Montagne away. But we'll go in peaceably."

Nachmias led them along the angle of two walls, bending low behind the roughly piled stones; they came out on a slope of sunburned, tussocky grass which led directly down into the camp, and gave silent and easy access to the closed hut on its windowless southern side.

32

DION PRAYLE felt more and more dislike for the whole business; it was too full of psychological intangibles. To surprise a bunch of potential assassins, in blind confidence that they meant, as yet, to avoid trouble with the army, was hazarding too much on being able to fix one's exact position in the ever changing fog of Jewish politics. This expedition of three was all wrong. They should have called in a carload of police prepared to overwhelm all resistance — though in that case there would have been nobody to resist, for the police always managed to give ample warning of their coming.

They reached the door of the hut unseen and un-

challenged. Laurence flung it open and went in. There were four men seated at a table talking to Montagne. They were dressed as Arab soldiers of the British Army. All had their Arab headcloth drawn lightly across the lower part of the face. On the table was a small, open attaché case stuffed with bank notes, Egyptian and Palestinian. During the first two seconds of amazement and a third while hands moved down to pockets and up again with pistols, Nachmias was speaking quietly in Hebrew.

A man wearing a red and white checked headcloth, who sat next to Montagne, said in English, "Put your arms on the table."

Facing four pistols at a range of two yards, there was no option. The leader unloaded the two service revolvers and handed them back again. Another man ran his hands over the three of them, looking for additional arms. Prayle's still neutral opinion of David Nachmias changed to admiration on seeing that he carried no weapon at all.

"What do you want here?"

The leader spoke a cultured English with some trace of a Slav accent.

"Not you," Fairfather answered in a friendly tone. "I'm not a policeman. I don't know who you are and I don't want to know. My business is with Mr. Makrisi."

"A rescue party. No, Captain Fairfather."

"You know me, then?"

"By sight and reputation. They say you are fond of justice."

"I hope so."

"Watch it!"

Mr. Makrisi was seated at his side, silent and uncaring. With a smooth, efficient, horribly merciful flow of hand and arm, the leader shot him through the back of the skull.

Dion Prayle felt his knees trembling and tried to control them. He was no more afraid than one who sees a deadly accident in the street, but the shock of this cold-blooded execution surpassed anything his emotions could endure without some physical reaction. Montagne was sliding off his chair onto the floor and kicking when he got there. Kick. Twitch. Kick. Twitch. Impersonal as a clock.

"That is what will happen to your agents," said the man in the red and white checks.

His voice carried no threat. It was a tone of regret, as if asking why they did not accept the inevitable.

"He was nobody's agent but yours," Prayle retorted fiercely.

"No? Not in Egypt?"

"Didn't even know he was suspected! Isn't that proof of it?" asked Prayle, pointing to the money on the table.

"It is proof of nothing."

Nachmias let loose a flood of Hebrew, through which his sultry anger rumbled, courteous and incalculably dangerous. He stood square to the table,

not tense as a European, but with all the muscles of his powerful body relaxed in the contempt of the stronger for the weaker.

"I am sorry," he said, turning to Prayle and Fairfather from the table he had so completely dominated. "I was telling them merely that they are unworthy to be Jews."

One of the four men called him by some insulting name; the voice was shrill and unsure, and Prayle gained the impression that the speaker was very young. It was hard to tell his age from the burning black eyes above the headcloth, but the slight figure, the clear, ivory forehead, suggested a boy of not more than fifteen. He was playing with his pistol. Prayle hated carelessness with arms.

"I wish you'd tell that boy to leave his gun alone," he said.

"Afraid, Englishman?"

"Of course I am," answered Prayle testily. "So would you be if you had any sense. He's pointing it at you now."

"Lunatics who fight with children!" scoffed Nachmias.

"*Rak Ivrit!*" ordered the leader.

"No! To you I will not speak Hebrew."

"Ashamed, you spy?"

"Yes. Ashamed. I and my father and our fathers before us, they spoke Hebrew while you gargled in your Yiddish like — like sick sheep. I speak the language of these officers because they are guests in my country."

"And because you take their money," the man sneered.

"David Nachmias," said Fairfather firmly, "has no more taken our money than you did — if any of you are really in the army."

"I have no quarrel with you. I know that you do not wish to be here," the leader declared, as if repeating a slogan of faith. "You would rather be at home."

"As a matter of fact," Fairfather replied, "I would rather be here than anywhere else. But I suppose that is hardly a shooting matter?"

The man seemed disconcerted by this reasonable reply.

"So long as you go when we require it," he answered.

"Good God, bo!" Prayle exclaimed. "Can't you see that attitude will bring more of us?"

"The worse for them!"

"And for you!"

"We accept that," answered the man in the red checks proudly. "For us, in our fight for freedom, death is nothing."

"Hell!" said Dion, exasperated. "So I see! But does it do any good?"

"Be quiet! I have not finished with your other spy yet."

Prayle gave Nachmias a half smile, involuntarily expressing his sense of the absurdity of the charge.

Spy David Nachmias had certainly been, except on his own people; but the word when applied to that bold, quadrangular figure was so small, so empty dramatic.

33

THE leader again attacked in bitter Hebrew. David Nachmias calmly heard him out.

"Crawl to them?" he said reflectively. "Crawl to them? Is it crawling to speak a language that all can understand? Because our manners were too gracious when we were slaves, as you call us, is it a reason for having none in our own country?"

He was silent for a moment, then began to defend his courage, boastful yet dignified as an old Emir justifying his leadership to his followers.

"I have founded colonies. I have filled Eretz Israel with men and women, and arms for their defense. I have fought all my life against Turks, against Arabs, against British. And all of them were my friends. You — you have stolen our sword and refused our wisdom. You hide there in those British uniforms, and who taught you? I did! But I never put a man in their uniform to make war on them. When we fight, it shall be under our own flag and in our own uniform. And never — I tell you, never — whatever threats may be made, whatever words may fly in anger, never will we murder the British. What do you gain by your childishness? That man who lies there, whom you shot, I killed him long ago. I killed him by making a mistake. His blood is on my head, but what leader of men cannot say the same? It was only a crime against my brother. But also, for the sake of my people, I did not bear witness when I could have done so. And that is a crime against God."

Nachmias grimly regarded Montagne's body, a shapeless mass on the floor of the darkening hut.

"Without law! Without law!" he cried, as if in a lament. Then with the first gesture of his whole speech he stabbed a finger towards the table. "You talk of freedom and democracy, but you do not know what they mean. The people can have no freedom if their will is not obeyed. Obey your government, your own Jewish Government. And if still you do not understand, then remember what you heard as children: You shall not separate yourselves from your people."

"We do obey," said the leader, impressed to the point of argument. "But your methods are futile and useless. We only do for you what you dare not do for yourselves."

"Dare not? And with ten thousand trained men instead of your handful of hysterical, suicidal . . . Bah! And with our own money! Where did that come from?" asked Nachmias, pointing to the case of bank notes.

"I do not care where it came from. I shall use it in our fight for freedom."

"Your fight!" cried David Nachmias ironically.

"Your little fight, when all the power of Jew and Gentile is strained to the limit against the greatest enemy our race ever had! What do you know? What do you care? For you Hitler and the British are all one. Have none of you lost parents, wives, children? Have none of you seen what I have seen?"

"And what have you seen, safe here in Palestine?" cried the boy. "My father was killed. My mother was killed. Taken away by police like these police!"

"Then let us tell you how to take revenge. Revenge is not this way. Look, boy! There is that money, and you are told not to care where it has come from. Can you not see that you are mad not to listen to us who know? That money — it could be from the teeth of your mother."

The boy jumped up. He was shorter and slighter than he had seemed at the table. He waved his pistol, pointing it wildly at himself, at enemies imaginary, real; shouting defiance and misery in the raucous Hebrew of his half-broken voice. His rancor seemed to find its outlet in the compassionate face of David Nachmias. He gesticulated towards him with wild reproaches, the pistol in his hand a power, a talisman against further hurt and further pity. It went off.

Prayle and Fairfather jumped forward to catch Nachmias's body, and were stopped short by guns jammed hard into their stomachs. The boy looked at the blood with timid curiosity; then raised his eyes, flashing. They could see him forcing pride into his eyes. The leader took away his pistol and wiped it carefully; he closed Nachmias's hand around the butt and placed his limp finger within the trigger guard.

Dion Prayle assumed that he and Fairfather would be the next. With his hands up he stood there, to his astonishment, thinking. Prayle, observer, watched events happening to Prayle, alien body. The pair of eyes that faced him were completely expressionless, neither hard, nor fanatical, nor pitying. No British soldier had eyes like those. The man was an automaton, obeying, and sacrificing all his emotions for the satisfaction of obedience. The best chance for Prayle, body, was to stand still.

The red and white headcloth gave out its orders. Prayle strained his intelligence to guess the meaning of the Hebrew from its faint resemblance to Arabic. Then the man spoke in English.

"Captain Fairfather, I shall lock you both in this hut while we go. I hope you will realize that we too can be merciful to our enemies, and that you will be grateful."

"If you think I'm not going to try to bring you to justice for these bloody murders —" stormed Fairfather.

"Captain, I am sure you will try. But I am now going to cover you myself, while my friends take away the bodies. One against two — so if you make the slightest movement I shall shoot."

His three companions picked up the body of Nachmias, carefully resting on his chest the hand that held the pistol, and carried it out. Then they returned for Montagne.

"Keep looking straight to your front," ordered the leader. "I am now going to the door, but I can kill you just as easily from behind. When you hear the door shut and locked, you may move. Try the windows, if you like, but they are steel and rusted up."

He closed the attaché case, picked it up, and passed out of their field of vision. They heard the clicks of latch and lock. The engine of the lorry roared.

Prayle put down his hands, and felt in his pocket.

"Cigarette?" he said, offering his case to Fairfather.

"Thank you, Dion."

They lit up.

"That's better," said Fairfather. "I was feeling slightly sick."

"So did I when they shot Montagne. After that — well, it was all a solid piece."

"Poor David! Poor, dear David!"

"Do you think the little bastard meant to shoot him?"

"Dion, I don't know. God, how David let 'em have it!"

"Not a man to be angry."

"Never saw him angry before."

"I've got the number of the lorry."

"It's quite certainly a different one now," said Laurence.

"Yes. Efficiency on the scale of modern industry. Shall we have a bang at the door, bo? I think he was right about those windows."

"Let's swing the table at it, and save my aged shoulder."

The door gave at their second charge. They were outside in the cool darkness of the Galilee hills. There were no sounds but the evening breeze stirring the scrub, and the munching of Montagne's donkey in the deserted garden.

34

"*I am leaving Field Security*," Armande read. "*Open for business shortly at GHQ.*"

It meant months of Dion — no more fantastic, unexpected evenings splitting the bearable continuity of life into meaningless sections of before and after; no more separations to be followed by those damnable days when Armande felt that he had vanished, when she was convinced that his life or health was in danger, when she was terrified by the sudden mobility of his army life. Her obsession was that he might be posted to India. She feared India for its distance, for his possible infidelities. There were so many women who could love and read her Dion better — no, none better, but they might make him

think so. He was just the sort of man to fall for some delicious and misunderstood Oriental who could persuade him that she cared for nothing but reality — in his sense, of course.

At GHQ. All his free hours for her. She longed for him so, for again loneliness threatened her in this world of men. The government flat would be hers for another month, and then the present job was over. Guy Furney's manner had been abrupt. He told her that Montagne had disappeared and was presumed dead. He seemed to feel his death most bitterly, and to hold it against her, as if resenting the efficiency with which his orders had been carried out. Or was it that he, too, found her dangerous, that he blamed her for the whole trouble?

She put the precious letter in her bag and went out, idly and happily, into the streets of Cairo. In the shops the display of intimate garments and summer frocks was alluring, though too expensive for any but Egyptians. She needed nothing and reminded herself, when she hesitated before an occasional temptation, that she was only wondering what Dion would think of her choice. He seemed to like — and she suspected that most men agreed with him — a demure formality outside and extreme vulgarity underneath. At last she could resist no longer, and merrily bought for his delight.

She wandered into that garden café where she had taken her decision to dance with Floarea. Over strawberries and cream she considered and tried to plan the months ahead with Dion.

No longer could this affair be passed off to conscience as a lovely and unreal ecstasy, of no importance to any but the two dreamers. It had to be preserved. That necessity involved, at once, all the threads that bound her as a woman to everyone she thought about, loved, or tolerated. Threads binding Dion existed too, though he was pleased to believe that they did not. Yet it was Dion who insisted that John should be told. His motives were absurd, but of course scrupulous as himself; they seemed to be a mixture of inhuman love for absolute truth and loyalty to an unknown companion-in-arms; they were quite different from her own desire, to her simple and practical, that Dion and she should become an easier part of their environment.

John need not exactly be told in so many words; she would just indicate that she was worried whether the profounder motives for their union were any longer valid, and leave him to read between the lines. The hint, without alarming him into despair, would start him wondering if after the war their marriage should continue, hoping that it could, and slowly realizing that it could not.

In the afternoon she composed an evasive letter which would reveal to John her disturbed emotions. There were certain phrases that she knew he would take as danger signals; in the forgotten days of 1940, when she wrote from Paris and Beirut, those phrases, which then implied nothing more than

temporary depression, had never failed to arouse his anxiety. She determined to keep the letter a day or two for cool revision. Two hours later, in a panic lest she should tear it up, she posted it by air mail.

A week passed slowly for she was always expecting Dion. Correspondence from the military to a civilian, within the Middle East, traveled by devious routes of its own and remained in pigeonholes under the disapproving eyes of censors or sorting clerks. Whatever warning Dion gave her of his arrival, he had always come and spent the precious hours with her and gone before his letter arrived. For the whole week she left her front door open when she was out, and hurried home, with exasperated excitement, in case he should be waiting.

When at last he appeared, it was at a reasonable hour, after lunch, in the heat of the day. He was neat, polished, and cool as if he had been on his way to an interview with a general. She would have preferred him to show his longing by bursting in on her dusty and unshaven from the road, but her beloved was still sensitive about his personal appearance. As if it mattered!

She said, "What really has brought you down to Egypt?"

"Shipped down river for promotion," he answered.

"But how splendid! A major?"

"A genuine phony major."

"My clever love! How did you do it?"

"Got the sack."

"Darling, don't be discreet. Tell me!"

"Just usual army practice. Man embarrasses us. Must be a clever chap to do that, but don't want him here. How shall we get rid of him? Well, sir, why not promote the bastard?"

"Dion!"

"Best racket in the British Army, my soul. It supplies just as many good officers as bad ones. Can't say that of any other system."

"Talk to me properly. Tell me!"

35

HE BEGAN to tell the story. Armande sat opposite him, her love of his mouth and of every twisted phrase overwhelming her interest. She even resented that she had to listen so long to something so impersonal, something that belonged to one and not to both of them. Then, as he dealt in his obscure understatements with events in the hut, fear for him stabbed her imagination as agonizingly as if she had been present.

At the death of Nachmias she exclaimed in pity, but it was a moment before preoccupation with the fate of Dion would let her remember; then she had nothing but sorrow for the end of such robust vitality. She thought of him as he was in Beirut, with Madame. That poor woman! It might so easily

have been Dion and not David Nachmias. Poor, broken woman! She must write.

Dion said, "There was nothing on earth we could have done to save Nachmias. Then GHQ began to give Palestine hell. And here we are together in the dream city by the Nile. Gin, horse dung, and the idle military."

"Tell me, darling," she said, ignoring his light-heartedness, "am I to blame for all this? Am I?"

"You? Why? Most of it falls on Nachmias. Some on me. A bit for Furney. Not much left for you, my soul."

"I'll never get mixed up in it again," she said with a shiver of her shoulders.

"Cheer up, my sweet. There's a fortnight's leave ahead."

Armande clung to him, and shook off the past by a long silence in his arms.

"You'll stay here," she said. "All the fortnight."

"Here?" asked Dion, heaven in one eye and doubt in the other. "Wouldn't His Majesty object?"

"I'm his representative till the end of the month."

"Scandal?"

"I'm below scandal, darling."

"I wish," he said, "that you had written to your husband."

"I have. So there!"

"Good girl! What did you say?"

"This and that. Enough."

"An Armande letter, I suppose."

"What's that?"

"Beautiful feelings. No facts."

"They weren't at all beautiful," she said, distressed.

Dion Prayle moved his valise and suitcase into the flat. Armande had determined not only to lose herself in love, but to guide it towards permanence. Within a week she had forgotten tact and management, since she had no occasion for either. There was only ease. Her Dion was gentle, even at his most eccentric, and never a bore. As spectators of the world, they saw the same; as participants their minor tastes differed. He would not learn to dance. He avoided the fashionable. In compensation, he could extract from the simplicity of man or woman, of restaurant or public place, riches of amusement for both.

They had lived together for ten days when John's answer arrived. Armande opened it in privacy. She found herself in such a turmoil of annoyance and modesty that she said nothing.

She drank two stiff Martinis before lunch and sulked.

"Planning Committee still hard at it?" asked Dion, having given his mixture time to work.

"Yes."

"Top Secret or just Confidential?"

"Neither," Armande snapped. "I've heard from John."

"Ah! Got a girl, I suppose?"

"Yes. How on earth did you know? I think he might have tried to be faithful. I did."

"That little loaf," he said, "is stuffed so full of hypocrisy that —"

"Hypocrisy? Me?" she asked indignantly. "Read it, Dion!"

She handed him the letter. Dion composed his face into a serious expression, fixed it, and read.

John was glad that she had given him an opening. It was, he said, just like her. John hoped she would not be hurt. He had wanted to tell her long ago, but felt that while she was serving her country in the Middle East it was his duty not to let her be upset. He was in love. An American girl in their naval service. He was sure that Armande would adore her. There had never been anyone quite like her. . . .

"Well, well!" said Dion cautiously.

"But you don't understand," Armande insisted. "A little American isn't at all the right woman for John. She'd be exasperated by him in a week."

"I can just imagine John," he said, "if he knew you were going to marry a primitive soldier with vulgar tastes."

"Marriage, Dion? For us?"

"You know. It's in the prayer book. For the satisfaction of lust and the procreation of children. Or I may have got it wrong somewhere. Don't tell me you haven't been thinking about it?"

"Yes, I have," she admitted. "All day and all night when you were not here. Dion darling, yes, I think so — but can't we go on as we are till the war ends?"

"We'll have to — considering the queue for the divorce courts."

"And then? Oh Dion, I should love life with you! But what sort of life?"

"What we can make for ourselves. We don't know. 1944. 1945. Victory, they say. But we don't know what it will be like. We shall be out on our feet, and the other fellow on the slab. Then we get handed back to the politicians. Cutting here and patching there. You and I — two living, unimportant cells. Chuck us in the hospital ash can? Use us to make a bit of healthy tissue? We shan't know. We can't choose. But at least there will be two of us."

With this installment we bring to a conclusion our abridgment of Mr. Household's novel. The narrative in its entirety has been recently published as an Atlantic-Little, Brown book. In July we shall begin our serialization of Sir Osbert Sitwell's new volume, Laughter in the Next Room.

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Contributor Alan Devoe is out to simplify the language. He got rid of the negative prefix with "The Speakable Cad" (December *Atlantic*). Now he is chopping away at duality with "Hither and Fro" (page 88). It's a worthy cause.

But while Mr. Devoe is simplifying, the entire fraternity of sociologists is complicating. One has only to read a few of their books and pamphlets to realize that the English language, as we have known it, is giving way to intricate gabble all along the line. It fills me, as Durkheim put it, with *anomie*.

Anomie is a sociologist's word, not in the dictionaries. It is one of those fiat words which spring, in full working order, from the forehead of a sociologist.

Sociology is a science. Every science must have its own words. Thus far, the sociologist hasn't quite enough science under his belt to match terminology with a mathematician or with an M.D. Any psychiatrist can lord it over him. In the presence of a physicist he feels positively wordless and unarmed. A late starter in the Comte Handicap, he needs a vocabulary in a hurry. Thus we find Fuddleton, sociologist, scheming his new word.

On Wednesday afternoon, there is no such word, anywhere. On Thursday morning, Fuddleton is chattering it to his seminars. By the end of the week he has tucked it into "An Inquiry into Some of the Causes of Egestricism among European Positivists," and it's on the way to its first printer. (There is no such word as *egestricism* — yet.)

For a time, nothing happens. No one goes up to Fuddleton and says, "Just what is this new word you've been throwing about, and what does it mean?" The only people who have encountered the word are students and teachers, and none of these could afford the loss of face implicit in the question. Not to know the cabalistic jargon of the specialty is disgraceful in educational circles. The innovator, with a few unintelligible, private words

on which to trade, can intimidate even his fellow lodge members.

If the new word seems to catch on, if it evokes knowing nods from those who never heard it before, the sociologist will try formally to market it. Like a new gargle or washing powder, the word has to be promoted, so the sociologist begins by plugging it. He reiterates it in the journals, at conventions and summer encampments of the lodge, meanwhile confiding to a few trusted juniors the meaning of the term. Sworn not to divulge it, the younger men get behind the word. The phrase, "egestricism, as

Fuddleton puts it," creeps into the lodge literature. At this stage, it could just as well be asterisked and marked "patent pending"; notice is being served that from here on, *egestricism* is Fuddleton's Word.

The news gets around that Fuddleton has thrown down the gauntlet, and the rest of the lodge settles back to watch

his campaign. Fuddleton was a useful party whip in earlier days. He was floor leader for Himmel-farber at the convention in '38, when *eldoralgia* was accepted as a definition of a tendency on the part of middle-aged people to look back somewhat wistfully on the days of the Gold Standard. His grandfather, traveling on the Continent, helped Durkheim himself launch *anomie*: roughly, a sense of insecurity arising from institutional instability. It was Fuddleton who gave further *ton* to *anomie* by accenting equally its three syllables, to the embarrassment of the Middle Westerners who had innocently been accenting the second syllable. Some looked for a grudge fight against *egestricism* on this account, but Fuddleton's field organization and a masterly direct mail approach made him an easy winner. At the next meeting of the Grand Lodge, it was Fuddleton who was invited to read his paper defining *egestricism* as, roughly, a state of unwarranted preoccupation, bordering on fear, with the Eastern part of a land mass and an ostrich-



like tendency to ignore its Western potential. "Patents Pending" was replaced by "Reg. U.S. Trademark," and all that night there was jollity up and down the corridors of Fuddleton's hotel.

Time was when Fuddleton's coup with *egesticism* would have sufficed for the rest of his career. Promotions would have followed and Fuddleton would have picked up various editorships, lecture invitations, and advisory board berths, perhaps a few honorary degrees. He could, eventually, have wound up as a regional Grand Old Man, content with his word and asking only to be allowed every so often to recount the stirring tale of its invention.

But the days when a one-word man like Fuddleton could look forward thereby to the good things of life are gone. In the fast tempo of modern sociology, three, four, a half-dozen words are expected before a man can look for his first Sc.D. (Hon.) even from one of the smaller schools.

A still more grueling pace is set by a radical element which, instead of thinking up new words,

is taking old words and investing them with peculiar new meanings. The professional is no better off than the layman when he first picks up a book-length job of this kind. If he reads the sentence, "A sign is a useful thing," he has no way of telling which word hides the stinger. Ought he to hunt the big meaning in *sign*, or is that tricky little word *thing* the key to it? What about *useful*? Is there an outside chance that the sentence really means what it seems to say? Any right-thinking sociologist knows that it does not. He must tour the glossary, swearing under his breath, to see what new deviltry is afoot.

Here is a verbatim definition from the glossary of a recent book by a University of Chicago sharp: "Ambiguous sign. . . . A sign-vehicle that is not unambiguous."

On reading that one, Fuddleton is understood to have resigned and left town. He is now living quietly in Petaluma, California, as a chicken raiser and orchardist.

C. W. M.

HITHER AND FRO

by ALAN DEVOE

IN the December *Atlantic* I told how my mind had been nearly addled by an idea for a story. It would be a story employing the positive forms of those numerous words which are commonly used only in the negative. It would tell about a man who was a speakable cad who lived in a pregnable fortress, the roof of this peculiar dwelling being pervious. And so on. I wanted to write it down, I said, in the hope of getting rid of it forever.

For several weeks after publication, it looked as if I had succeeded. Readers from coast to coast obligingly supplied me with just about every rare positive remaining in the unabridged dictionaries. The one perfect adjective for the story's hero was turned up. It was, of course, *couth*. There was supplied the term to sum up all his tendency to weakness and wavering. The fellow was obviously *trepid*.

I even got it worked out, at last, why my struggle with the story of the speakable cad had proved so exhausting. It was evident that I must be a defatigable writer. On this happy note of conclusion I dismissed the whole thing from mind.

It was a lovely lull, while it lasted. But it is over. I am in an awful mess again.

It began a couple of weeks ago. I was writing to thank a reader who had suggested that the hero of my idiot

story ought surely to have a name, so that, when traveling, he could travel *cognito*.

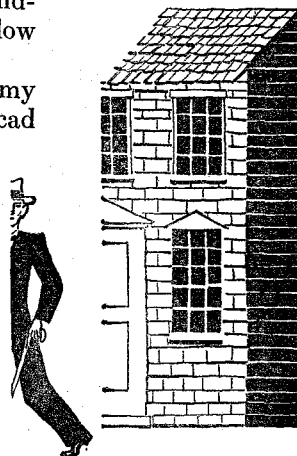
"I agree," I wrote blithely. "We oughtn't just to leave the fellow walking to and fro forever on that kempt lawn of his without a name."

The instant I had written this sentence, I knew that I was Off Again.

The reader to whom I was writing when the blow fell can rest happy. The man in the new story that is making my life a torment has a name. He is *cognito*, all right. His name is Edward Halfway. He is nothing so harmless as a mere anonymous speakable cad, peccably dressed. He is something much more hideous. Edward Halfway is the man who doesn't walk to and fro, but only fro. Why does he walk fro? Because he wants to get yon. Can he face any eventuality with perfect calm? No. He will remain calm only come weal.

I have been living with Edward Halfway now for two weeks, day and night. I am about at the end of my endurance.

Halfway, you see, lives in a dingy old house which I take to be located (why, I cannot imagine) somewhere in London. It is a cobwebby, dusty, grimy old wreck of a house. People wonder why he lives there. They think perhaps he is compelled, willy-nilly, to inhabit such a dismal place. But no. I know better. I know that Edward Halfway actually likes it there. I know that he lives there willy.



I see him, in the dim light of a London morning, opening his dingy door and walking fro. How bravely he squares his thin shoulders and goes hurrying diagonally across the street, zig. But I feel a mistiness in my eyes, and a pang of compassion for Edward Halfway. For I know he is a lonely man. He does not have, as most men do, a plenty of kith and kin. All he has got (somewhere up in North Wales, I think) is a couple of kith.

As Halfway now returns diagonally across the street, zag, I see how firmly his lips are set. I know that he is making a great effort to marshal and order his thoughts. Edward Halfway, inhabitant of that shabby old house, is a believer in mental discipline. He hates to have anything like a topsy-turvy jumble in his thoughts. It is his pride always to keep his thoughts topsy. Would that his kith up there in Wales had as much self-control.

Halfway is about to re-enter his shabby door when I see a policeman come heavily along the street and accost him. The policeman is suspicious of this seedy figure, on the understandable grounds that for days he has been seeing him walk fro and yon without seeing him walk hither and to. The officer says firmly: "Ere, 'ere, now. Wot's up?" Such a question might set any other householder to hemming and hawing. But not my Edward Halfway. Halfway, never a man to do things by wholes, just looks the officer in the eye and haws.

This is too much for the policeman. He steps menacingly toward Halfway. Halfway hesitates for only an instant. Then he turns on his heels and goes running away down the street, mell.

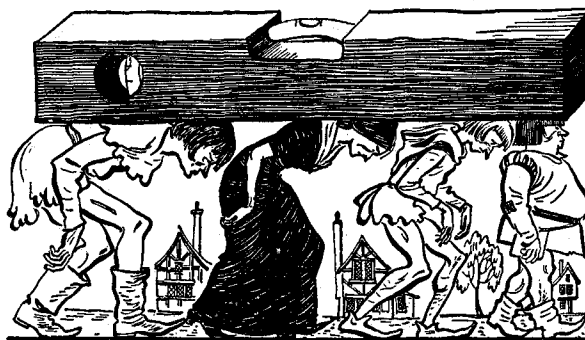
(As a result of my frenzied plungings about in the dictionary during the past couple of weeks, I am perhaps the only living man outside the directorate of a Philological Society who knows that *pell-mell* comes from Old French and means "stirred up with a shovel." Poor old Halfway is stirred up, all right, but I can't for the life of me see that there is any shovel — *pesle*, *Old Fr.* — involved in the business; so, as I say, he just goes running away down the street very fast, mell).

He has sprinted only about a block when he trips and breaks his neck and that's the end of the story. Well, no, not quite the end. I usually see a final scene in which the police converge on his miserable old house, to see what clues to his enigmatic personality they can find among his odds and ends. I see the Scotland Yard men staring at one another with white, baffled faces. Because poor old Halfway, naturally, hasn't left a collection of odds and ends. All he has left is some odds.

ARMAND DE RICHELIEU, who divides his time between France and New York, looks with considerable skepticism on recent attempts by the French government to diminish gold hoarding. To invite hoarders to turn in their gold on the promise that only one fourth of it will be "amputated" seems to him naïve.

THE GOLD HOARDERS

by ARMAND DE RICHELIEU



SOME years ago there shone in the southeast of France a small township which was blessed with a most progressive municipal council.

The members of this worthy body had long since discarded the outworn exhortations of religion; yet, while they scoffed at the principles of faith, they determined to preserve what they called the normative policies of the Church, deeming that whatever the starting point, the same destination can be reached provided the inductive method be applied instead of the superseded Aristotelian deduction.

According to this scheme they proclaimed as an unassailable truth that conformity to the average was the hallmark of civic virtue — that the lower the level, the easier it should be to secure it. There would henceforth be nothing so offensive as mountain peaks to obstruct the view and attract the lightning of celebrity; a smooth and even plain would extend to the very depths of the horizon.

There chanced one day to visit the borough a traveling circus. The clowns were there, the equestrienne with her spangles, the strong man and his bulging muscles, the conjurer with his bag of familiar tricks.

So delighted were the city fathers with the prospect of a democratic entertainment that instead of letting the circus manager erect the usual tent in the market square, they decided to allow the performance to take place in the old seventeenth-century theater which one of the courtiers of Louis XIV had built to display the arrogance of classical orthodoxy.

On the last night a frightful thing occurred. Some of the scenery caught fire and almost immediately the whole structure was ablaze; the crowd rushed for the exits, but the doors had been constructed to open inwards and thereby provide an



easy entrance. In their mad rush the people jammed the gates to and themselves against them, thereby making flight impossible. Some few, however, who had stayed in the rear and not given way to panic, bethought themselves of windows on the top floor that looked out on a formal garden. They climbed up the stairs and, desperate as the flames were lapping them round, flung themselves out into the air and, as luck would have it, fell on the soft earth below. A few, of course, were injured by the fall but most came out unscathed.

When the story was known, the families of the victims of the disaster appealed to the city fathers, stating that it was wholly unfair that the members of the audience who had sought the legitimate channels of egress should have been penalized for so doing and lost their lives as a result of their deference to regulations, while those bold flaunters of propriety had been saved who presumed to make an exit through apertures designed solely for light and ventilation.

The Solons of the municipal council assembled to take cognizance of this basic question, and they unanimously found that it bore upon the very foundations of democratic equality: that it was most improper those should be rewarded who had disregarded both police regulations and the spirit of conformity which is the essence of the good society.

They solemnly decreed that all those who were proved guilty of having saved their lives by propulsion through the air and by making use of improper channels of departure should be penalized by the amputation of at least one of their limbs.

ELDERBERRY BUTTER

b y MINNA KEYSER

THE elderberry butter, quaintly tart,
She made of berries flat as rain, and sour
And wormy apples in the grass (her part
To doubly do when nature failed to flower)

And stiff as queenly silk that stands alone.
She packed a jar, scarce cooled, and homemade
bread

For me to take along a road like bone
To Father plowing corn above his head.

She waited, blue eyes dark with heat of dread. "Your pa, what did he say? I thought he would Make mention of the jam." And when I said, "He spread the butter thick and said 'twas good,"

She took the words and wreathed a coronet
To set upon her head; a lady yet.

ROBERT FONTAINE has served a varied apprenticeship: he wrote radio scripts for Joe Cook, worked on the staff of WLW and the Mutual network, was a Washington correspondent, and then started to free-lance. He lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

RED BEARD

IN THE MORNING

by ROBERT FONTAINE

WHEN I was about six, a picture of Presidential aspirant Charles Evans Hughes made a deep impression on me. I think I got the strange notion that if I should grow a beard I might run for President. The fact that Hughes lost by a whisker did not deter me. I would grow a beard.

At six there is nothing very constructive one can do about beard-growing. So I went about my business of growing up, playing marbles, pulling little girls' braids, and throwing spitballs at teachers, and emerged one day from my freshman year in high school with a light down on my upper lip.

This down, I'm afraid, was invisible to any naked eye except mine. I would point it out often to persons who were interested in my welfare, but their reply was invariably some variation of "I don't see anything." Even when I took one of their fingers and rubbed it carefully along the patch, they merely shrugged and said, "Fuzz."

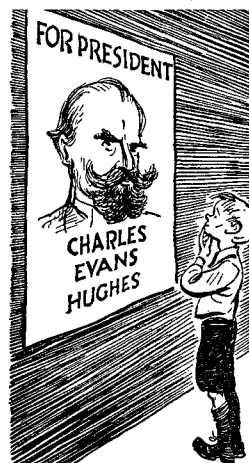
By the time I had reached my senior year, and by dint of applications of hair tonic, rabbits' feet, goose grease, and my sister's eyebrow pencil, my mustache was clearly defined and could not be denied by even my worst enemy.

The pleasant warmth of having at long last asserted myself as a male was chilled by the sudden assault of my female friends and relatives, who all urged me to shave off my mustache because "It makes you look too old."

I promised them all faithfully that I would appear clean-shaven on some sunny tomorrow. But I didn't. I left home.

I didn't leave home just to protect my mustache. I left home to go to work. Living in seclusion in a furnished room, I had ample scope, and my mustache, in the years that followed, flourished and waved. There was a week even, in 1934 or thereabouts, when the ends became long enough to wax, and I happily twisted and twirled and applied the warm wax with a rare joy. I was happy then, for about a year.

The next year I met a girl named Kay, who detested mustaches in any form. She hated little ones, she



despised long, thin ones, and waxed ones made her positively ill. Strong though my love for Kay was, my yearning for whiskers was stronger and I said good-bye to my love one fateful spring day and left her standing on her front stoop a hair's breadth from matrimony.

"By the beard of the Prophet," I exclaimed one day, "now I will grow a goatee just to spite these tasteless females."

A goatee is simple to grow: you don't shave beneath your lower lip and in a few weeks you look like a French count on his way to steal 50,000 francs from his mistress. It is a very satisfying feeling.

I could grow my goatee in safety, for I was now working as a free-lance and had no one to account to for my appearance except myself and the police.

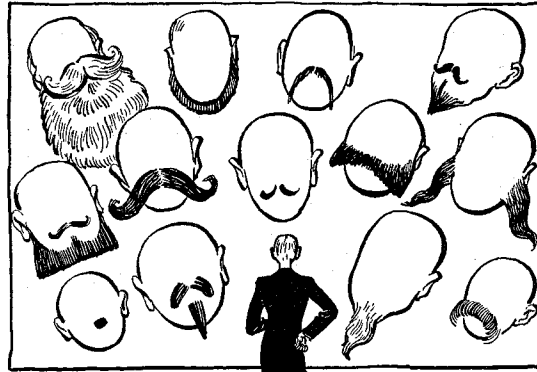
At this point I met a lovely lady with red hair whose name was Jeanne and who felt that the goatee clashed with her red hair, it being a somewhat different shade. I offered to dye the whiskers, but she was adamant. In shame, I confess I shaved my beloved chin adornment. Not, however, without a solemn secret promise to acquire a full beard some day.

Jeanne, in time, went the way of all silk-clad flesh, and I found myself free to expand in my soul and on my face. I grew, in a very brief time, a fierce round Russian mustache-beard. This strange circle of hair must have a name, but I do not know it. I know only that it begins as a mustache, then the mustache dips down on either side and runs to meet the sides of the chin, and then the two ends of the mustache join each other at the point of the chin. The effect is awesome. Little boys point and jeer. Little girls scream and run at the sight of it. Grown people shudder and edge away.

I was pleased with my Russian mustache-beard — so pleased that I went out to Hollywood hoping it would give me the courage to make an impression on the smooth-shaven bigwigs of the tin mines of Cinemaland. Alas, the best offer I had, in a town where every prospect pleases and not even mustaches are vile, was to play an extra in a remake of a remake of something to do with the Russian Revolution. I was to play a dead extra — not even a live extra, where my beard might have been a momentary point of attention.

I declined the offer and sought peace in a rustic cabin in Massachusetts where I settled down to write a book, study the psychology of whiskers, and grow a beard.

Days of quiet loveliness followed. Birds sang, trees rustled, buds burst, and my typewriter clat-



tered. My beard slowly took shape. It was, when it was time for me to leave my Walden, a long, red, scraggly bush of shining silkiness which I stroked with glee and refused to trim. I was hoping to get it down at least to my waist.

On my return to civilization, overcome perhaps by the clatter and roar of the great city and certainly suffering from a high fever due

to a head cold, I discovered myself engaged to an enchanting lovely who not only revolted at beards, mustaches, and sideburns, but even had a faint yearning to have me bald! In a simple ceremony, accompanied only by a pair of shears, a razor, and a bottle of dry sherry, I parted with my hairy dream, a sadder and a barer man.

We shall be married, I know, this lovely and I; but the conflict will be forever there. I love her, it's true; but there will be rainy Sundays when I shall remind her that if I hadn't married her I could have had a long, red beard and been completely happy with it. Already, in fact, she has adapted a jingle which she quotes at the first sign of my needing a shave: —

"Red beard in the morning
Fiancée's warning."

She thinks it's cute, I suppose; but she knows nothing of that deep, primitive urge in the male to let his whiskers grow every which way without ever taking thought for the morrow's sharp razor blade.

She must realize, too, in her heart, that I will not be tricked out of my heritage by female wiles calculated to keep me from asserting myself as a man in the one way left in this single-standardized world.

It will be a bitter battle, but I know there are great men behind me in my fight for emancipation from the dismal daily ritual of shaving and the restoration to male superiority — the Smith Brothers, Robert E. Lee, General Ambrose Burnside, G.B.S., Buffalo Bill, stout Cortés, Sir Walter Raleigh, Ponce de León, and Walt Whitman, to name a few. And there are, too, the nameless ghosts of those who lived and died bravely and manfully in Vandykes, Dundrearys, Imperials, Muttonchops, and Wreaths.

The day will come, I promise myself, when my beard will be white and will flow down around my heels so thickly that I shall need to kick it to one side as a woman does the train of her evening gown. The day I trip over it and almost sprain an ankle, I shall be completely happy.

I stand, I believe firmly, on solid ground. It was good enough for Moses and my grandfather. It is good enough for me.

SALTY ACRES

by HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER

To ONE brought up on a farm
The sea was strange.
It needed fences to narrow
That wide blue range.

He looked on the wave's wet troughs
With a farmer's scorn,
Those furrows that knew no plough
And raised no corn.

But turning his eyes to the north,
He caught one day
A herd of white manes moving
In the saline spray.

And saw in the swells and dips
The homesick motion
Of wind through the young green oats
Of his farmland ocean,

Rippling and swelling the limber
Sunlit shoots,
As if this great sea tide
Pulled at their roots.

He felt at home now, he said.
Nor could he be
Moved from the blue and salty
Acres of sea.



FOOD

GILES PLAYFAIR is the Accent on Living author who likes singing commercials but who is never quite able to catch the name of the product they advertise (December *Atlantic*). A former London barrister, he is now living in New Canaan, Connecticut.

A COOK IS BORN

by GILES PLAYFAIR

As an Englishman resident in this country, I have been conducting a one-man crusade to explode the popular American myth that the British can't cook. For weapons I have used my own culinary efforts plus two cookbooks and a few private recipes imported from my native land.

Chance adversity set me on this course. My wife had to spend several weeks in hospital, and I was left alone in the house. I had long had the urge to cook, but on the first and only occasion my wife had permitted me an opportunity to gratify it, the stove had unaccountably burst into flames.

My initial effort was a stew made out of leftovers I discovered in the icebox. When I first tasted it, I exclaimed gallantly to myself, "It's out of this world!" But somehow my appetite for it was obstinately small. Three times I had it warmed up for dinner, and then, despite my determination to be a thrifty housekeeper, I deposited it in the garbage can.

At last an eternal truth dawned on me. Most women, I reflected, may be born to be ordinary cooks, but most men are born either to be extraordinary cooks, or not to be cooks at all. Clearly, if I had talent, I had as yet given it no chance to reveal itself. For what was there extraordinary about that stew — with the minor and insufficient exception that instead of water I had poured half a bottle of red wine into the pot? I faced a choice: either to admit failure or to fly high. I decided to fly high.

I remembered a dish that I had once had at the Midland Hotel, Manchester. This was breast of chicken, brought to the table in a silver chafing dish, simmered for several minutes in cream flavored with Worcestershire sauce and assorted condiments, and *flambé à l'eau de vie*. I thought I could handle the last stages from memory, but my trouble was I had no idea what should be done to the chicken before it reached the chafing dish.

Eventually I took into consultation a young housewife who was, as I knew, a fairly ambitious and adventurous cook herself. She suggested that the chicken should be parboiled; furthermore, food prices being what they were, that the legs and wings should be used as well as the breast. She agreed to give a small dinner party that very night, at which I might make my debut. She would see to the parboiling; the rest would be up to me.

To guard against any possibility of mishap, I spent most of the afternoon experimenting with makeshift implements and ingredients: namely, a frying pan instead of a chafing dish; milk instead of cream; blended whiskey instead of brandy; and a slice of bacon instead of chicken.

These precautions paid off. The final result, though far removed from its original inspiration, proved a sensational success. I suppose, considering that the housewife is an American and that she helped, I cannot claim the dish exclusively for England. But I can call it an Anglo-



American dish, with emphasis on the Anglo. Here is the recipe:—

Parboil a chicken, and cut into appropriate helpings. Pour 1 pint cream into a chafing dish. To this add 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, and a few grains cayenne. Allow to warm over flame, and when dangerously near the boil add the chicken. Simmer for as long as may be thought safe, desirable, and interesting. Then dash in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, strike a match, and set alight. Serve—not boastfully, exactly, but ceremoniously.

My confidence from then on knew no bounds. Soon I was giving little dinner parties at which I presented my boldest culinary efforts: for example, a roast duck, stuffed with oysters, wild rice, and esoteric spices, served with a sauce made from orange juice, vinegar, brown sugar, and port wine. Admittedly this did not taste quite so delicious as it should have, for something went wrong with the oven. When, a half hour or so before midnight, I eventually felt obliged to remove the duck, it was still notably close to its natural state.

If my guests asserted that clearly I had secret methods of my own invention, I would smile agreement with a modest yet appropriately mysterious air. But the truth was I could not so much as scramble an egg without a recipe to guide me.

Yet my ignorance, I realized, was my strength. If the rule was to beat for ten minutes, I beat for ten minutes—by the clock. And if the rule was to add sugar half a teaspoonful at a time, I did exactly that, braving the mental and physical strain in the cause of Art.

By the time my wife returned from the hospital, I had already imported several recipes from England and determined to sell the virtues of English cooking to the neighborhood. My wife is American, and although she has endorsed my campaign in principle by permitting me to cook when guests are bidden to a meal, she has effectively slowed it down by bidding guests to a meal with less and less frequency. She complains that I cannot cook without (a) using her as a kitchen maid, (b) losing my temper, (c) eventually causing her to lose her temper, (d) besmearing the floor and walls of the kitchen with flour, egg white, egg yellow, and other perhaps stickier ingredients, (e) bespattering the ceiling of the kitchen with the same, (f) bedizenning my clothes irretrievably with the same, (g) besmirching every available bowl, dish, saucepan, and kitchen utensils of other description almost unwashably with the same, (h) taking a whole day to accomplish what she could do in an hour; and so on, and so on.

I have made some progress nevertheless. With



two recipes, in particular, I have had impressive successes, and both of these, I guarantee, come from an English cook extraordinary. The first is as follows:—

CHOCOLATE PUDDING À LA HELEN ANGLAISE

Place a double boiler on the fire. Into this break directly 2 eggs. Beat in 4 tablespoons sugar and 1 glass pale sherry. Continue to beat diligently, and never mind the heat, until the mixture is of the same consistency as whipped cream. Have prepared an ordinary steamed chocolate pudding. Bury this in the sauce, and thus transform it into a rare gastronomic delight. Serve it as such.

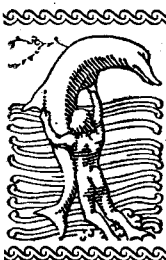
And here is the other:—

LITTLE DEVILS

Line patty tins with short pastry (or piecrust—to use the Americanism). Fill each three-quarters full with mashed sardines (imported, of course). Prepare 2 cups thick white sauce. Wait patiently until this is cool, then stir in 2 eggs (unbeaten) and 2 tablespoons grated cheese. Fill up the patty tins with this mixture, and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven ($383\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$). Remove the pastries or pies from the patty tins and serve—fairly casually, but with inner confidence—as a light luncheon entree. When complimented, reveal to guests' amazement that dish is English.

My crowning achievement so far is to have induced a party of seven Americans to eat heavily, and with unconcealed delectation, of steak and kidney pudding—a dish that is apt to be regarded on this side of the Atlantic as at once the most characteristic and terrifying example of English gastronomic taste. A standard recipe for steak and kidney pudding (four modest servings) is roughly as follows:—

Mix 1 pound flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound shredded suet, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and 2 pinches salt; add sufficient water to transform into a stiff dough, and roll out as you would piecrust (or pastry—to use the Anglicism). Grease a pudding basin, and line this with some of the suet crust. Fill up with a mixture made from $\frac{1}{2}$ pound steak cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes, 1 sheep's kidney chopped small, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 1 dessertspoon flour. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cover the top with remainder of the suet crust, and in turn bind with a pudding cloth or other waterproof covering. Then plunge (but do not submerge) basin into a saucepan of boiling water, cover and steam for 2 hours. Get someone else—since this is a tiresome and possibly dangerous business, requiring no culinary skill—to remove basin from saucepan. Encircle it with a large Irish linen napkin. Serve triumphantly.



Books and Men



"Two men of such single-minded devotion to their country's service could scarcely differ in their attitudes more widely than Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hull," writes JAMES H. POWERS. *Foreign Editor of the Boston Globe, Mr. Powers has written many farsighted editorials during the twenty-five years in which he has shared the mantle of "Uncle Dudley." Educated in the Needham public schools and at Boston University, from which he graduated in 1915, he is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic and is the author of Years of Tumult (1918-1932).*

STIMSON AND HULL

A Study in Contrasts

by JAMES H. POWERS

I

HENRY L. STIMSON's biography discloses from beginning to end that he has held fast to faith in mankind and in the democratic spirit since his undergraduate days at Yale.

Despite its 698 closely packed pages, *On Active Service* (Harper, \$5.00) is by no means a full biography. Indeed, only in an incomplete sense can the book be classed as a biography at all. The prelude, covering Mr. Stimson's early life from 1867 to his thirty-eighth year (when he first took public office), is autobiographical. So is the afterword which closes the volume. In the rest of the book McGeorge Bundy serves sometimes as biographer and sometimes as amanuensis, distilling the results of the conferences and discussions which accompanied the writing.

Mr. Stimson's diaries are drawn upon not only for firsthand quotation, but equally to permit their author to re-evaluate earlier impressions and to add correctives. As a result, *On Active Service* presents a running commentary by Mr. Stimson the retired elder statesman on Mr. Stimson the public servant, over a period exceeding half a century. Mr. Bundy's feat in harmonizing this material is beyond praise.

The major portion of *On Active Service* is concerned with the Second World War and its origins, particularly Mr. Stimson's role from 1940 down to his resignation six years later. During that period of clashing arms and reverberating controversies

the veteran administrator displayed a healthy knack for keeping his head clear and his prodigious task firmly in hand.

Mr. Stimson reveals the full range of his abilities in his handling of the War Department during the crisis. That he was happy there is evident. His earlier experience in that post had begun just as the modernization of our land defenses was getting started, more than a quarter of a century earlier. To the immense problems of 1940 and after, he brought vast and tested capacity, a broad understanding of military matters, and a personal devotion to the Army which established a spirit of teamwork rarely known previously in the Department. It was this spirit that made his association with General Marshall, Chief of Staff, the effective partnership it proved again and again. Perhaps it is also the explanation of Mr. Stimson's warm championship of "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. In few pages of this volume is the retired Secretary of War sharper in his criticism of Executive attitudes, both in the White House and at Chungking, than in his discussion of Stilwell's case — that grotesque tragedy of abilities stranded on the reefs of political intrigue and bureaucratic blindness.

Drawing on his experience under Hoover in the State Department, when the deteriorating world situation had schooled him in the grim side of world affairs, Mr. Stimson brought valuable judgment to bear in the shaping of the nation's war policies.

Long before either President Roosevelt or Secretary of State Hull perceived the imprudence of their course regarding the Free French and General Charles de Gaulle, the Secretary of War pointed out the lack of realism in a policy which was to embitter Franco-American relations even after the Normandy invasion forced its abandonment.

Supported by General Marshall, whom he appraises as the greatest American soldier of modern times, Mr. Stimson also fought the persistent attempts of Winston Churchill to transform the main Allied effort from an Atlantic assault upon the European continent to a Mediterranean adventure. The story of that tussle is one of the fascinating revelations in the book. The conflict began in December, 1941, when both Stimson and the Chiefs of Staff recognized "the North Atlantic as our principal theatre of operations." It reached a climax when the Secretary and the Chief of Staff proposed "to turn our backs on them [the British] and take up the war with Japan." This proposal produced a major crisis in the relations between Mr. Stimson and his chief; and the episode was closed only in the winter of 1943-1944 when F.D.R. ceased wavering, when Churchill was balked in his final effort to have his way, and when Stalin at Teheran insisted upon a clear-cut decision to open a major front in the West.

Mr. Stimson's orderly soul was outraged by the loose procedures of the Roosevelt regime — he says F.D.R. was the worst administrator he ever knew in his life — yet he appraises the President as the greatest war leader the nation has ever had — and probably few will dissent. Although the War Secretary's judgment of those who worked closely with him was good, he had difficulty in evaluating people at a distance. He was astounded, for example, when the true character of Pierre Laval was revealed at Vichy — though any veteran foreign correspondent could have enlightened him on that point at least a decade earlier; and the circumstances attending the infamous Hoare-Laval deal should have given him pause. Marshal Pétain's shameful role likewise astonished him — though a cursory reading of the memoirs of Lloyd George and Clemenceau might have provided him with a clue to the Marshal's character.

Mr. Stimson's austere narrative reveals a man of great abilities and high principles when his problems involve bold decision and broad aim. He is less happy when they concern that primary force, public opinion. In his only foray directly into politics — the contest for the governorship of New York — he ran unwillingly and suffered defeat. Every important government post he filled — and he filled them all with distinction — was proffered him either by Presidents or by powerful friends intimately aware of his unusual qualities. His first Federal assignment in New York came from Theodore Roosevelt. Taft brought him into the War

Department for his initial tour of duty there. Coolidge sent him to Nicaragua and later to the Philippines as Governor General. Hoover brought him back to become Secretary of State. F.D.R. pressed him back into the War Department to perform his last and greatest service to the nation.

2

STIMSON's meager political contact with the electorate, which is in marked contrast with the experience of Cordell Hull, whose massive *Memoirs* (Macmillan, \$10.50) belong beside Stimson's story, explains why Stimson repeatedly shows an impatience with public opinion, why he emphasizes insistently his preference for strong leadership in government through the Executive. It underlies his vigorously argued contention that the authority of the Executive should be enlarged and the power of the Legislative branch to curb Executive actions should be curtailed. It suggests the reason for his first serious disagreement with F.D.R., during the months before this nation entered the great war. Mr. Stimson believed that if the President had taken a strong public stand the public would have swung strongly behind him.

Unfortunately, his analysis of the American public's attitude in 1939-1941 does not jibe with the facts. A likelier result would have been a bitter cleavage — the worst possible preparation for Pearl Harbor. President Roosevelt appreciated the necessity of not getting too far ahead of his public. Mr. Stimson weighed this lightly. The complexity of public opinion, the range and variety of its movements, the terrible impact of its anger, escaped him. He had never experienced any of them. He did not understand them.

Awareness of such realities saturates the story of Mr. Hull's progress from the obscurity of the foothills of the Cumberlands to an illustrious place beside Mr. Stimson in the history of the past forty years. Mr. Hull began studying people as soon as he was out of childhood. At fifteen he was rafting logs down to Nashville in a manner reminiscent of Lincoln. He squandered his scant earnings on books, which he read by the light of tallow candles in the family cabin. A politician at twenty, he became a member of the Tennessee legislature one month after his twenty-first birthday. He scoured the county from end to end, talking to people, visiting the informed that he might pick their minds bare, analyzing court procedures — a gangling, youthful observer clad in a hickory shirt and jeans. He rode circuit as a judge all over the state, meeting people, exploring their opinions, weighing their oddities, testing their information. No office save the last one he occupied came to him as an appointment from above. He fought bitter campaigns, mapped battles with rival political oligarchs, read law, pored over reports, and outgeneraled — by

invoking a fabulous political skill — those who obstructed his aims.

The first paragraph of Mr. Hull's *Memoirs* begins with a lean prose reminiscent of *Robinson Crusoe*: "I was born October 2, 1871, in Overton County, Tennessee, on the ridge between the Wolf and Obed rivers, among the foothills of the Cumberland mountains. A small log cabin rented by my father was my birthplace. This, somewhat enlarged by a lean-to, fronted immediately on the dirt road. From the porch behind it, planks led to another log cabin containing the kitchen-dining room. There was no porch then on the front of the house. Whether there were glass windows I do not remember; but at that time many of the neighboring cabins lacked them. They had holes in the walls for windows, and shutters to keep out the weather."

The contrast between such a debut into life and the comfortable circumstances attending Mr. Stimson's progress from Andover to Yale to Harvard to a post in Elihu Root's law firm is sharp. It is maintained throughout Mr. Hull's narrative. Two men of such single-minded devotion to their country's service could scarcely differ in their attitudes more widely than Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hull. The Tennessee mountaineer is a democrat as well as a Democrat, every moment. Jefferson, one of Mr. Hull's lifelong heroes, provided him in youth with a grist of quotations for his "political bible" and left an enduring stamp on his whole life. To Stimson, Jefferson was an "unfortunate" person who originated nothing and gained fame solely through exploiting and popularizing other people's ideas.

Mr. Stimson complains that people have found him "frosty." No one ever fixed that adjective on Mr. Hull, though on occasion his Tennessee mountaineer's temper crackled when roused. In his feud with Sumner Welles, which is set forth at length in the *Memoirs*, in his collision with Ramsay MacDonald when that British statesman sought to patronize him, in his crashing offensive against the strutting Raymond Moley at the London Economic Conference, as in his famous final meeting with the Japanese plenipotentiaries at the hour of Pearl Harbor, there is little suggestion of polar temperatures.

When Mr. Hull was convinced that sound policies were being set aside through intrigue, he withheld no punches. Thus he sets down his forthright judgment, apropos of the maneuverings that brought Argentina into the United Nations, that the action violated both his own and President Roosevelt's wishes; and it "represented the most colossal injury done to the Pan American movement in all its history."

The *Memoirs* convey to the reader a remarkable sense of intimacy. Mr. Stimson's high seriousness never unbends; Mr. Hull is full of pointed, homely yarns to emphasize his argument. The one approaches his problems on the level of pure reason

and logic; the other fetches them abruptly down to earth and speeds their solution with the flick of humor. There is a thread of homespun in the Tennessean's prose; an earthy idiom entirely absent from that of his wartime colleague — to whom, incidentally, he pays high and generous tribute. Isolationism, Hull remarks, would leave the United States as lonely in the international family as "a martin on a fodder pole." Again, inveighing with force and barbed words against the multiplying irresponsibilities of the press, the ignorance of radio commentators, and the pontifical posing of too many columnists, he points up the problem these create for policy-makers by remarking that "a lie will gallop half way round the world while Truth is pulling its breeches on."

A lifetime of experience of the delays and compromises of politics has given Mr. Hull a long view, and patience with those quirks of human nature which coldly exasperate the forthright and efficient Stimson. Both men share an indifference to the pursuit of wealth for its own sake; both set public service at the highest level toward which a man and a citizen may aspire. Only one of them could remark, with honest conviction, that "the wealthy and more intelligent people" foregather in a single party — his own. To Mr. Stimson, F.D.R.'s drive on the Supreme Court seemed to outrage every idea basic to the Constitution and sound government. Mr. Hull merely thought that the President "went a bit too far."

Those who enjoy high controversy will find plenty in Mr. Hull's *Memoirs*. Like Mr. Stimson, he has a story to tell which involved many audacious moments in the history of the recent war, many a struggle in the realm of policy-making. The very length of Mr. Hull's tenure in the Department of State makes his *Memoirs* important to history.

The sagacity of the old Tennessean during the thirties does not diminish as he faces the troubled issues of our own day in a turbulent post-war world. It is of more than passing interest that both he and Mr. Stimson should have seen almost eye to eye on the Russian problem midway through the war as well as after it. Mr. Stimson, in a memorandum to the President after Hiroshima, warned that unless immediate and direct dealing with Russia on atomic questions were tried, without recourse to long negotiations through commissions, this nation's future relationship with Russia would be poisoned for years. His story closes with an appeal for a return to sanity in this matter. Mr. Hull, apropos of Russian obstinacy, cites his experience as a young man handling a mule which refused to move. First he lost his temper and tried the lash. Still the mule refused to budge. Then he tried direct friendly persuasion. The mule, somewhat reluctantly, began to walk along with him. It was, he suggests, a problem of approaching the matter at the right end.



novels in world literature, he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one from America, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. In successive issues the Atlantic has published his appraisal of Flaubert, Fielding, Balzac, Emily Brontë, Dostoevsky, Stendhal, and Jane Austen. The set of the Ten Best Novels, edited and cut by Mr. Maugham, will be published by the John C. Winston Company this year.

MOBY DICK

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I

I HAVE read Raymond Weaver's *Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic*, Lewis Mumford's *Herman Melville*, Charles Roberts Anderson's *Melville in the South Seas*, and William Ellery Sedgwick's *Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind*. I don't believe that I know much more about Herman Melville than I knew before.

According to Raymond Weaver an "uncircumspect critic at the time of Melville's centenary in 1919" wrote: "Owing to some odd psychological experience, that has never been definitely explained, his style of writing, his view of life underwent a complete change." I don't quite know why this unnamed critic should be described as uncircumspect. He hit upon the problem which must puzzle everyone who is interested in Melville. It is on this account that one scrutinizes every known detail of his life and reads his letters and books, books some of which can only be read by a determined effort of will, to discover some hint that may help to elucidate the mystery.

But first let us take the facts so far as they are made known to us by the biographers. On the face of it, but only on the face of it, they are simple enough.

Herman Melville was born in 1819. His father Allan Melville and his mother Maria Gansevoort were gentlefolk. Allan was a cultivated, traveled man and Maria an elegant, well-bred and pious woman. For the first five years of their marriage they lived at Albany and after that settled in New York where Allan's business — he was an importer of French dry goods — for a time prospered, and where Herman was born. He was the third of their eight children. But by 1830 Allan Melville had fallen on evil days and moved back to Albany, where two years later he died bankrupt and, it was said, insane. He left his family penniless.

Herman went to the Albany Classical Institute for boys and on leaving school in 1834 was employed as a clerk in the New York State Bank; in 1835 he

worked in his brother Gansevoort's fur store and the following year on his uncle's farm at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. For a term he was a teacher at the common school in the Sykes district. At seventeen he went to sea.

Much has been written to account for this, but I cannot see why any further reason need be sought than the one he gives himself: "Sad disappointments in several plans which I had sketched out for my future life; the necessity of doing something for myself, united to a naturally roving disposition, had now conspired within me, to send me to sea as a sailor." He had tried his hand without success at various occupations, and from what we know of his mother we may surmise that she did not hesitate to express her displeasure. He went to sea, as many a boy before and after has done, because he was unhappy at home. Melville was a very strange man, but it is unnecessary to look for strangeness in a perfectly natural proceeding.

He arrived in New York wet through, in patched trousers and a hunting jacket, without a penny in his pocket, but with a fowling piece his brother Gansevoort had given him to sell; walked across town to the house of a friend of his brother's, where he spent the night; and next day with this friend went down to the waterfront. After some search they came across a ship that was sailing for Liverpool, and Melville was signed on as a "boy" at three dollars a month. Twelve years later he wrote an account of the voyage there and back, and of his stay in Liverpool, in *Redburn*. He looked upon it with some contempt as hack work; but it is vivid and interesting, and it is written in an English that is simple, straightforward, easy, and unaffected. It is one of the most readable of his works.

Nothing much is known about how he spent the next three years. According to the accepted accounts he taught school in various places — at one, Greenbush, New York, he received six dollars a quarter and board; and he wrote a number of arti-

cles for provincial papers. One or two of them have been discovered. They are without interest, but give signs that he had done a lot of desultory reading; and they have a mannerism of which to the end of his life he could never rid himself, namely that of bringing in without rhyme or reason allusions to mythological gods, to historical and romantic characters, and to all kinds of authors.

2

MELVILLE had an adventurous spirit, and it may be supposed that in the end he could no longer endure the tameness of life to which it seemed circumstances had condemned him. Though he had disliked life before the mast, he made up his mind to go to sea again; and in 1841 he sailed from New Bedford in the whaler *Acushnet* bound for the Pacific.

With one exception the men in the forecabin were coarse, brutal, and uneducated; the exception was a boy of seventeen called Richard Tobias Greene. This is how Melville describes him: "Toby was endowed with a remarkably prepossessing exterior. Arrayed in his blue frock and duck trousers, he was as smart a looking sailor as ever stepped upon a deck; he was singularly small and slightly made, with great flexibility of limb. His naturally dark complexion had been deepened by exposure to the tropical sun, and a mass of jetty locks clustered about his temples, and threw a darker shade into his large black eyes."

After fifteen months of cruising the *Acushnet* put in at Nukahiva, an island of the Marquesas. The two lads, disgusted with the hardship of life aboard the whaler and the brutality of the captain, decided to desert. They stowed away as much tobacco, ship's biscuit, and calico (to give the natives) as they could get into the front of their frocks and made off for the interior of the island.

After several days, during which they had sundry adventures, they reached the valley inhabited by the Typees, and were by them hospitably received. Shortly after their arrival Toby was sent away on the pretext of getting medical help, for Melville on the way had hurt his leg so badly that he could only walk with pain, but in fact to arrange their escape. The Typees were reputed to be cannibals, and prudence suggested that it would be unwise to trespass on their kindness too long. Toby never returned, and it was discovered much later that on arriving at the harbor he had been kidnaped onto a whaler.

Melville, according to his own account, spent four months in the valley. He was well treated. He made friends with a girl called Fayaway, swam and boated with her, and except for his fear of being eaten was happy enough. Then it happened that the captain of a whaler, putting in at the harbor of Nukahiva, heard that there was a sailor in the hands

of the Typees. Many of his own crew having deserted, he sent a boatload of taboo natives to secure the man's release. Melville, again according to his own account, persuaded the natives to let him go down to the beach and, after a skirmish in which he killed a man with a boat hook, effected his escape.

Life in the ship he now boarded, the *Julia*, was even worse than in the *Acushnet*, and on reaching Papeete the crew mutinied. They were held in chains for five days in a French naval vessel and after trial by a tribunal at Papeete consigned to the local jail. The *Julia*, having signed on a new crew, sailed, and the prisoners were in a short time released. With another member of the old crew, a medical man who had come down in the world and whom he calls Doctor Long Ghost, Melville sailed to the neighboring island of Eimeo, and there the pair hired themselves out to two planters to hoe potatoes.

Melville hadn't liked farming when he worked for his uncle in Massachusetts, and he liked it still less under the tropical sun of Polynesia. With Doctor Long Ghost he wandered off, living on the natives, and eventually, leaving the doctor behind, persuaded the captain of a whaler which he calls the *Leviathan* to sign him on. In this ship he reached Honolulu. What he did there is uncertain. It is supposed that he found employment as a clerk. Then he shipped as an ordinary seaman in an American frigate, the *United States*, and after a year, upon the ship's arrival home, was discharged from the service.

We have now reached the year 1844. Melville was twenty-five. No portrait of him in youth exists, but from those taken of him in middle age we can picture him in his twenties as a tall, well set-up man, strong and active, with rather small eyes, but with a straight nose, a fresh color, and a fine head of waving hair.

He came home to find his mother and sisters settled at Lansingburg, a suburb of Albany. His elder brother Gansevoort had given up his fur shop and was become a lawyer and a politician; his second brother Allan, a lawyer too, had settled in New York; and his youngest, Tom, soon to go to sea like Herman, was still in his teens. Herman found himself the center of interest as "the man who had lived among cannibals," and he told the story of his adventures to eager listeners; they urged him to write them in a book, and this he set out to do. He had tried his hand at writing before, though with little success, but he had to earn money.

When *Typee*, the book in which he described his sojourn on the island of Nukahiva, was finished, Gansevoort Melville, who had gone to London as secretary to the American Minister, submitted it to John Murray, who accepted it, and some time later Wiley and Putnam published it in America. It was

well received, and Melville, encouraged, wrote the continuation of his adventures in the South Pacific in a book which he called *Omoo*.

It appeared in 1847, and in this year Melville married Elizabeth, the only daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, whose family had long been known to the Melvilles. The young couple moved to New York where they lived in Allan Melville's house at 103 Fourth Avenue together with Herman's and Allan's sisters Augusta, Fanny, and Helen. We are not told why the three young women left their mother and Lansingburg.

Herman settled down to write. In 1849, two years after his marriage, and a few months after the birth of his first child, a boy named Malcolm, he crossed the Atlantic again, this time as a passenger, to see publishers and arrange for the publication of *White-Jacket*, the book in which he describes his experiences in the frigate *United States*.

From London he went to Paris, Brussels, and up the Rhine. His wife wrote as follows in her dry account of his life: "Summer of 1849 we remained in New York. He wrote *Redburn* and *White-Jacket*. Same fall went to England and published the above. Took little satisfaction in it from mere home sickness, and hurried home, leaving attractive invitations to visit distinguished people — one from the Duke of Rutland to pass a week at Belvoir Castle — see his journal. We went to Pittsfield and boarded in the summer of 1850. Moved to Arrowhead in fall — October 1850."

Arrowhead was the name Melville gave to a farm at Pittsfield which he bought on money advanced by the Chief Justice and here he settled with his wife, child, and sisters. Mrs. Melville in her matter-of-fact way says in her journal: "Wrote *White Whale* or *Moby Dick* under unfavourable circumstances — would sit at his desk all day not writing anything till four or five o'clock — then ride to the village after dark — would be up early and out walking before breakfast — sometimes splitting wood for exercise. We all felt anxious about the strain on his health in the spring of 1853."

When Melville established himself at Arrowhead he found Hawthorne living not far away in the Red House at Lenox. He took something that very much resembles a schoolgirl crush for the older writer, a crush which may have somewhat disconcerted that reserved, self-centered, and undemonstrative man. The letters he wrote to him were impassioned: "I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you," he said in one of them. "Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality." Of an evening he would often ride over to the Red House to talk — a little, it appears, to his host's weariness — of "Providence and futurity and of everything else that lies beyond human ken."

The Hawthornes left Lenox, and the friendship,

eager and deep-felt on Melville's side and on Hawthorne's sedate, and perhaps embarrassed, came to an end. Melville dedicated *Moby Dick* to him. The letter he wrote after reading the book no longer exists, but from Melville's reply it looks as though he guessed that Hawthorne did not like it. Nor did the public, nor did the critics; and *Pierre*, with which he followed it, fared even worse. It was received with contemptuous abuse.

He made very little money from his writings, and besides his wife he had by now two sons and two daughters, and presumably three sisters, to support. Melville, judging from his letters, found farming his own land as little to his taste as when he had been occupied cutting his uncle's hay at Pittsfield or digging potatoes in Eimeo. The fact is he had never cared for manual labor: "See my hand! — four blisters on this palm, made by hoes and hammers within the last few days. It is a rainy morning, so I am indoors, and all work suspended. I feel cheerfully disposed. . . ." A farmer with hands as soft as that is unlikely to have found his farm a source of profit.

His father-in-law, the Chief Justice, seems periodically to have come to the financial assistance of the family, and as he was a sensible man, besides being evidently a very kind one, it may be supposed that it was he who suggested to Melville that he should look for some other way of earning his living. Various strings were pulled to obtain a consulship for him, but without success, and he was obliged to go on writing. His health failed, and the Chief Justice once more came to the rescue: in 1856 Melville went abroad again, this time to Constantinople, Palestine, Greece, and Italy. When he came back he managed to earn a little money by lecturing.

In 1860 he made his last journey: his brother Tom commanded a clipper in the China trade, the *Meteor*, and in this Melville sailed to San Francisco. One would have expected him to have still enough of the spirit of adventure to seize the opportunity to go to the Far East, but for some unknown reason, either because he was bored with his brother or his brother had grown impatient of him, he left the ship at San Francisco and went home. The Chief Justice died. For some years after this the Melvilles lived in great poverty, and in 1863 they decided to leave Arrowhead. They bought a house in New York from Allan, Herman's prosperous brother, and in part payment turned Arrowhead over to him. The remainder of the purchase money was raised on mortgage. In this house, 104 East Twenty-sixth Street, Melville lived for the rest of his life. At this time, according to Raymond Weaver, it was a good year for him if he earned a hundred dollars in royalties on his books.

In 1866 he was appointed Inspector of Customs, and the circumstances of the family grew brighter. In the following year Malcolm, his eldest son, shot

himself in his room, but whether by design or accident is not clear; his second son, Stanwick, ran away from home, and of him nothing more is heard. Melville held his position for twenty years; then his wife inherited money from her brother Samuel, and he resigned. In 1878 he published in two volumes at the expense of his Uncle Gansevoort a poem of twenty thousand lines called *Clarel*. Shortly before his death he wrote a novelette called *Billy Budd*. He died, forgotten, in 1891. He was seventy-two.

Such in brief is the story of Melville's life as it is told by his biographers, but it is evident that there is much that they have not told. They pass over Malcolm's death and Stanwick's flight from home as though they were matters of no consequence. Surely letters must have passed between Mrs. Melville and her brothers when the boy, he was only eighteen, shot himself; one can only suppose that they have been suppressed; it is true that by 1867 Melville's fame had dwindled, but one would expect that such an event would have reminded the press of his existence and some mention would have been made of it in the newspapers.

The records show that in his old age Melville was fond of his grandchildren, but his feeling for his own children is ambiguous. Lewis Mumford, whose biography of Melville is sensible, and to all appearance trustworthy, gives a somewhat grim picture of his relations with them. He seems to have been a harsh, impatient father and to have teased his children unkindly: "One of his daughters could not recur to the image of her father without a certain painful revulsion. . . . When he purchased a work of art, a print or a statue for ten dollars, when there was scarcely bread to go round who can wonder at their black memories?" He had, it appears, a jocularly which was little to their taste, and if you read between the lines, you can hardly escape the suspicion that he sometimes came home the worse for liquor. For this, I hasten to add, there is no direct evidence. But there is little evidence for anything to confirm any view one may take of his character; and one does no more than surmise when one decides that he was selfish, work-shy, and shiftless. Already at Pittsfield, according to a certain Titus Munson Coan, the neighbors looked upon him as no better than a bum.

3

WHAT occasioned the change from the man who wrote *Typee* and *Omoo* to the man who wrote *Moby Dick* and *Pierre* and who, when barely more than thirty, was written out? I have found *Omoo* more readable than *Typee*. It is a straightforward narrative of Melville's experiences on the island of Eimeo, and on the whole may be accepted as true; *Typee*, on the other hand, seems to be a hotchpotch of fact and fancy. But Melville should not be

blamed for this; we know that he repeatedly gave an account of his adventures to willing listeners, and everyone knows how hard it is to resist the temptation of making a story a little better and a little more exciting each time you tell it. It would have been embarrassing for him when he came to write it to state the sober and not peculiarly thrilling facts, when in numberless talks he had freely embroidered upon them.

Typee, in fact, appears to be a compilation of matter which Melville found in contemporary travel books combined with a highly colored version of his own experiences. Charles Roberts Anderson has shown that he not only on occasion repeated the errors these travel books contained, but in various instances used the very words of their authors. I think this accounts for a certain heaviness the reader may find in it. But both *Typee* and *Omoo* are well enough written in the idiom of the period. Melville was already inclined to use the literary word rather than the plain one: so, for example, he prefers to call a building an *edifice*; one hut isn't near another or even in its neighborhood, but in the *vicinity*; he is more apt to be *fatigued* than like most people, tired; and he prefers to *evince* rather than to show feeling.

But the portrait of the author of both these books emerges clearly and you need make no imaginative effort to see that he was a hardy, brave, and determined young man, high-spirited and fond of fun, work-shy, but not lazy; gay, amiable, friendly, and carefree. He was charmed with the prettiness of the Polynesian girls, as any young fellow of his age would be, and it would be strange if he did not accept the favors they were certainly willing to grant him.

If there was anything unusual in him it was that he took a keen delight in beauty, something to which youth is apt to be indifferent, and there is some intensity in his admiring description of the sea and the sky and the green mountains. Perhaps the only indication there is that there was more in him than in any other sailorman of three and twenty is that he was of a pondering turn and conscious of it. "I am of a meditative humour," he wrote much later, "and at sea used often to mount aloft at night, and, seating myself in one of the upper yards, tuck my jacket about me and give loose to reflection."

How is one to account for the transformation of this apparently normal young man into the savage pessimist who wrote *Pierre*? What turned the commonplace, undistinguished writer of *Typee* into the darkly imaginative, powerful, inspired, and eloquent author of *Moby Dick*? Well, in these days of sex-consciousness it is natural to look for some sexual cause to explain so strange a circumstance.

Typee and *Omoo* were written before Melville married Elizabeth Shaw. During the first year of their union he wrote *Mardi*. It begins as a straightforward continuation of his adventures before the

mast, but then it becomes wildly fanciful. It is long-winded and to my mind tedious. I cannot put its theme better than has been done by Raymond Weaver: "*Mardi* is a quest after some total and undivided possession of that holy and mysterious joy that touched Melville during the period of his courtship: a joy he had felt in the crucifixion of his love for his mother; a joy that had dazzled him in his love for Elizabeth Shaw. . . . And *Mardi* is a pilgrimage for a lost glamour. . . . It is a quest after Yillah, a maiden from Oroolia, the Island of Delight. A voyage is made through the civilised world for her: and though they (the persons of the novel) find occasion for much discourse on international politics, and an array of other topics, Yillah is not found."

If one wants to indulge in fancy one may take this strange story as the first sign of his disappointment with the married state. One has to guess what Elizabeth Shaw, Mrs. Melville, was like from the few letters of hers that remain. She was not a good letter-writer, and it may be that there was more in her than they reveal; but they show at least that she was in love with her husband and that she was a sensible, kindly, practical, though perhaps narrow and conventional, woman. She bore poverty without complaint. She was doubtless puzzled by her husband's development and perhaps regretful that he seemed bent on throwing away the reputation and popularity *Typee* and *Omoo* had won him, but she continued to believe in him and to admire him to the end. She was not a woman of intellect, but she was a good, tolerant, and affectionate wife.

Did he love her? No letters that he may have written during his courtship remain. He married her. But men don't only marry for love. It may be that he had had enough of a wandering life and wanted to settle down: one of the strange things about this strange man is that though, as he says himself, of "a naturally roving disposition," after his first journey as a boy to Liverpool and his three years in the South Seas his thirst for adventure was quenched. Such journeys as he took later were mere tourist trips.

It may be that Melville married because his family and friends thought it was high time he did, or it may be that he married in order to combat inclinations that dismayed him. Who can tell? Lewis Mumford says that "he was never quite happy in Elizabeth's company, nor was he quite happy away from it," and suggests that he felt not merely affection for her, but "on these long absences, passion would gather within him," only to be followed by quick satiety. He would not have been the first man to find that he loves his wife more when he is parted from her than when he is with her, and that the expectation of sexual intercourse is more exciting than the realization. I think it is probable that Melville was impatient with the marriage tie; it may be that his wife gave him less than he had

hoped, but he continued to have marital relations long enough for her to bear him four children. He remained, so far as anyone knows, faithful to her.

4

MELVILLE had an eye for masculine beauty. I have already described the impression made on him by Toby, the boy in whose company he deserted the *Acushnet*, and in *Typee* he remarks more than once on the physical perfection of the young men with whom he consorted. It will be remembered that at the age of seventeen he sailed in a ship bound for Liverpool. There he made friends with a boy whom he calls Harry Bolton. This is how he describes him in *Redburn*: "He was one of those small, but perfectly formed beings with curling hair, and silken muscles, who seem to have been born in cocoons. His complexion was a mantling brunette, feminine as a girl's; his feet were small, his hands very white; and his eyes were large, black and womanly; and, poetry aside, his voice was as the sound of a harp."

Doubt has been thrown on the hurried jaunt the two boys made to London, which certainly reads very unconvincingly, and even on the existence of such a person as Harry Bolton; but if Melville invented him to add an interesting episode to his book, it is odd that so manly a fellow as he should have invented a character who was so obviously homosexual.

In the frigate *United States*, Melville's great friend was an English sailor, Jack Chase, "tall and well-knit, with a clear open eye, a fine broad brow, and an abounding nut-brown beard." "There was such an abounding air of good sense and good feeling about the man," he wrote in *White-Jacket*, "that he who could not love him, would thereby pronounce himself a knave"; and further: "Wherever you may be now rolling over the blue billows, dear Jack, take my best love with you, and God bless you, wherever you go." A touch of tenderness which is rare in Melville! So deep an impression did this sailor make on Melville that he dedicated to him the novelette *Billy Budd*, which he wrote nearly fifty years later and only finished three months before his death. The story hangs on the hero's amazing beauty. It is this that causes everyone in the ship to love him and it is this that indirectly brings about his tragic end.

I have dwelt on this trait in Melville's character because it is just possible that it may account for his dissatisfaction with married life, and it may be that a sexual frustration occasioned the change in him which has puzzled all who have interested themselves in him. I think the probabilities are that he was a very moral man, but who can tell what instincts, perhaps even unrecognized, and if recognized angrily repressed and never, except perhaps in imagination indulged in — who can tell, I say, what instincts may dwell in a man's being which, though

never yielded to, may yet have an overwhelming effect on his disposition?

It has been suggested that the peculiar transformation in Melville's character which turned the author of *Typee* into the author of *Moby Dick* was occasioned by an attack of insanity. But that he was ever out of his mind has been as hotly denied by his admirers as if it were something disgraceful; it is of course no more disgraceful than to have an attack of jaundice. In any case, if there is any evidence of it, it has not, so far as I know, been produced.

It has been suggested also that Melville was so profoundly affected as to become a different man by the intensive reading he undertook when he moved from Lansingburg to New York; the notion that he was crazed by Sir Thomas Browne as Don Quixote was crazed by romances of chivalry carries no conviction. It is too naïve. It may be that the mystery will be cleared up if ever research uncovers further documents, but at present it must remain unexplained. In some unknown way the commonplace writer became a writer of something very like genius.

Melville's reading, though desultory, had always been wide. It is plain that he was chiefly attracted by the poets and prose writers of the seventeenth century, and one must presume that he found in them something that peculiarly accorded with his own confused proclivities. Whether their influence was harmful to him or beneficial is a matter of personal opinion. His early education was slight and, as often happens in such cases, he did not quite assimilate the culture he acquired in later years. Culture is not something you put on like a ready-made suit of clothes, but a nourishment you absorb to build up your personality just as food builds up the body of the growing boy. It is not an ornament used to decorate a phrase, still less to show off your knowledge, but a means, painfully acquired, to enrich the soul.

Robert Louis Stevenson claimed that Melville had no ear: I should have said on the contrary that his ear was very sensitive. Though he spelled erratically and his grammar was sometimes faulty, he had a wonderful sense of rhythm, and the balance of his sentences, however long, is excellent.

He liked the high-sounding phrase, and the stately vocabulary he employed enabled him frequently to get effects of great beauty. Sometimes this inclination led him to tautology, as when he speaks of the "umbrageous shade," which only means the shady shade; but one can scarcely deny that the sound is fine. Sometimes one is pulled up by such a tautology as "hasty precipitancy" only to discover with some awe that Milton wrote: "Thither they hasted with glad precipitance."

Sometimes Melville uses common words in an unexpected way and often obtains by this means a pleasant novelty of effect; and even when it seems

to you that he has used them in a meaning they cannot bear, it is rash to blame him "with hasty precipitancy," for he may well have authority to go on. When he speaks of "redundant hair," it may occur to you that hair may be redundant on a maiden's lip, but hardly on a young man's head; but if you look it up in the dictionary you will find that the second sense of redundant is copious, and Milton (Milton again!) wrote of "redundant locks."

I sympathize less with Melville's liking for archaic words and words only in poetic usage; *o'er* for over, *nigh* for near, *ere* for before, *anon* and *eftsoons* give a fusty, meretricious air to prose that is solid and virile. I think there is greater excuse for his partiality for the second person singular. It is an awkward mode of speech and presumably for that reason has fallen into disuse, but I can well believe that Melville employed it to achieve the deliberate purpose he had in view. He may have felt that it gave something of a hieratic turn to the conversations he reported and a poetic flavor to the words used.

But these are trifles. Whatever reservations one may make, Melville wrote English uncommonly well. His style reached its perfection in *Moby Dick*. Sometimes, of course, the manner he had acquired led him to rhetorical extravagance, but at its best it has a copious magnificence, a sonority, a grandeur, an eloquence that no modern writer, so far as I know, has achieved. It does indeed often recall the majestic phrase of Sir Thomas Browne and the stately period of Milton. I cannot leave this side of my subject without calling the reader's attention to the ingenuity with which Melville wove into the elaborate pattern of his prose the ordinary nautical terms used by sailormen in the course of their daily work. The effect is to bring a note of realism, the savor of the fresh salt of the sea, to the somber symphony which is the unique novel of *Moby Dick*.

5

SINCE some very intelligent persons have taken *Moby Dick* for an allegory it is proper that I should deal with the matter. They have regarded as ironical Melville's own remark; he feared, he wrote, that his work might be looked upon "as a monstrous fable, or still worse and more detestable, a hideous and intolerable allegory." Is it rash to assume that when a practiced writer says a thing he is more likely to mean what he says than what his commentators think he means? It is true that in a letter to Mrs. Hawthorne he remarked that he had, while writing, "some vague idea that the whole book was susceptible of an allegorical construction"; but that is slender evidence that he had the intention of writing an allegory.

May it not be possible that if it is indeed susceptible to such an interpretation, it is something that came about by accident and, as his words to

Mrs. Hawthorne suggest, not a little to his surprise? I don't know how critics write novels, but I have some notion how novelists write them. They do not take a general proposition such as Honesty is the Best Policy or All is not Gold that Glitters; and say: Let's write an allegory about that. A group of characters, generally suggested by persons they have known, excites their imagination, and sometimes simultaneously, sometimes after a time, an incident or a string of incidents experienced, heard, or invented appears out of the blue to enable them to make suitable use of them in the development of the theme that has arisen in their minds by a sort of collaboration between the characters and the incidents.

Melville was not fanciful, or at least when he attempted the fanciful, as in *Mardi*, he came a cropper. To imagine, and his imagination was powerful, he needed a solid basis of fact. When, as in *Pierre*, he gave it a free rein without this basis he wrote absurdly. It is true that he was of a "pondering" turn, and as he grew older he became absorbed in metaphysics, which Raymond Weaver states is "but misery dissolved in thought." That is a narrow way of putting it: there is no subject to which man can more fitly give his attention, for it deals with the greatest problems that confront his soul: value, God, immortality, and the meaning of life.

Melville's approach to these questions was not intellectual, but emotional: he thought as he did because he felt as he did; but this does not prevent many of his reflections from being profound. "*Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point.*" I should have thought that deliberately to write an allegory required an intellectual detachment of which Melville was incapable.

Fortunately *Moby Dick* may be read, and read with passionate interest, without a thought of what allegorical significance it may or may not have. I cannot repeat too often that a novel is to be read not for instruction or edification but for intelligent enjoyment, and if you find you cannot get this from it you had far better not read it at all. But it must be admitted that Melville seems to have done his best to hinder his reader's enjoyment. "What I feel more moved to write," he said in one of his letters, "that is banned—it will not pay. Yet, altogether write the other way I cannot." He was of an obstinate temper, and it may be that the neglect of the public, the savage onslaughts of the critics, and the lack of understanding in those nearest to him only confirmed him in his determination to write exactly as he chose.

Montgomery Beligion in a sensible introduction to a recent edition of *Moby Dick* has suggested that since it is a tale of pursuit and the end of the pursuit must be perpetually delayed, Melville wrote the chapters dealing with the natural history of the

whale, its size, skeleton, and what not, to do this. I don't believe it. If he had any such purpose, during the three years he spent in the Pacific he must surely have witnessed incidents or been told tales that he could have used more fitly to effect it. I should have said that Melville wrote these particular chapters for the simple reason that he could not resist bringing into the work he was writing any piece of information that interested him. For my part I can read all but one, that which deals with the whiteness of the whale, with interest; but it cannot be denied that they are digressions which impede the narrative.

There is one other point which may cause the reader a sensation of disappointment and this is Melville's way of describing a character at length and then dropping him: you have been fascinated by him, you want to know more about him, and you are left at a loose end. The fact is that Melville hadn't what the French call *l'esprit de suite*, and it would be stupid to assert that his novel is well constructed.

If he composed *Moby Dick* in the way he did, it is because that is how he wanted it. You must take it or leave it. He would not be the first novelist to say: "Well, I might write a more satisfactory book if I did this, that, or the other as you suggest. I daresay you're perfectly right, but this is how I like it and this is how I'm going to do it, and if other people don't like it I can't help it, and what's more, I don't care."

Some critics have accused Melville of lacking invention, but I think without reason. It is true that he invented more convincingly when he had a substratum of experience to sustain him; but then so do most novelists, and when he had this his imagination worked freely and with power. I have little more to say. It is hardly worth while to point out, for it cannot escape the most careless reader's attention, that when Melville has action to describe he does it magnificently, with great force, and his somewhat formal manner of writing finely enhances the thrilling effect. The early chapters, when the scene is laid in New Bedford, are intensely real and at the same time enchantingly romantic. They beautifully prepare the mind for what is to come after.

But of course it is the sinister and gigantic figure of Captain Ahab that pervades the book and gives it its emotional quality. I can think of no creation of fiction that approaches his stature. You must go to the Greek dramatists for anything like that sense of doom with which everything that you are told about him fills you, and to Shakespeare to find beings of such terrible power. It is because Herman Melville created him that, notwithstanding all the reservations one may make, *Moby Dick* is a great, a very great book.

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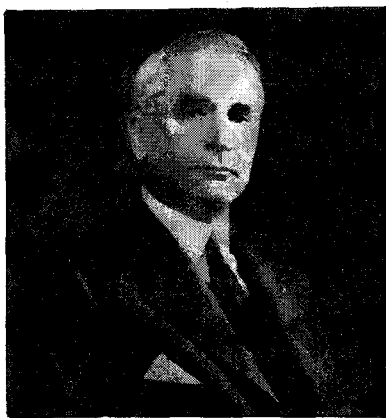
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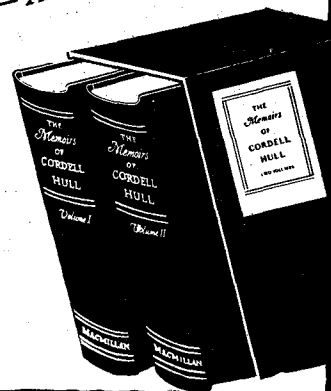
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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

THE sun dancing on the water with those spear points of light, and the wind ruffling dark paths with the westerly gusts, put me in mind of that June day thirty-five years ago when Beau, Buzz, Mario, and I stood in the sand beside Mort Johnson's boatworks regarding the catboat which he had just promised us for a week's cruise. There she sat; out of water, and squat like a duck. But once we had put the cabin on and helped with the painting and the paint had dried, she would be ours. For one week. Gosh, you could certainly make Atlantic City in that time. Might even make Cape May.

When we had done our work, Mort was as good as his word and better. The *Fat Cat* was ours for a week, and with it a tender. This was to be the first long cruise for any of us, but we laid our plans like old-timers. Mario (he would be seventeen that September) was of course our skipper. Beau, Buzz, and I were two years his junior. I can remember the gravity, if not the actual words, with which Mario addressed us.

"Listen, fellers. There's going to be no monkey business about this. I figure it'll take us two days to reach the City, two days for shore leave, and that gives us a margin even if we have head winds on the way home. We have got to turn the boat back to Mort just as we found 'er."

From the head of Barnegat Bay it was sixty miles to Atlantic City by the inland waterway, with only two short hauls in the open ocean. Mario had the essential roll of charts; the provisions — canned goods mostly — were stowed in the stern close to the kerosene stove. The blankets and duffelbags were forward, and the ship's purse amounted to \$27.80 on Monday morning, the morning of our departure. I forgot to tell you that the *Fat Cat* measured twenty-two feet at the waterline.

It was a hazy June day with the wind blowing steadily from the north. We ran free, past Manto-

loking, past Lavallette; and hunger smiting us, we put in at Seaside Park for a dollar's worth of the famous Seaside Park buns, thick with brown sugar, currants, pecans, and stickiness. We ate as many as we could, stowed the remainder in the food locker, and headed into unknown waters. Seaside was the furthest we had ever been down the Bay.

We were stripped to the buff, and sunburning as all good mariners should; and I remember that toward the end of the afternoon we made our scrawny appearance in the midst of a fishing fleet which was hauling in weakfish as fast as the hooks could be baited.

"Head her up in the wind," commanded Mario, "and we'll catch some chowder for supper." It wasn't the chowder's fault that supper began for me an uninterrupted week of heartburn; it was the fault of the fried potatoes brown around the edges, cold as flint inside; it was the fault of the stewed tomatoes out of a can and not quite hot; it was the fault of the kerosene stove which I tasted in every bite.

We spent the first night off Beach Haven, which was quite a run; and we drifted to sleep listening to the slap of waves against the hull. At least some did. The cabin was big enough to shelter two sleepers, and the other two slept on the wooden seats in the open cockpit. We drew lots for this, and I lost. Unfortunately I drew that portion of the seat where someone's heel had already broken one of the slats. I remember my hip in the jagged depression, I remember the stars, the damp gathering on my blankets, and my heartburn as regular as a cuckoo clock.

It seemed almost no time at all before Mario ordered us overboard for a dip before breakfast, — fried eggs and bacon, weak coffee with lots of condensed milk. And again we were on our way. The wind had shifted to the nor'east, and we still ran free now across the great expanse of Little Egg Harbor, now through the narrow connecting waterways. We sighted Atlantic City that afternoon, and after a long struggle against the outgoing tide, made the inlet and drew abreast of the Yacht Club. It was getting on toward sundown. We had been tacking against the tide for three hours, and the bright lights overcame caution. Old-timers had told us to keep away from the Yacht Club. It was a dangerous place to be caught in a nor'easter. Much better to go around the point and anchor inside. But we were tired, indigestible with our own cooking, and eager for the new world to conquer.

"All right if we tie up here for the night?" asked

... THE AUTHOR

G. B. STERN . . .

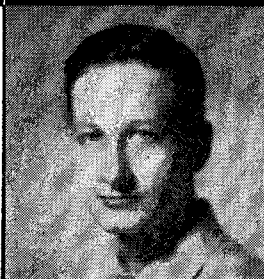
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Mario as he made a perfect landing at the Yacht Club dock. The dock hand looked laconically at our club pennant, and thought it might be. "We'll sleep aboard," we said professionally, put on clean shirts, slicked down the cowlicks, and went ashore. Mario allowed us each five dollars. You could get a steak dinner for a dollar in those days, and for me with my cuckoo clock that meal was the high point of the cruise.

Then we went on to the Steel Pier, where we were completely fascinated by the miniature golf course. We played with a putter, and we played for a nickel a hole, one-tie-all-tie and a carry-over. On the fourth hole I sunk a long shot and the pot was mine unless Beau could tie it up. We all bent over to watch him putt, and when he missed, my elation was cut short by the head of his putter, which, swinging up in exasperation, caught me over the right eye. In two minutes my eye was closed, and in five I had a poached egg.

So we started back to the boat. By now it was blowing, blowing great guns right out of the nor'east. Mario urged us to hurry. "Come on, gang," he said. "This doesn't look good." They had four lines out on the *Fat Cat* when we reached the dock, and she was pitching like a bronco. The tender was a mass of kindling wood tied to the painter. There was no getting aboard that night. She rolled and pitched until I was sure the mast would come out. We slept on the club porch under borrowed blankets, cold and morose. My cuckoo clock had returned. Draw the curtain. Draw the curtain.

Somehow we lived through the next three days until the wind blew itself out. Somehow we cleaned up the scrambled cockpit, somehow we tacked our way home three days late, noses peeling, out of sleep, hungry for home cooking.

Mort as always was a gentleman. I remember how he put his hand on Mario's shoulder as we told him about the tender.

Strange land

"Ma" Warner or "Missy" was what the Liberian natives called **Esther Warner**, an American sculptress who accompanied her husband Bob when, as a research botanist, he was assigned to the Firestone rubber plantation in Liberia. The plantation, the size of a large Midwestern county, lay thirty crooked miles inland from Monrovia, a tiny island of transplanted America on the western coast of Africa. She calls the plantation a melting pot of tribesmen; three or four hundred natives of different tribes who would not have dared to cross each other's territory in the interior lived side by side in peaceful colonies. Here then, accessible and in concentration, were the native life and the handicraft which she was later to pursue along the jungle paths into the interior: the native philosophy and turn of speech, the market ways, the ritual masks, the plaintive beliefs.

New Song in a Strange Land (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) is the sensitive and artistic account of Mrs. Warner's ever growing appreciation of the Liberian. In Liberian politics she has no interest; Liberia as an air base does not concern her. She writes as a woman, a sculptress, and an anthropologist. On her first visit to a Mandingo village, Mohammedan, a native boy, tells her of how in the days of Queen Elizabeth the quest for pepper first opened up the Coast to raiders and of how the slave traders followed: —

"So you see, Ma," he said, bruising the wilted pepper blossom in his fingers, "this one bring plenty trouble. First it bring the white man, who carry the black man. Then black man with white-man-ways come here and take our land. I eat this flower seed because it help when I thirsty. But it tell we something also. The something it talk is this: There is a thirsty that is not for the belly. There is a thirsty for land that belong to we."

Mrs. Warner writes with a true ear for lingo and with a sense of humor that made her easily at home. When she tells of the affection and authority of her houseboy Johnny (I treasure his comment "Too much fix can spoil fine thing"), and of the girl in the market place who spat in her face when Ma made the mistake of asking if she would sell the gold filigree ornament at her neck; when she describes Sahda, the beautiful Vai girl who posed for her and in quaint English told her of the "wind chime"; when she writes of the magnificent work of Dr. Harley, philosopher and medico, or shows the portrait masks the lepers had given her, or describes her comic embarrassment as the natives watch her disrobe and then bathe in her bathing suit, she evokes that lively sense of participation which is so indispensable in a good book of travel. Her prose is graphic and objective, and although her emotions are seldom deeply involved, she leaves no doubt of "the intrinsic fineness and the amazing culture of the native tribesmen." That, to her, is the real wealth of Liberia.

Poor land

Willie Snow Ethridge is the wife of Mark Ethridge, the distinguished Kentucky publisher and one of our trouble shooters in Greece. Mrs. Ethridge is a gay, energetic, wiry woman with a quick eye for detail and a happy faculty of seeing the comedy in life. She does not wait for comedy to begin: she creates it as she goes along, deadpan or in stitches. In 1947 after her husband had been appointed the American representative on the Balkan Commission of the UN, she sold a few of the family acres to pay her expenses, farmed out her eight-year-old, and flew to Athens. Now that I have heard her speak, I read into her words that native Georgian accent which makes even her simplest statement irresistibly funny.

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to *Me* (Vanguard, \$3.00), she makes that sober-minded Commission look like the Hartmans dancing in the Starlight Roof. When she taunts Paul Porter into dancing with her, when she tries to make the Greek King, whose name she didn't catch, feel at home in Athens, when she gives you her idea of Greek cooking, leaves her bedroom slippers behind her in the huge and very cold bed of the Exarch of Bulgaria, when she is told that "the guerrillas take what they want, but I think, Mrs. Ethridge, you will be safe," and resents the insult, Willie Snow is the Innocent Abroad in the best American tradition.

Tucked in between the comedy are pages in which she can be eloquently appreciative of the Greek character; plain statements of fact in which she brings home the shocking poverty of the country (Greece, she reminds us, has a million and a half unemployed out of a population of seven million; it has the largest population for its area of arable land of any country in the world); and other pages, as when she describes a speech of Tito's or the "spontaneous demonstration" of the Communists in the camp of Greek refugees, when her dander is up and her indignation contagious. By turns laughable and impulsive, sobered and sympathetic, her book is at all times fun to read.

Home land

It was his service in France during the First World War that made **Louis Bromfield** a lifelong friend of the French; and following the success of his first novel, *The Green Bay Tree*, he returned to France, where in his beautiful place at Senlis and in Paris he spent sixteen of his happiest and most productive years. Thoroughly aware of the European currents, he rightly saw the Civil War in Spain as a rehearsal of worse to come; and having done his utmost to liberate those Americans who volunteered against Franco, in 1939 he moved his own family back to his home country in Ohio, where he purchased a farm of five hundred acres, much of whose fields and pastures had been exhausted by more than a century of misuse. Mr. Bromfield comes of farming stock, his grandfather having been one of the best farmers in the state, and one of the founders of the Ohio Grange; and the change which came over the novelist as he turned first into a country gentleman and then into a fighting farmer is the story of an awakening, the record of a one-man crusade to revitalize the land, which Mr. Bromfield has told with skill and energy first in *Pleasant Valley* and now in a still more significant volume, *Malabar Farm* (Harper, \$3.75).

Malabar Farm is the informal, gusty story of an American farm and of the men, women, children, and animals who run it. It is a book driven forward by Mr. Bromfield's dynamo, warmed by his enthusiasm, strongly colored by his likes and dislikes. A third of it is drawn from his personal diaries, a

third tells of his struggle to bring the soil back to life, and a third is narrative such as the lively, endearing pages about Sylvester his bull, the four Boxers (who can ever forget Prince?), the guinea fowl, the hogs — "ham actors" he calls them — even the fish, the bass and the rainbow trout, with which he stocks his ponds. Malabar supports a steady population of fourteen people, and visitors beyond number, and the impression that one gets from this book is of happiness and the satisfaction of achievement.

The achievement is of bringing the farm back to life. On some of these fields which had been worked to death ever since the ancient forests were cut, Mr. Bromfield and his team have increased the yield by as much as 1600 per cent, reaping sixty bushels of wheat from an acre which formerly had produced four or five. Sure, every device of the modern agronomist has been brought to bear: here were the money to pay for it and the courage to experiment. But the point is that Malabar has prospered, the methods there have blazed the way for other farmers who necessarily would have to go slower. Malabar pays for itself: the profit from the dairy alone last year would equal the royalty on a popular book.

In addition to cultivating these five hundred acres, tending the hundred head of cattle and the two hundred sheep, the Boss has carried the word of Conservation straight across the country, making over a hundred speeches a year, fighting to reorganize all agencies having to do with the natural resources of Ohio — soil, water, forests, parks, mines, highways, fish, game — fighting for the coöperation so vital to the farmers, and on the farms fighting to eliminate the Okies by improving that fundamental trilogy — soil, diet, education. Today Malabar supports more people than ever before in its history, and thanks to modern methods, those Ohio acres are more productive than they ever were even as virgin soil.

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by FERRIS GREENSLET

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on Gandhi



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water, as he laid his Jock Scott twenty-five yards or so across the stream, watched with admiration an occasional fisherman who would throw a metal minnow twice as far, and connect with subaqueous explosions twice as heavy as his own. In the long armistice between wars he noted that some of his competitors would be using instead of a powerful weapon of ten feet or more a delicate tool of eight or less. In lieu of the old revolving reel, or *moulin* as the French call it, he would have a queer offset contraption with a fixed spool, from which by a flick of the rod a threadlike line attached to a lure weighing less than a quarter of an ounce was projected a prodigious distance, often to the undoing of a large fish.

Between them that great tacklist Malloch of Perth and Mr. Holden Illingworth, a cotton manufacturer who had watched the threads easing off his spindles, had evolved by two stages the all but magic contrivance that bears the latter's name, the Illingworth reel. The perfect equipment for the fascinating sport of spinning with the thread line for game fish had been found.

Numerous books have appeared in England and in France on the tackle, tactics, and technique of the new art, but in his *Spinning for American Game Fish* (Little, Brown, \$4.00), Joseph D. Bates, Jr., is the first to deal comprehensively with the subject in relation to American fish and conditions. In fifteen chapters with fifty helpful illustrations he tells the intending thread-line spinner exactly what he needs to know, and enlivens the instruction with anecdotes of his own stream-side experiences.

No trout fisherman is likely to set up his spinning rod when there is a hatch of fly, and widening circles on the pool indicate that the fish are surface feeding, but for the dour days when the water is too high or too colored or too cold, and the fish are definitely "down," the spun lure is the specific medicine. For that sporting citizen of our waters, the black bass, it is a winning outfit, a worthy coadjutor to the click reel and fly rod. Indeed, it is particularly for the bass fisherman that Mr. Bates's book is a "must." It will help, too, with the sea-going cousins, striper, shad, mackerel, bluefish, and the gamesome spotted weakfish that Floridians call "trout."

Spinning is great fun. The 7½-foot, 4-ounce parabolic-action rod is a sweeter thing to handle than the stubby plug-caster, especially in playing the fish. The thread line gives a gossamer quality to the game that brings the heart to the mouth, but its 5-pound test, aided by the coaster brake in the reel, will handle more pounds of fish than its quota. The great variety of dainty lures, ranging down to a lightly leaded streamer fly, is a delight to collect and employ. Some of them spin, some provocatively wobble, some jump out of the water and gurgle, some just swim and dart. Their choice will call for your science, their manipulation for all your art.

The area of water that can be covered without effort, and with never a backlash, is a joyful surprise. You will miss the blithe music of the reel, but the soft plop of the lure faint in the distance has a beguiling charm.

The objection has been made to spinning that it kills too many big fish that resist the attentions of the fly-fisherman. Surely nothing does more to increase the head of fish in a river, and improve fly-fishing, than the elimination of those old cannibals whose favorite delicacy is a tender grandchild. It is axiomatic on the cherished chalk streams of England that the more bottom-feeding monsters are removed from the river by whatever means, the more dashing two-pounders respond to your fly.

Writing twenty years ago for English readers on the "Fly Rod in North America" the present observer produced a paragraph that he would like to repeat in order to in part retract:—

The River Gods have provided us with another game fish, the small-mouthed black bass, who will put the stoutest fly-rod through all its paces. A free riser at certain times of the year, a strong and varied fighter, the holder of the international record in the high jump, he is in the fullest sense a sporting fish. Personally, however, I must confess to a lack of perfect sympathy with him. Though he takes your Silver Doctor with *elan* you know in your heart he would rather have a frog, a crayfish, or the unspeakable helgramite. His favourite morsel of them all seems to be the "bass plug." This is usually a highly painted affair of wood and aluminum with little spinning propeller-like objects attached. When under way it looks like nothing in the world so much as a small submarine running awash. Furthermore, the waters he inhabits possess as a rule less of beauty for the eye and soothing for the spirit than the meadow or mountain streams where the trout and salmon dwell. He lacks the enchantment of association — of literature.

As the years go by, one discovers that the competition for bass is less keen and exhausting than that for the *salmonidae*. Save in the wilderness or on some rich man's salmon river, you have more water to yourself, more room to stick your elbows out. Actually it has become the more contemplative recreation. The new rods, reels, lines, and lures have given it a fresh charm, a new field for winter planning and spring, summer, and fall (yes, fall!) fulfillment.

Perhaps even a new "literature" will appear. We have Dr. Henshall's classic of sixty years ago, *The Book of the Black Bass*. Recently we have had two sound factual books by Ray Bergman, a lively work by Jim Gasque, peerless guide to the streams of the Great Smokies, and those engaging essaylets by the Peripatetic Editor of this magazine. Mr. Bates's timely book, although he talks more of trout, will go into the select bass corner of my fishing library.

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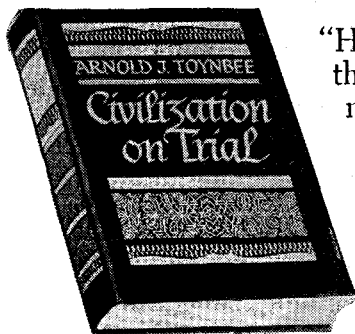
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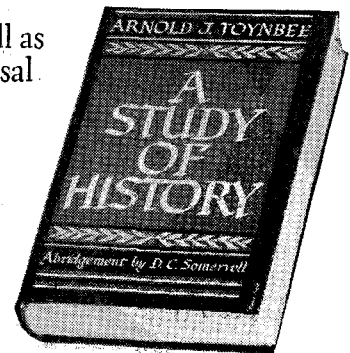
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

A NEWCOMER certain to create a stir has just appeared on the scene. Norman Mailer's first novel, *The Naked and the Dead* (Rinehart, \$4.00), strikes me as being by far the most impressive piece of fiction to date about Americans in the Second World War. The author, a veteran of the Pacific, is twenty-five years old.

Mailer's concern is with the individual and the way of life that formed him. He uses the shocks and tensions of war as a corrosive agent which bites through to the hard core of truth about men. *The Naked and the Dead* is vastly more mature, intellectually, than the war novels of the twenties, with their romanticization of chronic mutiny. Artistically, it rates comparison with the best of them.

Out of the campaign for the Pacific island of Anapoei, Mailer has forged an electrifying narrative whose descriptive passages stretch your nervous system on the rack of war. You are immersed in the unmentionable dread that permeates the convoy, sweating out the night hours before bombardment. You're on the beach, shuddering and cursing as the mortar shells come slapping down like a fly swatter. You're in Sergeant Croft's jungle foxhole, numbly firing a machine gun at waves of howling Japanese weirdly etched in the lightning of a flare. These episodes and others are realized with a terrible intensity: the cold-blooded killing of a prisoner; a drunken hunt for souvenirs in a corpse-strewn cave; a reconnaissance platoon's protracted, nightmarish battle with jungle and mountain, with sickness and torturing fatigue and a dying man who must be carried back. This is an exceedingly tough book. The soldier's vocabulary, some of the combat details, will make the squeamish reader wince.

Mailer's signal achievement lies in the characters he has created, a dozen superbly individual figures. Each of them is sharply visualized. Each is gradually synthesized, through speech and conduct, through their unspoken thoughts and emotions, under varying conditions of stress. What formed them, what motivates them, are brilliantly disclosed or suggested in their personal histories (reminiscent of the profiles in Dos Passos's *U. S. A.*), which are interpolated between chapters. There's Gallagher, "the revolutionary in reverse," an utterly convincing portrait of the smalltime crackpot

fascist; Polack, dead-end kid and petty gangster; Martinez, nicknamed "Japbait," the little Mexican whose fierce pride has to wrestle with the knowledge that his nerve has cracked. To these and the rest of them, war has given a community of hates and fears, a boundless resentment, and, though they don't know it, a compelling sense of duty.

Mailer's key figures are Major General Cummings, Lieutenant Hearn, and Sergeant Croft. Cummings, a military genius, is the intellectual prophet of a new, icily reasoned American fascism, which will reach for power masquerading as "conservative liberalism." He is the nearest thing in American fiction to the Commissar in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Expounding his credo to Hearn, his aide, he declares: "This is going to be a reactionary's century." The present machine techniques demand a consolidation of power, "and with that you've got to have fear, because the majority of men must be subservient to the machine. . . . The natural role of twentieth century man is anxiety." He has his officers fitted into a "fear ladder," and exploits privilege to "break down" the men. Cummings's goal is total control. Unable to convert Hearn, he humiliates him atrociously, then sends him out on a dangerous reconnaissance at the head of Sergeant Croft's platoon. Croft is the born killer, filled with impersonal hate, the future vigilante of the general's new order.

Hearn, renegade son of a Midwestern *nouveau riche*, has been the Manhattan-out-of-Harvard radical dilettante. Now, disillusioned, conscious of his own deep impulse to control men, he feels empty of belief. Cummings suggests the clue to his contradictions — a perfectionist who wants to remake the world in his own image, "Not a phony but a Faust." These three figures and the men under them (the anonymous masses) are embroiled in a subtle conflict, resolved in an unexpected and ambiguous conclusion, which, I think, reflects the ambiguous currents of our time.

The Naked and the Dead has its faults: the structure is slightly anticlimactic; the men's talk, laden with expletive, tends to grow repetitious; the story is overlong — 721 pages. What matters infinitely more is that it is a work of remarkable power, of amazing penetration, both into people and the determining forces in American life. Mailer has made his start with one of the most exciting American novels published since the end of the twenties. No one in search of first-rate fiction should pass it by. *The Naked and the Dead* is not just a good book, it's almost a great book.

A-bomb on America

The scene: a cottage in New England. The time: tomorrow. Mark Ferry, his wife Bianca, and two neighbors, casually turning on the radio, hear that an atom bomb has fallen on New York. This doomsday event is the opening of *The Invaders* (Duell,



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
AWARDS
FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In these years many men and women are having their first try at writing fiction. Some of them have returned to college from the services; some of them are in business; some are venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. Throughout 1948 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

"Waves of Darkness" by Cord Meyer, Jr., was the first short story to be signalized as an *Atlantic* "First." It was published in January, 1946, and proved to be one of the winners of that year. Thereafter, at six-month intervals, the *Atlantic* editors with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750. Ten writers have thus been chosen during the two and one-half years of competition. In the event that MGM found film possibilities in the prize winners, it had the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

MGM's affiliation with the *Atlantic* "First" awards will end as of June 30, 1948. The awards, however, will continue, and in December, 1948, the *Atlantic* editors, as in the past, will make two awards for the stories which have seemed the most promising in the previous six months, the first of \$750 and the second of \$250.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

January — June, 1948

First Prize of \$1500 awarded to

LEON WILSON

for his story "Six Months Is No Long Time" in the June issue

Second Prize of \$750 awarded to

W. B. READY

for his story "Barring the Weight" in the May issue

Sloan, and Pearce, \$2.75), a novel by **Waldo Frank**.

A short time earlier, Mark Ferry, renowned authority on city planning, had retired to do some hard thinking about the causes of the world distemper. It was his belief that atomic destruction was implicit in the logic of present leadership and institutions; that the atom bomb was the expression of lethal elements deeply rooted in our private lives. When the bomb falls, Mark's former wife, Mara, phones to ask shelter for herself, their teen-age twins, and her lover. Bianca, terrified of Mara's vengeful hate for Mark, begs him to refuse. Here, Mark perceives, are the very elements — fear and hate — destroying the world. If responsibility for them is acknowledged, can they be transformed with love? Mark opens his home to the invaders.

Such is the situation dramatized by **Waldo Frank**. Tableaux of New York at the moment of the bomb blast — interspersed through the narrative — provide an elemental counterpoint to Mark's private crisis. That crisis is heightened by the arrival of another visitor, **Clare Locke**, a disfigured war veteran, once in love with Bianca.

The Invaders has serious blemishes. Its whole *mise en scène* is awkwardly contrived. There's a droll pomposity about the notion that Mark, rusticated in connubial bliss, is "gathering the data" for the salvation of mankind. It's transparent that the author, not the atom, is responsible for the visitors' convergence on the cottage. The characters, with the exception of **Locke**, the young man frozen in bitterness, are not quite credible, not quite life-size. The writing is flecked with sententiousness; and talk such as Bianca's belongs better on the lips of **Helen Trent**.

For all this, *The Invaders* is a book which I found worth reading. What gives to it more force and interest than the average novel is not simply the urgency of its theme, but its sustained moral tension. Mr. Frank's reflections — on "the dialectic of fear," the "separateness" of modern man, his flight from the reality of pain and death, and the flowering of the death-wish in disguise — are a challenging reading on the troubled text of our time. These ideas take concrete shape in the private dramas between the protagonists, in the swirls of love and hate which form the storm center of *The Invaders*. And the several human dramas are drawn together in a destructive climax of awesome intensity, from which Mark wrenches the understanding he has sought.

Babes on the air

All hell breaks loose in another fictional cottage, but this time it has to do, not with the A-bomb, but with a balm for babies. The fracas has been devised by **Marion Hargrove**, whose blithe report on Basic Training endeared him to two and a half million readers, thereby placing him in a tie with another Army man, General Lew "Ben Hur"

Wallace, as fifth best-selling author in American history. (**Dale Carnegie** runs fourth, **Fannie Farmer** sixth.)

In *Something's Got to Give* (Sloane, \$3.00), Mr. Hargrove treads on well-plowed territory: the radio business. He adds nothing new to the folklore of hucksterism, nor is his humor as pungent as in *See Here, Private Hargrove*; in fact it's generously laced with standard gags and gambits. *Something's Got to Give* is inconsequential fare. But Hargrove's geniality is contagious. His wry sanity, his freedom from pretentiousness, are pleasantly bracing.

Joe Dobbs and **Chuck Bartlet** are refugees from well-paid jobs in radio and movie advertising. Experience has convinced them this *de luxe* world is a concentration camp tenanted by psychopaths. They want no part of it or of the Big Money. Each is snugly fitted out with a home in the country, a battered automobile, a wife and two babies. Their supreme ambition is to duplicate in civilian life the ideal social status they achieved in the Army. What they aspire to be is civilian corporals.

Although neither earns a corporal's stipend — Joe sells an occasional murder story, Chuck just writes — both of them are vastly contented. Their wives, **Carolyn** and **Betsy**, are not. They talk wistfully of "more security," deep-freeze machines and such. The shenanigans begin when Carolyn wakes up with an idea for a radio program which will earn them all a mint: she and Betsy will discuss their baby problems on the air for the benefit of eight million young mothers less resourceful than they are. All the husbands need do is help to sell the program. Chuck and Joe eventually agree, with wild reluctance. The selling proves a cinch. **T. Cranston Lydecker**, maker of a baby lotion, signs up the quartet at \$3000 a week — on condition Joe writes the program.

"Airing Our Children" goes over with a bang. The husbands' peace of mind goes bang with it. Joe's study becomes a studio, Joe a sullen bondman to the daily script. Chuck spends his days chasing after baby experts or cribbing from the back files of *Baby Talk* magazines. At sundown Carolyn and Betsy take off for the city to do the rounds with **T. Cranston Lydecker**, or they drag Chuck and Joe to parties infested with repulsive People of Distinction. The babies darn near die of neglect.

All ends well, of course, with Chuck and Joe back in business as civilian corporals and the wives cured of ambition. There's one jarring note in the serene finale: the movies purchase one of Joe's stories. Looks to me like he's in danger of another dizzy promotion.

Postscript on policy

Two of the most controversial facets of our foreign policy have been, and still are, U.S. relations with General Franco and Chiang Kai-shek. Fresh light on the record is contained in *The Spanish Story*

well Papers (Sloane, \$4.00), edited by **Theodore H. White**.

The chief interest of the *Papers* lies in Stilwell's picture of the Chiang Kai-shek government. It is a searing indictment of Chiang ("Peanut") and his rule by "fear and favor." Chiang systematically evaded fighting, Stilwell charges, in order to pile up American supplies for defense of his regime, which "is not taking a single step forward or doing anything to improve the position of China." Of Madame Chiang, Stilwell writes: "Direct, forceful, loves power, eats up publicity and flattery, pretty weak on her history. No concessions to the Western viewpoint. . . ."

Stilwell's views on the Chinese civil war, coming from a man dead set against Communist expansion, are something to ponder: —

I judge Kuomintang and Kungchintang (Communist Party) by what I saw. . . . Communist program: Reduce taxes, rent, interest. Raise production, standard of living. Participate in government. And practice what they preach. Chiang Kai-shek is . . . bewildered by the spread of Communist influence. He can't see that the mass of Chinese people welcome the Reds as being the only visible hope of relief from crushing taxation, the abuses of the army and [the terror of] Tai Li's Gestapo. Under Chiang Kai-shek they now begin to see what they may expect. Greed, corruption, favoritism, more taxes, a ruined currency, terrible waste of life, callous disregard of all the rights of men.

Few commanders had a more heartbreaking assignment than Stilwell's; his devotion to the task, his leadership in combat, were superb. But it must be said that the *Papers* suggest a one-track mind, irremediably convinced that its own way is the only way; a bitter, uncoöperative personality. The book's central theme is Stilwell's fight to carry through his ruling idea — namely that, to keep China supplied, a land route must be reopened across Burma. The general inveighs against Chennault for claiming that China could be supplied over the Hump. ("There is a deliberate plan in the Fourteenth Air Force to belittle everything I do.") He abuses the British command, which believed that offensive action in Burma was useless until large-scale amphibious operations could be mounted. He harps on the Hearst-McCormick refrain that Churchill had browbeaten Roosevelt into neglecting the Pacific. Events seem to have proved him wrong.

The general's insulting verdict on almost everyone he had to deal with — Wavell, Mountbatten, Roosevelt, and others — his venomous hostility to the British fighting alongside of him, make pretty sorry reading. "If we get to Kamaing," he writes (during the final Burma campaign), "we tell the Limeys to go to hell"; and he speaks of a victory by his men as "a bitter dose for the Limeys." The inflated impression given of his contingent's role in the reconquest of Burma does flagrant injustice to his allies. Mr. White's otherwise helpful editorial comment is no corrective on this score.

Herbert Feis, author of *The Spanish Story*, was economic adviser to the State Department from

Fiorello H. La Guardia THE MAKING OF AN INSURGENT

An Autobiography: 1882-1919



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Readers of *Atlantic Monthly* will want the whole story. It "has that witty, seasoned punchy quality of La Guardia's — the sort of thing that no one else could possibly have lived or written . . .

I can't get over the pull of that La Guardia story." —CHARLES W. MORTON in the *Atlantic Monthly Bulletin*. Foreword by M. R. Werner. \$2.75

Anne Miller Downes MARY DONOVAN

This novel of a woman who learned why a fruitful marriage needs more than love is "so full-blooded, so engrossing that you live with its very real characters to the last word. It's full of the meat of life." —*Philadelphia Bulletin*, A Peoples Book Club Selection. 3rd Printing. \$2.75

Ellis Gibbs Arnall WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

The former Governor of Georgia and author of *The Shore Dimly Seen* has toured 47 of the 48 states to find out exactly what the people do want. His book is a revelation both of the problems confronting America and the author's ability to see and face them. June 8th. \$3.50

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HONORABLE MENTION

Time Unborn, by Wallace Leach, State Teachers College, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania; *Charles F. Bellows, Instructor.*

The Year Is Oval-Shaped, by Sally Joan Robinson, Grinnell College, Iowa; *Henry Alden, Instructor.*

You Come Too, by Henry M. Tovar, Brooklyn College, New York; *Louie M. Miner, Instructor.*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Donovan Was Brave, by Patricia Kiely, Mundelein College, Chicago; *Sister Mary Irma, B.V.M., Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Freedman, by Teré Riós, University of Pittsburgh; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor.*

Hot Trumpet, by Arthur L. Wright, Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa; *Ray O. Burks, Jr., Instructor.*

The Wedding Present, by Robert M. Alley, Boston University; *James C. Freeman, Instructor.*

Patrol, by John C. Shryock, University of Pittsburgh; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor.*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Sequoia, by John W. Woods, Indiana University; *Josephine K. Piercy, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Oedipus, by Rose Leiman, Brooklyn College, New York; *James Meagher, Instructor.*

Harlem Primitive, by Thomas W. Hall, Hamline University, St. Paul, Minnesota; *Thomas P. Beyer, Instructor.*

Here in This Lounging Noon, by Harriet K. Johnson, Hamline University, St. Paul, Minnesota; *Thomas P. Beyer, Instructor.*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1948 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one scholarship to Patricia Kiely, Mundelein College, Chicago, (for her story, *Donovan Was Brave*), and one scholarship to Sister Mary Irma, B.V.M., Instructor of Patricia Kiely.

mittee in charge of wartime economic dealings with Spain. He has now given us an authoritative — and notably objective — chronicle of the Allied maneuvers to keep Franco neutral, and of Franco's relations with the Axis. Mr. Feis's skillful handling of the diplomatic battle of Spain, though dryly factual, makes fascinating, at times exciting reading. His book is a model of its kind.

There were some in the State Department anxious to bolster the Franco dictatorship. But Mr. Feis gives cogent proof that the sole focus of debate on economic aid to Spain was: would such aid help to keep Spain neutral? The British thought so, and there was friction between Churchill and Hull, who insisted — and rightly — that Franco's demands could be drastically scaled down. "We had no thought of nursing Spain's friendship," says Mr. Feis, noting that stiff reproof was needed to impress this on Ambassador Weddell's successor, Carlton Hayes.

Axis documents cited in *The Spanish Story* show that the only brake on Franco's eagerness to join the war was Spain's critical lack of food and fuel, which Germany would not and later could not supply. With Spain's very life dependent on British and American shipments, especially of oil, Franco settled on the course of taking all he could get, while giving Hitler every aid short of war. He cheated on agreements with us wherever possible.

Feis's meticulously documented account compels the conclusion that our Spanish policy, pursued in constant fear of strengthening an enemy, was a decisive factor in Spain's neutrality, which in turn swung the balance in the Mediterranean. But that policy has had an ugly by-product. Mr. Feis shows that our dealings with Spain, by revitalizing its economy, saved Franco's sordid regime from certain collapse.

Marriage à la mode

Statisticians claim that if divorce goes on increasing at the present rate, in ten years there will be a divorce for every new marriage. The trouble has been blamed on a lot of things, including the institution of marriage. This month marriage gets a boost from an unexpected quarter, a noted Freudian psychiatrist. There's nothing the matter with marriage, **Dr. Edmund Bergler** declares. The reason so many marriages end in court is simply that so many people who marry are neurotic.

A high percentage of present-day divorces, says Bergler, are "a neurotic solution," and one which solves nothing. What needs changing is not external factors but the inner conflicts. This thesis is expounded, with pertinent case histories, in *Divorce Won't Help* (Harper, \$3.00) — a lucid, provocative, and, I think, important book written for laymen. Bergler stresses that he is not speaking here of the well-adjusted person, who turns to divorce only as a last resort.

"The common denominator of all neurotic conflicts in marriage," Bergler writes, "is this: The neurotic leaves his or her early childhood with a set neurotic pattern which tends to repeat itself endlessly. Without the slightest awareness of this . . .

the neurotic chooses someone for his conscious 'pursuit of happiness.' That innocent victim is used unconsciously for the repetition of the infantile conflict. . . . The same holds true for the person he chooses. [Bergler claims that neurotics seek each other out with "uncanny regularity."] Each person is used as a movie screen on which the unconscious pattern of the other is reeled off. The resultant conflicts are thus *impersonal*, though both take it [since they don't know the unconscious pattern] very *personally*."

"Divorce," says Bergler, "is a strategic retreat in the great battle of the neurosis . . . a specific position has become untenable. . . . One marriage partner sacrifices the other in order to retain the possibility of repeating the inner conflict with somebody else." Here are a few of the other ideas he puts forward: Neurotics are incapable of "tender love"; "frigidity accounts for nine-tenths of all cases of female marital infidelity"; so-called "Wolves" ("inflated sissies") are sexual weaklings who conceal that bitter fact from themselves by constantly changing partners. There are chapters analyzing patterns in neurotic marriages; the five most common illusions that form the basis of divorce; the "hangover after Reno"; the "myth of the superior male"; the "minimum requirements for a good wife"; and "the case for monogamy" — one that most laymen will find brand-new.

Dr. Bergler concludes that neurotics should "consult a psychiatrist before running to a lawyer."

Potpourri

FRANCE: PARIS AND THE PROVINCES \$4.50

Roger Roumagnac and Pierre Andrieu

WHITTLESEY

THIS guidebook is organized with intelligence and contains a wide assortment of information — on history, local customs and products, regional temperament, monuments and art, the Paris shopping district, and so on. The authors, with the Frenchman's laudable respect for literature, are careful to inform you that here is the lake where Lamartine mourned Julie Charles, there are the woods which Victor Hugo trod, this is the claret beloved of Voltaire. Pierre Andrieu, noted *gastronome*, contributes essays on the special dishes and the wines of each region. The book is sumptuously illustrated with three hundred full-color sketches, a hundred old prints, and a score of iconographic maps which could not be better. The translation, alas, could hardly be worse.

MAN FOR HIMSELF

\$3.00

Erich Fromm

RINEHART

ONE of the chief complaints against psychoanalysis has been that it creates a moral vacuum. Now, a practicing analyst seeks to fill that vacuum with an ethical system built on psychoanalytic foundations. Dr. Fromm rejects alike Freud's amorism and codes stemming from an authority other than man himself (for example, institutional religion). Good is the fulfillment of man's potentialities. Virtue and vice are defined in terms of "responsibility" and "irresponsibility" toward one's own existence. Conscience is the judge of "our success or failure in the art of living." All this adds up to the

ANGLER'S CHOICE

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